Mr. Samuel Butler

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HUDIBRAS:

IN THREE PARTS.

Written in the Time of the

LATE WARS.

Corrected and Amended:

WITH

ADDITIONS.

To which is added

Annotations to the Third PART,

With an Exact

INDEX to the Whole;

Never before PRINTED.

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TO THE READER.

POETA naſcitur non fit, *is a Sentence of as great Truth as Antiquity; it being moſt certain, that all the acquir'd Learning imaginable is inſufficient to compleat a Poet, without a Natural* Genius *and Propenſity to ſo Noble and Sublime an Art. And we may without Offence obſerve, that many very Learned Men, who have been ambitious to be thought Poets, have only render'd themſelves obnoxious to that Satyrical Inſpiration, our Author wittily invokes;*

Which made them, tho' it were in ſpight
Of Nature and their Stars, to write.

On the other Side, ſome who have had very little Human Learning, but were endued with a large ſhare of Natural Wit and Parts, have become the moſt Celebrated Poets of the Age they liv'd in. Shakeſpear, D' Avenant, &c. *But as theſe laſt are,* Raræ Aves in terris; *ſo when the Muſes have not diſdain'd the Aſſiſtances of other Arts and Sciences, we are then bleſs'd with thoſe laſting Monuments of Wit and Learning, which may juſtly claim a kind of Eternity upon Earth. And our Author, had his Modeſty permitted him, might with* Horace *have ſaid,*

Exegi Monumentum Ære perennius;

Or with Ovid,

Jamque opus Exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec Ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere Vetuſtas.

The Author of this Celebrated Poem, was of this laſt Compoſition; for altho' he had not the Happineſs of an Academical Education, as ſome affirm, it may be perceiv'd, throughout his whole Poem, that he had read much, and was very well accompliſh'd in the moſt uſeful Parts of Human Learning.

Rapin

Rapin (*in his* Reflections) *speaking of the neceſſary* Qualities *belonging to a Poet, tells us; he muſt have a* Genius *extraordinary; great Natural Gifts; a Wit, juſt, fruitful, piercing, ſolid and univerſal; an Underſtanding, clean and diſtinct; an Imagination, neat and pleaſant; an Elevation of Soul, that depends not only on Art or Study, but is purely a Gift of Heaven, which muſt be ſuſtain'd by a lively Senſe and Vivacity; Judgment to conſider wiſely of Things, and Vivacity for the beautiful Expreſſion of them,* &c.

Now, how juſtly this Character is due to our Author, I leave to the Impartial Reader, and thoſe of nicer Judgments, who had the Happineſs to be more intimately acquainted with him.

The Reputation of this Incomparable Poem, is ſo throughly eſtabliſh'd in the World, that it would be ſuperfluous, if not impertinent, to endeavour any Panegyrick upon it. King Charles II. *whom the judicious Part of Mankind will readily acknowledge to be a Sovereign Judge of Wit, was ſo great an Admirer of it, that he would often pleaſantly quote it in his Converſation: However, ſince moſt Men have a Curioſity to have ſome Ac-*

count of ſuch Anonymous *Authors, whoſe Compoſitions have been Eminent for Wit or Learning; I have been deſired to oblige them with ſuch Informations, as I could receive from thoſe who had the Happineſs to be acquainted with him, and alſo to rectifie the Miſtakes of the* Oxford *Antiquary, in his* Athenæ Oxonienſis, *concerning him.*

THE

THE *AUTHOR's* LIFE.

Samuel Butler, the Author of this Excellent Poem, was Born in the Pariſh of *Strenſham*, in the County of *Worceſter*, and Baptiz'd there the 13th of *Feb.* 1612. His Father, who was of the ſame Name, was an honeſt Country Farmer, who had ſome ſmall Eſtate of his own, but Rented a much greater of the Lord of the Manor where he liv'd. However, perceiving in this Son of his an early Inclination to Learning, he made a ſhift to have him Educated in the Free-School at *Worceſter*, under Mr. *Henry Bright*; where having paſt the uſual Time, and being become an excellent

School-Scholar, he went for ſome little time to *Cambridge*, but was never matriculated into that Univerſity; his Father's Abilities not being ſufficient to be at the Charge of an Academical Education; ſo that our Author return'd ſoon into his Native Country, and became Clerk to one Mr. *Jefferys* of *Earls-Croom*, an Eminent Juſtice of the Peace for that County, with whom he liv'd ſome Years in an eaſie and no contemptible Service. Here, by the Indulgence of a kind Maſter, he had ſufficient Leiſure to apply himſelf to whatſoever Learning his Inclinations led him to, which were chiefly Hiſtory and Poetry; to which, for his Diverſion, he joined Muſick and Painting; and I have ſeen ſome Pictures, ſaid to be of his Drawing, which remain'd in that Family; which I mention not for the Excellency of them, but to ſatisfie the Reader of his early Inclinations to that Noble Art; for which alſo he was afterwards entirely belov'd by Mr. *Samuel Cooper*, one of the moſt Eminent Painters of his Time.

He was after this recommended to that great Encourager of Learning, *Elizabeth* Counteſs of *Kent*, where he had

not only the Opportunity to consult all manner of learned Books, but to converse also with that living Library of Learning, the great Mr. *Selden*.

Our Author liv'd some time also with Sir *Samuel Luke*, who was of an ancient Family in *Bedfordshire*; but, to his Dishonour, an Eminent Commander under the Usurper *Oliver Cromwell*; and then it was, as I am inform'd, he composed this Loyal Poem. For tho' Fate more than Choice, seems to have plac'd him in the Service of a Knight so Notorious, both in his Person and Politicks, yet by the Rule of Contraries, one may observe throughout his whole Poem, that he was most Orthodox, both in his Religion and Loyalty. And I am the more induc'd to believe he wrote it about that Time, because he had then the Opportunity to converse with those living Characters of Rebellion, Nonsense, and Hypocrisie, which he so Lively and Pathetically exposes throughout the whole Work.

After the Restauration of King *Charles II.* those who were at the Helm minding Mony more than Merit, our Author found that Verse of *Juvenal* to be exactly verify'd in himself;

Haud facilè emergunt, quorum Virtutibus obſtat,
Res anguſta Domi:

And being endued with that innate Modeſty, which rarely finds Promotion in Princes Courts; he became Secretary to *Richard* Earl of *Carbury*, Lord Preſident of the Principality of *Wales*, who made him Steward of *Ludlow*-Caſtle, when the Court there was reviv'd. About this Time he Married one Mrs. *Herbert*, a Gentlewoman of a very good Family, but no Widow, as our *Oxford* Antiquary has reported: She had a competent Fortune, but it was moſt of it unfortunately loſt, by being put out on ill Securities, ſo that it was little Advantage to him. He is reported by our Antiquary, to have been Secretary to his Grace *George* Duke of *Buckingham*, when he was Chancellor to the Univerſity of *Cambridge*; but whether that be true or no, 'tis certain, the Duke had a great Kindneſs for him, and was often a Benefactor to him. But no Man was a more generous Friend to him, than that *Mecænas* of all Learned and Witty Men, *Charles* Lord *Buckhurſt*, the late Earl of *Dorſet* and *Middleſex*; who being himſelf an excel-

excellent Poet, knew how to ſet a juſt Value upon the Ingenious Performances of others, and has often taken care privately to relieve and ſupply the Neceſſities of thoſe, whoſe Modeſty would endeavour to conceal them; of which our Author was a ſignal Inſtance, as ſeveral others have been, who are now living. In fine, the Integrity of his Life, the Acuteneſs of his Wit, and Eaſineſs of his Converſation, had render'd him moſt acceptable to all Men; yet he prudently avoided multiplicity of Acquaintance, and wiſely choſe ſuch only whom his diſcerning Judgment could diſtinguiſh, (as Mr. *Cowley* expreſſeth it)

From the Great Vulgar or the Small.

And having thus liv'd to a good Old Age, admir'd by all, tho' perſonally known to few, he departed this Life in the Year 1680. and was bury'd at the Charge of his good Friend Mr. *L---vil* of the *T---le*, in the Yard belonging to the Church of St. *Paul*'s *Covent-Garden*, at the *Weſt-end* of the ſaid Yard, on the *North-ſide* under the Wall of the ſaid Church, and under that Wall which parts the Yard from the common High-way.

And

And ſince he has no Monument yet ſet up for him, give me leave to borrow his Epitaph from that of *Michael Drayton* the Poet, as the Author of Mr. *Cowley*'s has partly done before me.

And tho' no Monument can claim,
To be the Treaſurer of thy Name;
This Work, which ne'er will die, ſhall be
An everlaſting Monument to thee.

The Characters of this Poem are for the moſt part obvious, even to the meaneſt Pretenders to Learning or Hiſtory; nor can ſcarce any one be ſo Ignorant, as not to know, that the chief Deſign thereof, is a Satyr againſt thoſe Incendiaries of Church and State, who in the late Rebellion, under Pretence of Religion, murdered the beſt of Kings, to introduce the worſt of Governments; deſtroy'd the beſt of Churches, that Hypocriſie, Novelty and Nonſenſe, might be predominant amonſt us; and overthrew our wholſome Laws and Conſtitutions, to make way for their *Bleſſed* Anarchy and Confuſion, which at laſt ended in Tyranny. But ſince, according to the Proverb, *None are ſo Blind as they that will not See*; ſo thoſe who are not reſolv'd to

to be invincibly Ignorant, I refer, for their farther Satisfaction, to the Hiſtories of Mr. *Fowlis* of Presbytery, Mr. *Walker* of Independency; but more eſpecially to that incomparable Hiſtory lately publiſh'd, wrote by *Edward*, late Earl of *Clarendon*, which are ſufficient to ſatisfie any unbiaſs'd Perſon, that his general Characters are not fictitious: And I could heartily wiſh, theſe Times were ſo reformed, that they were not applicable to ſome even now living. However, there being ſeveral particular Perſons reflected on, which are not commonly known, and ſome old Stories and uncooth Words, which want Explication, we have thought fit to do that Right to their Memories, and for the better Information of the leſs learned Readers, to explain them in ſome additional Annotations at the End of this and the Second Part.

How often the Imitation of this Poem has been attempted, and with how little Succeſs, I leave the Readers to judge: In the Year 63 there came out a ſpurious Book, called, *The Second Part of* Hudibras; which is reflected upon by our Author, under the Character of *Whacum*, towards the latter End of his Second

Second Part: Afterwards came out the *Dutch* and *Scotch Hudibras*, *Butler's Ghoſt*, the *Occaſional Hypocrite*, and ſome others of the ſame Nature, which, compar'd with this, (*Virgil Traveſty* excepted) deſerve only to be condemn'd, *ad Ficum & Piperem*; or if you pleaſe, to more baſe and ſervile Offices.

Some vain Attempts have been likewiſe made to tranſlate ſome Parts of it into *Latin*, but how far they fall ſhort of that Spirit of the *Engliſh* Wit, I leave the meaneſt Capacity, that underſtands them, to judge. The following *Similies* I have heard were done by the Learned Dr. *Harmer*, once *Greek* Profeſſor at *Oxon.*

So learned Taliacotius *from*, &c.

Sic adſcititios naſos de clune toroſi
Vectoris, doctâ ſecuit *Taliacotius* Arte:
Qui potuêre parem durando æquare Parentem
At poſtquam fato Clunis computruit, ipſum
Una ſympathicum cæpit tabeſcere Roſtrum.

So Wind in the Hypocondres *pent*, &c.

Sic Hypocondriacis incluſa meatibus Aura
Deſinet in crepitum, ſi fertur prona per alvum,
Sed ſi ſumma petat, montiſq; invaſerit arcem
Divinus furor eſt, & conſcia Flamma futuri.

So

So Lawyers, leſt the Bear Defendant, &c.

Sic Legum myſtæ, ne forſan Pax foret, Urſam
Inter furantem ſeſe, Actoremq; Moloſſum;
Faucibus injiciunt clavos dentiſque refigunt.
Luctanteſq; canes coxis, femoriſq; revellunt.
Errores juſtaſque moras obtendere certis,
Judiciumq; prius revocare ut prorſus iniquum.
Tandem poſt aliquod breve reſpirarem utrinque,
Ut pugnas iterent, crebris hortatibus urgent.
Eja! agite ô cives, iterumq; in prælia tradunt.

There are ſome Verſes, which, for Reaſon of State, eaſie to be gueſs'd at, were thought fit to be omitted in the firſt Impreſſion, as theſe which follow:

Did not the Learned *Glyn* and *Maynard*,
To make good Subjects Traitors, ſtrain hard?
Was not the King, by Proclamation,
Declar'd a Traitor thro' the Nation?

And now I heartily wiſh I could gratifie your farther Curioſity with ſome of thoſe *Golden Remains*, which are in the Cuſtody of Mr. *L---vil*; but not having the Happineſs to be very well acquainted with him, nor Intereſt to procure them, I deſire you will be content with the following Copy, which the Ingenious Mr. *Aubrey* aſſures he had from the Author himſelf. No

No Jeſuit e'er took in Hand,
To plant a Church in barren Land:
Nor ever thought it worth the while,
A *Swede* or *Ruſs* to reconcile.
For where there is no ſtore of Wealth,
Souls are not worth the Charge of Health;
Spain in *America* had two Deſigns,
To ſell their Goſpel for their Mines.
For had the *Mexicans* been poor,
No *Spaniard* twice had landed on their Shore.
'Twas Gold the Catholick Religion planted,
Which had they wanted Gold, they ſtill had wanted.

The *Oxford* Antiquary aſcribes to our Author two Pamphlets, ſuppoſed falſly, as he ſays, to be *William Pryn*'s. The one entituled, *Mola Aſinaria*: Or, *The Unreaſonable and inſupportable Burthen, preſs'd upon the Shoulders of this Groaning Nation*, &c. *London* 1659, in one Sheet 4to. The other, Two Letters, one from *John Audland*, a Quaker, to *Will. Pryn*; the other, *Pryn*'s Anſwer; in three Sheets in *Folio*, 1672.

I have alſo ſeen a ſmall Poem of one Sheet in *Quarto*, on *Du Vall*, a Notorious High-way-man, ſaid to be wrote by our Author; but how truly, I know not.

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HUDI-

HUDIBRAS.

The ARGUMENT of The FIRST *CANTO*.

Sir Hudibras *his passing Worth,*
The manner how he sally'd forth;
His Arms and Equipage are shown;
His Horse's Vertues, and his own.
Th' Adventure of the Bear *and* Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the Middle.

CANTO I.

WHEN *civil Dudgeon* first grew high,
And Men fell out they knew not why;
When hard Words, *Jealousies* and *Fears*,
Set Folks together by the Ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame *Religion* as for Punk:
Whose Honesty they all durst swear for,
Tho' not a Man of them knew wherefore:

When *Goſpel-Trumpeter*, ſurrounded
With long-ear'd Rout, to Battel ſounded,
And Pulpit, Drum Eccleſiaſtick,
Was beat with Fiſt, inſtead of a Stick:
Then did Sir *Knight* abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a Colonelling.

A Wight he was, whoſe very Sight wou'd
Entitle him, *Mirrour of Knight-hood*;
That never bow'd his ſtubborn Knee
To any thing but Chivalry;
Nor put up Blow, but that which laid
Right Worſhipful on Shoulder-blade:
Chief of Domeſtick Knights and Errant,
Either for Chartel or for Warrant:
Great on the Bench, Great in the Saddle,
That cou'd as well bind o'er, as ſwaddle:
Mighty he was at both of theſe,
And ſtyl'd of *War* as well as *Peace*.
(So ſome Rats of Amphibious Nature,
Are either for the Land or Water.)
But here our Authors make a Doubt,
Whether he were more Wiſe, or Stout.
Some hold the one, and ſome the other;
But howſoe'er they make a Pother,
The diff'rence was ſo ſmall, his Brain
Outweigh'd his Rage but half a Grain;
Which made ſome take him for a Tool
That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
For't has been held by many, that
As *Mountaigne*, playing with his Cat,
Complains ſhe thought him but an Aſs,
Much more ſhe wou'd Sir *Hudibras*;
(For that's the Name our valiant Knight
To all his Challenges did write.)

But they're miſtaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no ſuch:
We grant, altho' he had much Wit,
H'was very ſhie of uſing it;
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;
Unleſs on Holy-Days, or ſo,
As Men their beſt Apparel do.
Beſide, 'tis known he cou'd ſpeak *Greek*
As naturally as Pigs ſqueek:
That *Latin* was no more difficile,
Than to a Blackbird 'tis to whiſtle:
Being rich in both, he never ſcanted
His Bounty unto ſuch as wanted;
But much of either wou'd afford
To many, that had not one Word.
For *Hebrew* Roots, altho' they're found
To flouriſh moſt in Barren Ground,
He had ſuch Plenty, as ſuffic'd
To make ſome think him Circumcis'd;
And truly ſo he was, perhaps,
Not as a Proſelyte, but for Claps.
He was in *Logick* a great Critick,
Profoundly skill'd in Analytick;
He could diſtinguiſh, and divide
A Hair 'twixt *South* and *South-Weſt* ſide;
On either which he would diſpute,
Confute, change Hands, and ſtill confute;
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of Argument, a Man's no Horſe;
He'd prove a Buzzard is no Fowl,
And that a *Lord* may be an Owl;
A Calf an *Alderman*, a Gooſe a *Juſtice*,
And Rooks *Committee-Men* and *Truſtees*.

He'd run in Debt by Diſputation,
And pay with Ratiocination.
All this by Syllogiſm, true
In Mood and Figure, he wou'd do.
For *Rhetorick*, he could not ope
His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope:
And when he hap'ned to break off
I' th' middle of his Speech, or cough,
H'had hard Words, ready to ſhew why,
And tell what Rules he did it by.
Elſe when with greateſt Art he ſpoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other Folk.
For all a *Rhetorician*'s Rules
Teach nothing but to name his Tools.
But, when he pleas'd to ſhew't, his Speech
In loftineſs of Sound was rich;
A *Babyloniſh* Dialect,
Which learned Pedants much affect;
It was a Parti-colour'd Dreſs
Of patch'd and py-ball'd Languages:
'Twas *Engliſh* cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,
Like Fuſtian heretofore on Sattin.
It had an odd promiſcuous Tone,
As if h'had talk'd three parts in one;
Which made ſome think, when he did gabble,
Th'had heard three Labourers of *Babel*;
Or *Cerberus himſelf* pronounce
A Leaſh of Languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent,
As if his Stock would ne'er be ſpent:
And truly, to ſupport that Charge,
He had Supplies as vaſt and large.
For he could Coin or Counterfeit
New Words, with little or no Wit;

Words ſo debas'd and hard, no Stone
Was hard enough to touch them on.
And when with haſty Noiſe he ſpoke 'em,
The Ignorant for current took 'em.
That had the Orator, who once
Did fill his Mouth with Pebble Stones
When he harangu'd, but known his Phraſe,
He would have us'd no other ways.
In *Mathematicks* he was greater
Than *Tycho Brahe*, or *Erra Pater*:
For he by *Geometrick* Scale
Could take the Size of *Pots of Ale*;
Reſolve by Signs and Tangents ſtraight,
If *Bread* or *Butter* wanted Weight;
And wiſely tell what Hour o'th' Day
The Clock does ſtrike, by *Algebra*.
Beſide, he was a ſhrewd *Philoſopher*,
And had read ev'ry Text and Gloſs over:
Whate'er the crabbed'ſt Author hath,
He underſtood b'implicit Faith:
Whatever *Sceptick* cou'd enquire for;
For every *why*, he had a *wherefore*:
Knew more than Forty of them do,
As far as Words and Terms cou'd go.
All which he underſtood by Rote,
And as occaſion ſerv'd would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either ſaid, or ſung.
His Notions fitted Things ſo well,
That which was which he cou'd not tell;
But oftentimes miſtook the one
For th'other, as great Clerks have done.
He cou'd reduce all Things to Acts,
And knew their Natures by Abſtracts;

Where Entity and Quiddity,
The Ghoſt of deſunct Bodies fly;
Where Truth in Perſon does appear,
Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.
He knew *what's what*, and that's as high
As *Metaphyſick* Wit can fly.
In *School Divinity* as able
As he that hight *Irrefragable*;
A ſecond *Thomas*, or at once,
To name them all, another *Dunce*:
Profound in all the Nominal
And Real ways beyond them all;
For he a Rope of Sand could twiſt
As tough as Learned *Sorboniſt*;
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Scull
That's empty when the Moon is full;
Such as take Lodgings in a Head
That's to be let unfurniſhed.
He could raiſe Scruples dark and nice,
And after ſolve 'em in a trice,
As if Divinity had catch'd
The Itch, on purpoſe to be ſcratch'd;
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
And ſtab her ſelf with Doubts profound,
Only to ſhew with how ſmall pain
The Sores of Faith are cur'd again;
Altho' by woful Proof we find,
They always leave a Scar behind.
He knew the Seat of Paradiſe,
Could tell in what Degree it lies:
And, as he was diſpos'd, could prove it,
Below the Moon, or elſe above it.
What *Adam* dreamt of, when his Bride
Came from her Cloſet in his Side:

Whether the Devil tempted her
By a *High-Dutch* Interpreter:
If either of them had a Navel;
Who firſt made Muſick malleable:
Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,
Had Cloven Feet, or none at all.
All this without a Gloſs, or Comment,
He would unriddle in a Moment,
In proper Terms, ſuch as Men ſmatter,
When they throw out and miſs the Matter.
For his *Religion*, it was fit
To match his Learning and his Wit:
'Twas *Presbyterian* true Blue,
For he was of that ſtubborn Crew
Of Errant Saints, whom all Men grant
To be the true Church *Militant*:
Such as do build their Faith upon
The holy Text of *Pike* and *Gun*;
Decide all Controverſie by
Infallible *Artillery*;
And prove their Doctrine Orthodox
By Apoſtolick *Blows* and *Knocks*;
Call Fire, and Sword, and Deſolation,
A *godly-thorough-Reformation*,
Which always muſt be carry'd on,
And ſtill be doing, never done:
As if Religion were intended
For nothing elſe but to be mended.
A Sect, whoſe chief Devotion lies
In odd perverſe Antipathies:
In falling out with that or this,
And finding ſomewhat ſtill amiſs:
More peeviſh, croſs, and ſplenetick,
Than Dog diſtract, or Monkey ſick.

That with more Care keep Holy-Day
The wrong, than others the right Way:
Compound for Sins, they are inclin'd to,
By damning thoſe they have no mind to:
Still ſo perverſe and oppoſite,
As if they worſhip'd God for ſpight.
The ſelf ſame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free-will they one way diſavow,
Another, nothing elſe allow.
All Piety conſiſts therein
In them, in other Men all Sin.
Rather than fail, they will defie
That which they love moſt tenderly;
Quarrel with *Minc'd Pies*, and diſparage
Their beſt and deareſt Friend *Plum-Porridge*;
Fat *Pig* and *Gooſe* it ſelf oppoſe,
And Blaſpheme *Cuſtard* thro' the *Noſe*.
Th' Apoſtles of this fierce Religion,
Like *Mahomet*'s, were Aſs and Widgeon,
To whom our Knight, by faſt Inſtinct
Of Wit and Temper, was ſo linkt,
As if Hypocriſie and Nonſenſe,
Had got the Advowſon of his Conſcience.
Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inſide, not the outward.
That next of all we ſhall diſcuſs;
Then liſten, Sirs, it follows, thus.
His tawny *Beard* was th' equal Grace
Both of his Wiſdom and his Face;
In Cut and Dye ſo like a Tile,
A ſudden view it would beguile:
The upper part thereof was Whey,
The nether Orange mixt with Grey.

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This hairy Meteor did denounce
The Fall of Scepters and of Crowns;
With griſly Type did repreſent
Declining Age of Government;
And tell with Hieroglyphick Spade,
Its own Grave and the State's were made:
Like *Sampſon*'s Heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a Nation rue;
Tho' it contributed its own Fall,
To wait upon the publick Downfal.
It was Monaſtick, and did grow
In holy Orders by ſtrict Vow;
Of Rule as ſullen and ſevere,
As that of rigid *Cordeliere*:
'Twas bound to ſuffer Perſecution
And Martyrdom with Reſolution;
T' oppoſe it ſelf againſt the Hate
And Vengeance of th' incenſed State:
In whoſe defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot Irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and ſpit upon, and Martyr'd.
Maugre all which, 'twas to ſtand faſt,
As long as Monarchy ſhould laſt.
But when the State ſhould hap to Reel,
'Twas to ſubmit to fatal Steel,
And fall, as it was conſecrate,
A Sacrifice to Fall of State;
Whoſe Thread of Life the fatal Sifters
Did twiſt together with its Whiskers,
And twine ſo cloſe, that Time ſhould never,
In Life or Death, their Fortunes ſever;
But with his ruſty Sickle mow
Both down together at a Blow.

So learned *Taliacotius* from
The brawny part of Porter's Bum,
Cut ſupplemental Noſes, which
Would laſt as long as Parent Breech;
But when the Date of *Knock* was out,
Off dropt the Sympathetick Snout.
His *Back*, or rather Burthen, ſhow'd,
As if it ſtoopt with its own Load.
For as *Æneas* bore his Sire
Upon his Shoulders thro' the Fire;
Our Knight did bear no leſs a Pack
Of his own Buttocks on his Back:
Which now had almoſt got the Upper-
Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper.
To poiſe this equally, he bore
A *Paunch* of the ſame Bulk before:
Which ſtill he had a ſpecial Care
To keep well cram'd with thrifty Fare;
As White-pot, Butter-Milk, and Curds,
Such as a Country Houſe affords;
With other Victual, which anon
We farther ſhall dilate upon,
When of his Hoſe we come to treat,
The Cup-board where he kept his Meat.
His *Doublet* was of ſturdy Buff,
And though not Sword, yet Cudgel-proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his Uſe,
Who fear'd no Blows but ſuch as Bruiſe.
His *Breeches* were of rugged Woollen,
And had been at the Siege of *Bullen*;
To old King *Harry* ſo well known,
Some Writers held they were his own.
Thro' they were lin'd with many a piece
Of Ammunition Bread and Cheeſe,

And fat Black-Puddings, proper Food
For Warriors that delight in Blood.
For, as we ſaid, He always choſe
To carry Victle in his Hoſe,
That often tempted Rats and Mice,
The Ammunition to ſurpriſe:
And when he put a Hand but in
The one or t'other Magazine,
They ſtoutly in defence on't ſtood,
And from the wounded Foe drew Blood;
And till th' were ſtorm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the Fortify'd Redoubt;
And tho' Knights Errant, as ſome think,
Of old did neither Eat nor Drink,
Becauſe when thorough Deſarts vaſt
And Regions deſolate they paſt,
Where Belly-Timber above Ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unleſs they graz'd, there's not one Word
Of their Proviſion on Record:
Which made ſome confidently write,
They had no Stomachs, but to fight.
'Tis falſe: for *Arthur* wore in Hall
Round Table like a Farthingal,
On which, with Shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good Knights din'd.
Tho' 'twas no Table ſome ſuppoſe,
But a huge Pair of round Trunk Hoſe:
In which he carry'd as much Meat
As he and all the Knights cou'd Eat,
When laying by their Swords and Truncheons,
They took their Breakfaſts, or their Nuncheons.
But let that paſs at preſent, leſt
We ſhould forget where we digreſt.

As Learned Authors uſe, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpoſe come.
His puiſſant *Sword* unto his Side,
Near his undaunted Heart, was ty'd:
With Basket-hilt, that would hold Broth,
And ſerve for Fight and Dinner both.
In it he melted Lead for Bullets,
To ſhoot at Foes, and ſometimes Pullets;
To whom he bore ſo fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave Quarter to' any ſuch.
The trenchant Blade, *Toledo* truſty,
For want of Fighting was grown ruſty,
And ate into it ſelf, for lack
Of ſome Body to hew and hack.
The peaceful *Scabbard* where it dwelt,
The Rancor of its Edge had felt:
For of the lower End two Handful
It had devoured, 'twas ſo Manful;
And ſo much ſcorn'd to lurk in Caſe,
As if it durſt not ſhew its Face.
In many deſperate Attempts,
Of Warrants, Exigents, Contempts,
It had appear'd with Courage bolder
Than Serjeant *Bum* invading Shoulder.
Oft had he ta'en Poſſeſſion,
And Pris'ners too, or made them run.
This Sword a *Dagger* had his Page,
That was but little for his Age:
And therefore waited on him ſo,
As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.
It was a Serviceable Dudgeon,
Either for Fighting or for Drudging.
When it had ſtab'd, or broke a Head,
It would ſcrape Trenchers, or chip Bread,

Toaſt Cheeſe or Bacon, though it were
To bait a Mouſe-trap, 'twould not care.
'Twould make clean Shoes, and in the Earth
Set Leeks and Onions, and ſo forth.
It had been Prentice to a Brewer,
Where this and more it did endure;
But left the Trade, as many more
Have lately done on the ſame Score.
I' th' Holſters of the Saddle-bow,
Two aged Piſtols he did ſtow,
Among the Surplus of ſuch Meat
As in his Hoſe he could not get.
Theſe would inveigle Rats with th' Scent,
To forage when the Cocks were bent;
And ſometimes catch 'em with a Snap,
As cleaverly as th'ableſt Trap.
They were upon hard Duty ſtill,
And every Night ſtood Centinel,
To guard the Magazine i'th' Hoſe
From two-legg'd, and from four-legg'd Foes.
Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home ſet forth to fight.
But firſt with nimble active Force
He got on th' outſide of his *Horſe*,
For having but one Stirrup ty'd
T'his Saddle, on the further ſide,
It was ſo ſhort h'had much ado
To reach it with his deſp'rate Toe.
But after many ſtrains and heaves,
He got up to his Saddle Eaves.
From whence he vaulted into th' Seat,
With ſo much Vigour, Strength, and Heat,
That he had almoſt tumbled over
With his own Weight, but did recover,

By laying hold on Tail and Main,
Which oft he us'd inſtead of Rein.
But now we talk of mounting Steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to ſay ſomething
Of that which bore our valiant *Bumkin.*
The Beaſt was ſturdy, large, and tall,
With Mouth of Meal and Eyes of Wall;
I would ſay Eye, for h'had but one,
As moſt agree, though ſome ſay none.
He was well ſtay'd, and in his Gate
Preſerv'd a Grave, Majeſtick State.
At Spur or Switch no more he skipt,
Or mended Pace, than *Spaniard* whipt:
And yet ſo fiery, he would bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the Ground:
That *Caſar*'s Horſe, who, as Fame goes,
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,
Was not by half ſo tender hooft,
Nor trod upon the Ground ſo ſoft.
And as that Beaſt would kneel and ſtoop,
(Some write) to take his Rider up:
So *Hudibras* his ('tis well known)
Would often do, to ſet him down.
We ſhall not need to ſay what lack
Of Leather was upon his Back:
For that was hidden under Pad,
And Breech of Knight full gall'd as bad.
His ſtrutting Ribs on both ſides ſhow'd
Like Furrows he himſelf had plow'd:
For underneath the Skirt of Pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a Channel.
His dragling Tail hung in the Dirt,
Which on his Rider he would flurt;

Still as his tender Side he prickt,
With arm'd Heel, or with unarm'd, kickt;
For *Hudibras* wore but one Spur,
As wiſely knowing, cou'd he ſtir
To active Trot one ſide of's Horſe,
The other would not hang an Arſe.
A *Squire* he had, whoſe Name was *Ralph*,
That in th'Adventure went his half.
Though Writers, for more ſtately Tone,
Do call him *Ralpho*, 'tis all one:
And when we can with Meter ſafe,
We'll call him ſo, if not, plain *Raph*;
(For Rhyme the Rudder is of Verſes,
With which, like Ships, they ſteer their Courſes.)
An equal ſtock of Wit and Valour
He had laid in, by Birth a Taylor.
The mighty *Tyrian* Queen, that gain'd
With ſubtle Shreds, a Tract of Land,
Did leave it with a Caſtle fair
To his great Anceſtor, her Heir;
From him deſcended croſs-legg'd Knights,
Fam'd for their Faith and Warlike Fights
Againſt the bloody Canibal,
Whom they deſtroy'd both great and ſmall.
This ſturdy Squire, he had, as well
As the bold *Trojan* Knight, ſeen Hell,
Not with a counterfeited Paſs
Of Golden Bough, but true Gold-Lace.
His *Knowledge* was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't:
Some call it *Gifts*, and ſome *New-Light*.
A liberal Art, that coſts no Pains
Of Study, Induſtry, or Brains.

His Wit was ſent him for a Token,
But in the Carriage crackt and broken.
Like Commendation Nine-pence, crookt
With to and from my Love, it lookt.
He ne'er conſider'd it, as loth
To look a Gift-Horſe in the Mouth;
And very wiſely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.
But as he got it freely, ſo
He ſpent it frank and freely too.
For Saints themſelves will ſometimes be,
Of Gifts that coſt them nothing, free.
By means of this, with *Hem* and *Cough*,
Prolongers to enlightned Stuff,
He could deep Myſteries unriddle,
As eaſily as thread a Needle;
For as of Vagabonds we ſay,
That they are ne'er beſide their Way:
Whate'er Men ſpeak by this *New Light*,
Still they are ſure to be i'th'right.
'Tis a *Dark-Lanthorn* of the Spirit,
Which none ſee by but thoſe that bear it:
A Light that falls down from on high,
For Spiritual Trades to cozen by:
An *Ignis Fatuus* that bewitches,
And leads Men into Pools and Ditches,
To make them *dip* themſelves, and ſound
For *Chriſtendom*, in dirty Pond;
To dive like Wild-Fowl, for Salvation,
And fiſh to catch Regeneration.
This Light inſpires, and plays upon
The Noſe of Saint, like Bag-pipe Drone,
And ſpeaks through hollow empty Soul,
As through a Trunk, or whiſp'ring Hole,

Such Language as no Mortal Ear
But Spiritual Eaves-droppers can hear.
So *Phœbus*, or ſome Friendly Muſe,
Into ſmall Poets Song infuſe;
Which they at ſecond-hand reherſe
Thro' Reed or Bag-pipe, Verſe for Verſe.
Thus *Ralph* became infallible,
As three or four legg'd Oracle,
The Ancient Cup, or Modern Chair;
Spoke Truth point-blank, though unaware.
For Myſtick Learning, wondrous able
In Magick *Taliſman*, and *Cabal*,
Whoſe Primitive Tradition reaches
As far as *Adam*'s firſt green Breeches:
Deep-ſighted in Intelligences,
Idea's, Atomes, Influences;
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' Intelligible World could ſay;
A deep Occult Philoſopher,
As learn'd as the *Wild Iriſh* are,
Or Sir *Agrippa*, for profound
And ſolid Lying much renown'd:
He *Anthropoſophus*, and *Floud*,
And *Jacob Behmen* underſtood;
Knew many an Amulet and Charm,
That would do neither good nor harm:
In *Roſy-Crucian* Lore as Learned,
As he that *Vere adeptus* earned,
He underſtood the Speech of Birds
As well as they themſelves do Words:
Could tell what ſubtleſt *Parrots* mean,
That ſpeak and think contrary clean,
What *Member* 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry *Rope*, and *Walk*, *Knave*, *Walk*.

He'd extract Numbers out of Matter,
And keep them in a Glaſs, like Water;
Of Sov'reign Pow'r to make Men wiſe;
For dropt in blear, thick-ſighted Eyes,
They'd make them ſee in darkeſt Night,
Like Owls, though pur-blind in the Light.
By help of theſe (as he profeſt)
He had *Firſt Matter* ſeen undreſt:
He took her naked all alone,
Before one Rag of *Form* was on.
The *Chaos* too he had deſcry'd,
And ſeen quite through, or elſe he ly'd:
Not that of Paſt-board, which Men ſhew
For Groats, at Fair of *Bartholomew*;
But its great Grandſire, firſt o'th' Name,
Whence that and *Reformation* came,
Both Couſin Germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the Rabble.
But *Reformation* was, ſome ſay,
O' th' younger Houſe to *Puppet-Play*.
He could fortel whats'ever was
By conſequence to come to paſs.
As Death of Great Men, Alterations,
Diſeaſes, Battels, Inundations;
All this without th' Eclipſe of th' Sun,
Or dreadful Comet, he hath done.
By inward Light, a Way as good,
And eaſie to be underſtood.
But with more lucky hit than thoſe
That uſe to make the Stars depoſe,
Like Knights o' th' Poſt, and falſly charge
Upon themſelves what others forge:
As if they were conſenting to
All Miſchief in the World Men do:

Or, like the Devil, did tempt and ſway 'em.
To Rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll ſearch a Planet's Houſe, to know
Who broke and robb'd a Houſe below:
Examine *Venus* and the *Moon*,
Who ſtole a Thimble or a Spoon:
And though they nothing will confeſs,
Yet by their very Looks can gueſs,
And tell what guilty Aſpect bodes,
Who ſtole, and who receiv'd the Goods;
They'll queſtion *Mars*, and by his Look,
Detect who 'twas that nim'd a Cloke:
Make *Mercury* confeſs, and peach
Thoſe Thieves which he himſelf did teach.
They'll find i' th' Phyſiognomies
O' th' Planets, all Mens Deſtinies.
Like him that took the Doctor's Bill,
And ſwallow'd it inſtead o' th' *Pill*.
Caſt the Nativity o' th' Queſtion,
And from Poſitions to be gueſt on,
As ſure as if they knew the Moment
Of Natives Birth, tell what will come on't.
They'll feel the Pulſes of the Stars,
To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs;
And tell what *Criſis* does Divine
The Rot in Sheep, or Mange in Swine;
In Men what gives or cures the Itch,
What makes them Cuckolds, Poor or Rich:
What Gains or Loſes, Hangs or Saves;
What makes Men Great, what Fools or Knaves;
But not what Wife, for only of thoſe
The Stars (they ſay) cannot diſpoſe,
No more than can the Aſtrologians.
There they ſay right, and like true *Trojans*.

This *Ralpho* knew, and therefore took
The other Courſe, of which we ſpoke.
Thus was th' Accompliſh'd Squire endu'd
With Gifts and Knowledge, perilous ſhrew'd.
Never did truſty Squire with Knight,
Or Knight with Squire e'er jump more right,
Their Arms and Equipage did fit,
As well as Vertues, Parts, and Wit:
Their Valours too were of a Rate,
And out they ſally'd at the Gate;
Few Miles on Horſe-back had they jogged,
But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged,
For they a ſad Adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat;
But e'er we venture to unfold
Atchievements ſo reſolv'd and bold,
We ſhould, as Learned Poets uſe,
Invoke th' Aſſiſtance of ſome *Muſe*;
However Criticks count it ſillier
Than Juglers talking to Familiar:
We think 'tis no great Matter which,
They're all alike, yet we ſhall pitch
On one that fits our purpoſe moſt,
Whom therefore thus do we accoſt.
Thou that with Ale, or viler Liquors,
Didſt inſpire *Wythers*, *Pryn*, and *Vicars*,
And force them, tho' it were in ſpight
Of Nature, and their Stars, to write;
Who, as we find in ſullen Writs,
And croſs-grain'd Works of modern Wits,
With Vanity, Opinion, Want,
The Wonder of the Ignorant,
The Praiſes of the Author, penn'd,
B' himſelf, or Wit-enſuring Friend;

The Itch of Picture in the Front,
With Bays, and wicked Rhyme upon't,
All that is left o'th' forked Hill,
To make Men ſcribble without Skill;
Canſt make a Poet, ſpite of Fate,
And teach all People to tranſlate;
Tho' out of Languages, in which
They underſtand no Part of Speech.
Aſſiſt me but this once, I'implore,
And I ſhall trouble thee no more.
In Weſtern Clime there is a Town,
To thoſe that dwell therein, well known.
Therefore there needs no more be ſaid here,
We unto them refer our Reader:
For brevity is very good,
When w' are or are not underſtood.
To this Town People did repair
On Days of Market, or of Fair;
And to crack'd Fiddle, and hoarſe Tabor,
In Merriment did drudge and labor:
But now a Sport more formidable
Had rak'd together Village Rabble;
'Twas an old way of Recreating,
Which learned Butchers call *Bear-baiting*.
A bold advent'rous Exerciſe,
With ancient *Hero's* in high Prize;
For Authors do affirm it came
From *Iſthmian*, or *Nemean* Game.
Others derive it from the *Bear*
That's fixt in Northern Hemiſphere,
And round about the Pole does make
A Circle, like a Bear at Stake;
That at the Chain's End wheels about,
And over-turns the Rabble-Rout;

For after Solemn Proclamation
In the Bear's Name (as is the Fashion,
According to the Law of Arms,
To keep Men from inglorious Harms)
That none presume to come so near
As forty Foot of Stake of Bear;
If any yet be so fool-hardy,
T'expose themselves to vain Jeopardy;
If they come Wounded off, and Lame,
No Honour's got by such a Maim,
Altho' the Bear gain much, b'ing bound
In Honour to make good his Ground,
When he's ingag'd, and take no notice,
If any press upon him, who 'tis;
But lets them know, at their own Cost,
That he intends to keep his Post.
This to prevent, and other Harms,
Which always wait on Feats of Arms,
(For in the Hurry of a Fray,
'Tis hard to keep out of Harm's way)
Thither the *Knight* his Course did steer,
To keep the Peace 'twixt *Dog* and *Bear*;
As he believ'd he was bound to do;
In Conscience and Commission too.
And therefore thus bespoke the Squire;
We that are wisely mounted higher
Than Constables in curule Wit,
When on Tribunal Bench we sit,
Like Speculators should foresee,
From *Pharos* of Authority,
Portended Mischiefs farther then
Low *Proletarian* Tything-Men.
And therefore being inform'd by Brute,
That *Dog* and *Bear* are to Dispute;

For ſo of late Men fighting name,
Becauſe they often prove the ſame;
(For where the firſt does hap to be,
The laſt does *coincidere.*)
Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
To ſave th' Expence of Chriſtian Blood,
And try if we by Mediation
Of Treaty and Accommodation,
Can end the Quarrel, and compoſe
The bloody Duel, without Blows.
Are not our Liberties, our Lives,
The Laws, Religion, and our Wives,
Enough at once to lye at Stake
For *Cov'nant* and the *Cauſe*'s ſake?
But in that Quarrel *Dogs* and *Bears*,
As well as we, muſt venture theirs?
This Feud by *Jeſuits* invented,
By *evil Counſel* is fomented;
There is a *Machiavilian* Plot,
(Tho' ev'ry *Nare olfact* it not)
A deep Deſign in't, to divide
The well-affected that confide,
By ſetting Brother againſt Brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not Enemies *plus ſatis*,
That *Cane & Angue pejus* hate us?
And ſhall we turn our Fangs and Claws
Upon our own ſelves without Cauſe?
That ſome occult Deſign doth lye
In bloody *Cynarctomachy*,
Is plain enough to him that knows,
How Saints lead Brothers by the Noſe.
I wiſh my ſelf a Pſeudo-Prophet,
But ſure ſome Miſchief will come of it;

Unleſs by providential Wit,
Or Force, we averruncate it.
For what Deſign, what Intereſt
Can Beaſt have to encounter Beaſt?
They fight for no eſpouſed *Cauſe*,
Frail *Privilege*, *Fundamental Laws*,
Nor for a *thorough Reformation*,
Nor *Covenant*, nor *Proteſtation*;
Nor *Liberty of Conſciences*,
Nor Lords and Commons *Ordinances*;
Nor for the *Church*, nor for *Church-Lands*,
To get them in their own no Hands;
Nor *evil Counſellors* to bring
To Juſtice, that ſeduce the King;
Nor for the Worſhip of us Men,
Tho' we have done as much for them.
Th' *Ægyptians* worſhip'd *Dogs*, and for
Their Faith made internecine War.
Others ador'd a *Rat*, and ſome
For that Church ſuffer'd Martyrdom.
The *Indians* fought for the Truth
Of th' *Elephant*, and *Monkey*'s Tooth:
And many, to defend that Faith,
Fought it out *mordicus* to Death.
But no Beaſt ever was ſo ſlight,
For Man, as for his God, to fight.
They have more Wit, alas! and know
Themſelves and us better than ſo.
But we, who only do infuſe
The Rage in them like *Boute-feus*.
'Tis our Example that inſtils
In them th'Infection of our Ills.
For as ſome late Philoſophers
Have well obſerv'd, Beaſts that converſe

With

With Man, take after him, as Hogs
Get Pigs all th' Year, and Bitches Dogs.
Juſt ſo, by our Example, Cattle
Learn to give one another Battle.
We read in *Nero*'s Time, the Heathen,
When they deſtroy'd the *Chriſtian Brethren*,
They ſew'd them in the Skins of Bears,
And then ſet Dogs about their Ears:
From whence, no doubt, th' Invention came
Of this lewd antichriſtian Game.
To this, quoth *Ralpho*, Verily,
The Point ſeems very plain to be.
It is an antichriſtian Game,
Unlawful both in Thing and Name.
Firſt for the *Name*, the Word *Bear-Baiting*
Is carnal, and of Man's creating:
For certainly there's no ſuch Word
In all the *Scripture* on Record,
Therefore unlawful, and a Sin;
And ſo is (ſecondly) the *Thing*.
A vile *Aſſembly* 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by Scripture, than
Provincial, Claſſick, National,
Mere Human Creature-Cobwebs all.
Thirdly, It is Idolatrous;
For when Men run a Whoring thus
With their Inventions, whatſoe'er
The Thing be, whether *Dog* or *Bear*,
It is Idolatrous and *Pagan*,
No leſs than worſhipping of *Dagon*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, I ſmell a *Rat*;
Ralpho, thou doſt prevaricate.

For tho' the *Theſis* which thou lay'ſt
Be true *ad amuſſim*, as thou ſay'ſt,
(For that *Bear-Baiting* ſhould appear
Jure Divino lawfuller
Than *Synods* are, thou doſt deny,
Totidem Verbis; ſo do I:)
Yet there's a Fallacy in this,
For if by ſly *Homæoſis*,
Tuſſis pro crepitu, an Art
Under a Cough to ſlur a F---t,
Thou wouldſt ſophiſtically imply,
Both are unlawful, I deny.
And I (quoth *Ralpho*) do not doubt,
But *Bear-Baiting* may be made out
In Goſpel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial or *Parochial Claſſis*:
And that both are ſo near of Kin,
And like in all, as well as Sin,
That put them in a Bag and ſhake 'em,
Your ſelf o' th' ſudden wou'd miſtake 'em,
And not know which is which, unleſs
You meaſure by their Wickedneſs:
For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
O' th' two is worſt, tho' I name neither.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou offer'ſt much,
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' Adage,
Id eſt, to make a Leek a Cabbage;
Thou'lt be at beſt but *ſuch a Bull*,
Or Shear Swine, All Cry and no Wool;
For what can *Synods* have at all,
With *Bear* that's Analogical?

Or what Relation has Debating
Of Church-Affairs with *Bear-Baiting?*
A juſt Compariſon ſtill is
Of Things *ejuſdem generis.*
And then what *Genus* rightly doth
Include and comprehend them both?
If *Animal*, both of us may
As juſtly paſs for *Bears* as they;
For we are Animals no leſs,
Altho' of different *Speciefes.*
But, *Ralpho*, this is no fit Place,
Nor Time to argue out the Caſe:
For now the Field is not far off,
Where we muſt give the World a Proof
Of Deeds, not Words, and ſuch as ſute
Another manner of Diſpute.
A Controverſie that affords
Actions for Arguments, not Words:
Which we muſt manage at a Rate
Of Prowefs and Conduct adequate
To what our Place and Fame doth promiſe,
And all the Godly expect from us.
Nor ſhall they be deceiv'd, unleſs
W'are ſtur'd and outed by Succeſs:
Succeſs, the Mark no Mortal Wit,
Or ſureſt Hand, can always hit:
For whatſoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, w'are ſteer'd by Fate,
Which in Succeſs oft diſinherits,
For ſpurious Cauſes, nobleſt Merits.
Great Actions are not always true Sons
Of great and mighty Reſolutions

Nor do the bold'ſt Attempts bring forth
Events ſtill equal to their Worth:
But ſometimes fail, and in their ſtead
Fortune and Cowardice ſucceed.
Yet we have no great Cauſe to doubt,
Our Actions ſtill have born us out:
Which tho' th'are known to be ſo ample,
We need not Copy from Example;
We're not the only Perſons durſt
Attempt this Province, nor the firſt.
In Northern Clime a val'rous Knight
Did whilom kill his *Bear* in fight,
And wound a Fidler: We have both
Of theſe the Objects of our Wroth,
And equal Fame and Glory from
Th'Attempt of Victory to come.
'Tis ſung, there is a valiant *Mamaluke*
In foreign Land, yclep'd----
To whom we have been oft compar'd
For Perſon, Parts, Addreſs and Beard;
Both equally reputed ſtout,
And in the ſame Cauſe both have fought;
He oft in ſuch Atempts as theſe
Came off with Glory and Succeſs;
Nor will we fail in th' Execution,
For want of equal Reſolution.
Honour is like a Widow, won
With briſk Attempt and putting on:
With ent'ring manfully, and urging,
Not ſlow Approaches, like a Virgin.
This ſaid, as yerſt the *Phrygian* Knight,
So ours, with ruſty Steel did ſmite

His *Trojan* Horſe, and juſt as much
He mended Pace upon the Touch;
But from his empty Stomach groan'd
Juſt as that hollow Beaſt did ſound,
And angry anſwer'd from behind,
With brandiſh'd Tail and blaſt of Wind.
So I have ſeen with armed Heel,
A Wight beſtride a *Common-weal*;
While ſtill the more he kick'd and ſpurr'd,
The leſs the ſullen Jade has ſtirr'd.

The ARGUMENT of The SECOND *CANTO*.

The Catalogue and Character
Of th' Enemies beſt Men of War;
Whom in a bold Harangue, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight:
H' encounters Talgol, *routs the* Bear,
And takes the Fidler *Priſoner;*
Conveys him to enchanted Caſtle,
There ſhuts him faſt in wooden Baſtile.

CANTO II.

THERE was an ancient ſage *Philoſopher*,
That had read *Alexander Roſs* over;
And ſwore the World, as he cou'd prove,
Was made of *Fighting* and of *Love:*
Juſt ſo *Romances* are, for what elſe
Is in them all, but *Love* and *Battels*?
O' th' firſt of theſe w' have no great Matter
To treat of, but a World o' th' latter:

In which to do the injur'd Right,
We mean, in what concerns juſt fight.
Certes our Authors are to blame,
For to make ſome well-ſounding Name,
A Pattern fit for modern Knights,
To copy out in Frays and Fights,
(Like thoſe that a whole Street do raze,
To build a Palace in the Place.)
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of Mothers,
Or Wives, or Children, ſo they can
Make up ſome fierce dead-doing Man,
Compos'd of many Ingredient Valours,
Juſt like the Manhood of nine Taylors:
So a wild *Tartar*, when he ſpies
A Man that's Handſome, Valiant, Wiſe,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit:
As if juſt ſo much he enjoy'd,
As in another is deſtroy'd.
For when a Giant's ſlain in Fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft down-right,
It is a heavy Caſe, no doubt,
A Man ſhould have his Brains beat out,
Becauſe he's Tall, and has large Bones;
As Men kill Beavers for their Stones.
But as for our Part, we ſhall tell
The naked Truth of what befel;
And as an equal Friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
With neither Faction ſhall take part,
But give to each his due Deſert:
And never coin a formal Lie on't,
To make the *Knight* o'ercome the *Giant*.

This b'ing profeſt, we've hopes enough,
And now go on where we left off.
They rode, but Authors having not
Determin'd whether Pace or Trot,
(That is to ſay, whether *Tollutation*,
As they do term't, or *Succuſſation*)
We leave it and go on, as now
Suppoſe they did, no matter how,
Yet ſome from ſubtle Hints have got
Myſterious Light, it was a Trot.
But let that paſs: They now begun
To ſpur their living Engines on.
For as whipp'd Tops, and bandy'd Balls,
The Learned hold, are Animals:
So Horſes they affirm to be,
Mere Engines made by Geometry;
And were invented firſt from Engines,
As *Indian Britains* were from *Penguins*.
So let them be, as I was ſaying,
They their live Engines ply'd, not ſtaying
Until they reach'd the fatal Champain,
Which th' Enemy did then incamp on.
The dire *Pharſalian* Plain, where Battle
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puiſſant Cattle,
And fierce Auxiliary Men,
That came to aid their Brethren:
Who now began to take the Field,
As Knight from ridge of Steed beheld.
For as our modern Wits behold,
Mounted a Pick-back on the Old,
Much farther off, much further he,
Rais'd on his aged Beaſt, cou'd ſee:
Yet not ſufficient to deſcry
All Poſtures of the Enemy;

Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
T' obſerve their Numbers, and their Order.
That when their Motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Mean while he ſtop'd his willing Steed,
To fit himſelf for Martial Deed:
Both kinds of Metal he prepar'd,
Either to give Blows, or to ward;
Courage and Steel, both of great Force,
Prepar'd for better or for worſe.
His Death-charg'd Piſtols he did fit well,
Drawn out from Life-preſerving Vittel.
Theſe being prim'd, with Force he labour'd
To free's Sword from retentive Scabbord:
And after many a painful Pluck,
From ruſty Durance he bail'd Tuck.
Then ſhook himſelf, to ſee that Proweſs
In Scabbard of his Arms ſat looſe;
And rais'd upon his deſperate Foot,
On Stirrup-ſide he gaz'd about.
Portending Blood, like Blazing Star,
The Beacon of approaching War.
Ralpho rode on with no leſs ſpeed
Than *Hugo* in the Foreſt did:
But far more in returning made,
For now the Foe he had ſurvey'd,
Rang'd as to him they did appear,
With *Van*, *Main Battel*, *Wings* and *Rear*.
I' th' Head of all this Warlike Rabble
Crowdero march'd, expert and able:
Inſtead of Trumpet and of Drum,
That makes the Warriors Stomach come,
Whoſe Noiſe whets Valour ſharp like Beer
By Thunder turn'd to Vinegar

(For if a Trumpet ſound, or Drum beat,
Who has not a Month's Mind to combat:)
A ſqueaking Engine he apply'd
Unto his Neck, on North-Eaſt ſide,
Juſt where the Hangman does diſpoſe,
To ſpecial Friends the Knot of Nooſe:
For 'tis *Great Grace* when *Stateſmen* ſtrait
Diſpatch a Friend, let others wait.
His warped *Ear* hung o'er the Strings
Which was but *Souſe* to *Chitterlings*:
For Guts, ſome write, e'er they are ſodden,
Are fit for Muſick, or for Pudden:
From whence Men borrow ev'ry kind
Of Minſtrelſy, by String or Wind.
His grizly *Beard* was long and thick,
With which he ſtrung his Fiddle-ſtick:
For he to Horſe-Tail ſcorn'd to owe,
For what on his own Chin did grow.
Chiron, the Four-legg'd Bard, had both
A Beard and Tail of his own growth;
And yet by Authors 'tis averr'd,
He made uſe only of his Beard.
In *Staffordſhire*, where Virtuous Worth
Does raiſe the Minſtrelſy, not Birth;
Where Bulls do chuſe the boldeſt King,
And Ruler, o'er the Men of String;
(As once in *Perſia*, 'tis ſaid,
Kings were Proclaim'd by a Horſe that neigh'd)
He bravely vent'ring at a Crown,
By Chance of War was beaten down,
And wounded ſore: his *Leg* then broke,
Had got a Deputy of Oak:
For when a Shin in Fight is cropt,
The Knee with one of Timber's propt;

Eſteem'd more Honourable than the other,
And takes Place, tho' the younger Brother.
Next march'd brave *Orſin*, famous for
Wiſe Conduct, and Succeſs in War:
A Skilful Leader, ſtout, ſevere,
Now Marſhal to the Champion Bear,
With Truncheon tipp'd with Iron Head,
The Warrior to the Liſts he led;
With ſolemn March, and ſtately Pace,
But far more grave and ſolemn Face.
Grave as the Emperor of *Pegu*,
Or *Spaniſh* Potentate *Don Diego*.
This Leader was of Knowledge great,
Either for Charge, or for Retreat.
He knew when to fall on Pell-mell,
To fall back, and retreat as well.
So Lawyers, leſt the *Bear* Defendant,
And Plantiff *Dog* ſhou'd make an end on't,
Do ſtave and tail with *Writs of Error*,
Arreſt of Judgment, and *Demurrer*,
To let them breath a while, and then
Cry whoop, and ſet them to't agen.
As *Romulus* a Wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a Bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd Prey
Of many a fierce and bloody Fray;
Bred up, where Diſcipline moſt rare is,
In Military *Garden Paris*.
For Soldiers heretofore did grow
In Gardens, juſt as Weeds do now;
Until ſome ſplay-foot Politicians,
T' *Apollo* offer'd up Petitions,
For Licenſing a new Invention
Th' had found out, of an Antique Engine,

To root out all the Weeds that grow
In publick Gardens at a Blow,
And leave th' Herbs ſtanding. Quoth Sir *Sun*,
My Friends, that is not to be done
Not done? quo' *Stateſmen*; yes, an't pleaſe ye,
When 'tis once known, you'll ſay 'tis eaſie.
Why then let's know it, quoth *Apollo*;
We'll beat a Drum, and they'll all follow.
A Drum (quoth *Phœbus*) troth that's true,
A pretty Invention, quaint and new.
But though of Voice and Inſtrument
We are th' undoubted Preſident;
We ſuch loud Muſick do not profeſs,
The Devil's Maſter of that Office,
Where it muſt paſs, if't be a Drum,
He'll ſign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*
To him apply your ſelves, and he
Will ſoon diſpatch you for his Fee.
They did ſo, but it prov'd ſo ill,
Th'ad better have let 'em grow there ſtill.
But to reſume what we diſcourſing
Were on before, that is, ſtout *Orſin*:
That which ſo oft by ſundry Writers
Has been apply'd t' almoſt all Fighters,
More juſtly may b' aſcrib'd to this,
Than any other Warrior (*viz.*)
None ever acted both Parts bolder,
Both of a Chieftain and a Soldier.
He was of great Deſcent and high,
For Splendor and Antiquity,
And from Celeſtial Origine
Deriv'd himſelf in a right Line.
Not as the ancient *Heroes* did,
Who, that their baſe Births might be hid,

(Knowing they were of doubtful Gender,
And that they came in at a Windore)
Made *Jupiter* himſelf, and others
O' th' Gods, Gallants to their own Mothers,
To get on them a Race of Champions,
(Of which old *Homer* firſt made *Lampoons*)
Arctophylax in Northern Sphere
Was his undoubted Anceſtor:
From him his great Fore-fathers came,
And in all Ages bore his Name.
Learned he was in Med'c'nal Lore,
For by his Side a Pouch he wore,
Replete with ſtrange Hermetick Powder,
That Wounds nine Miles point-blank wou'd ſolder,
By Skilful *Chymiſt* with great Coſt
Extracted from a rotten Poſt;
But of a Heav'nlier Influence
Than that which Mountebanks diſpenſe;
Tho' by *Promethean* Fire made,
As they do quack that drive that Trade.
For as when Slovens do amiſs,
At others Doors, by Stool or Piſs;
The Learned write, a Red-hot Spit
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey Miſchief from the Dung
Unto the Part that did the Wrong:
So this did healing, and as ſure
As that did Miſchief, this wou'd cure.
Thus Virtuous *Orſin* was endu'd
With Learning Conduct, Fortitude,
Incomparable: and as the Prince
Of Poets, *Homer*, ſung long ſince,
A skilful Leech is better far
Than half a Hundred Men of War;

So he appear'd, and by his Skill,
No leſs than Dint of Sword, cou'd Kill.
The Gallant *Bruin* march'd next him,
With Viſage formidably grim,
And rugged as a *Sarazen*,
Or *Turk* of *Mahomet*'s own Kin;
Clad in a Mantle *della Guerre*
Of rough impenetrable Fur;
And in his Noſe, like *Indian* King,
He wore for Ornament a Ring;
About his Neck a three-fold Gorget,
As tough as trebled leathern Target;
Armed, as Heraulds *cant*, and *langued*,
Or, as the Vulgar ſay, *ſharp fanged*.
For as the Teeth in Beaſts of Prey
Are Swords, with which they fight in Fray;
So Swords in Men of War, are Teeth,
Which they do eat their Vittle with.
He was by Birth, ſome Authors write,
A *Ruſſian*, ſome a *Muſcovite*,
And 'mong the *Coſſacks* had been bred,
Of whom we in *Diurnals* read,
That ſerve to fill up Pages here,
As with their Bodies Ditches there.
Scrimansky was his Couſin-German,
With whom he ſerv'd, and fed on Vermin:
And when theſe fail'd, he'd ſuck his Claws,
And quarter himſelf upon his Paws.
And though his Country-Men, the *Huns*,
Did ſtew their Meat between their *Bums*
And th' Horſes Backs, o'er which they Straddle,
And ev'ry Man eat up his Saddle:
He was not half ſo nice as they,
But eat it raw when't came in's Way.

He had trac'd Countries far and near,
More than *Le Blanc* the Traveller;
Who writes, He Spous'd in *India*,
Of Noble Houſe, a Lady gay,
And got on her a Race of Worthies,
As Stout as any upon Earth is.
Full many a Fight for him between
Talgol and *Orſin* oft had been;
Each ſtriving to deſerve the Crown
Of a ſav'd Citizen; the one
To guard his *Bear*, the other fought
To aid his *Dog*; both made more ſtout
By ſev'ral Spurs of Neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and Blood;
But *Talgol*, mortal Foe to Cows,
Never got ought of him but Blows;
Blows, hard and heavy, ſuch as he
Had lent, repay'd with Uſury.
Yet *Talgol* was of Courage ſtout,
And vanquiſh'd oftner than he fought:
Inur'd to Labour, Sweat and Toil,
And like a Champion, ſhone with Oil.
Right many a Widow his keen Blade,
And many Fatherleſs, had made.
He many a *Boar* and huge *Dun-Cow*
Did, like another *Guy*, o'erthrow.
But *Guy*, with him in Fight compar'd,
Had like the *Boar* or *Dun-Cow* far'd.
With greater Troops of Sheep h'had fought
Than *Ajax*, or bold *Don Quixot*;
And many a Serpent of fell Kind,
With Wings before, and Stings behind,
Subdu'd: As Poets ſay, long agone
Bold Sir *George*, *Saint George* did the *Dragon*.

Nor Engine, nor Device Polemick,
Diſeaſe, nor Doctor Epidemick,
Tho' ſtor'd with Deletery Med'cines,
(Which whoſoever took is Dead ſince)
E'er ſent ſo vaſt a Colony
To both the under Worlds as he.
For he was of that noble Trade,
That *Demi-gods* and *Heroes* made,
Slaughter and knocking on the Head;
The Trade to which they all were bred:
And is like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but baſe if mean.
The former rides in Triumph for it;
The latter in a two-wheel'd Chariot,
For daring to prophane a thing
So Sacred, with vile Bungling.
Next theſe the brave *Magnano* came,
Magnano, great in Martial Fame.
Yet when with *Urſin* he wag'd fight,
'Tis ſung he got but little by't.
Yet he was fierce as Foreſt Boar,
Whoſe Spoils upon his Back he wore,
As thick as *Ajax* ſeven-fold Shield,
Which o'er his brazen Arms he held:
But Braſs was feeble to reſiſt
The Fury of his Armed Fiſt.
Nor cou'd the hardeſt Ir'n hold out
Againſt his Blows, but they wou'd through't.
In *Magick* he was deeply read,
As he that made the *Brazen-Head*;
Profoundly Skill'd in the Black Art,
As *Engliſh Merlin* for his Heart;
But far more *Skilful* in the Sphears,
Than he was at the Sieve and Shears.

He cou'd transform himſelf in Colour,
As like the Devil as a Collier:
As like as Hypocrites in ſhow
Are to true Saints, or Crow to Crow.
Of *Warlike Engines* he was Author,
Devis'd for quick diſpatch of Slaughter:
The *Canon*, *Blunder-buſs*, and *Saker*,
He was th' Inventer of, and Maker:
The *Trumpet* and the *Kettle-Drum*
Did both from his Invention come.
He was the firſt that e'er did teach
To make, and how to ſtop a Breach.
A Lance he bore, with Iron *Pike*,
Th' one half would thruſt, the other *ſtrike*:
And when their Forces he had join'd,
He ſcorn'd to turn his Parts behind.
He *Trulla* lov'd, *Trulla* more bright
Than burniſh'd Armour of her Knight:
A bold *Virago*, ſtout and tall,
As *Joan* of *France*, or *Engliſh Mall*.
Through Perils both of Wind and Limb,
Through thick and thin ſhe follow'd him,
In ev'ry Adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forſook.
At Breach of Wall, or Hedge Surpriſe,
She ſhar'd i' th' Hazard and the Prize:
At beating Quarters up, or Forage.
Behav'd her ſelf with matchleſs Courage,
And laid about in Fight more buſily,
Than th' *Amazonian* Dame *Penthefile*.
And tho' ſome Criticks here cry Shame,
And ſay our Authors are to blame.
That (ſpight of all Philoſophers,
Who hold no Females ſtout, but Bears;

And heretofore did ſo abhor
Their Women ſhou'd pretend to War;
They would not ſuffer the ſtout'ſt Dame
To ſwear by *Hercules* his Name,)
Make feeble Ladies in their Works,
To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks*:
To lay their Native Arms aſide,
Their Modeſty, and ride a-ſtride;
To run a-tilt at Men, and wield
Their naked Tools in open Field;
As ſtout *Armida*, bold *Thaleſtris*,
And ſhe that wou'd have been the Miſtreſs
Of *Gundibert*; but he had Grace,
And rather took a Country Laſs:
They ſay 'tis falſe, without all Senſe,
But of pernicious Conſequence
To Government, which they ſuppoſe
Can never be upheld in Proſe:
Strip Nature naked to the Skin,
You'll find about her no ſuch thing.
It may be ſo, yet what we tell
Of *Trulla*, that's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by thoſe have ſeen't,
Or, what's as good, produc'd in Print:
And if they will not take our Word,
We'll prove it true upon Record.
The upright *Cerdon* next advanc't,
Of all his Race the Valiant'ſt:
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in Song,
Like *Herc'les*, for repair of Wrong:
He rais'd the Law, and fortify'd
The Weak againſt the ſtrongeſt ſide;
Ill has he read, that never hit
On him, in Muſes deathleſs Writ.

He had a Weapon keen and fierce,
That thro' a Bull-hide Shield wou'd pierce,
And cut it in a Thouſand Pieces,
Tho' tougher than the Knight of *Greece* his;
With whom his black-thumb'd Anceſtor
Was Comerade in the Ten Years War:
For when the reſtleſs *Greeks* ſate down
So many Years before *Troy* Town,
And were Renow'd, as *Homer* writes,
For *well ſoal'd Boots*, no leſs than Fights?
They ow'd that Glory only to
His Anceſtor, that made them ſo.
Faſt Friend he was to *Reformation*,
Until 'twas worn quite out of Faſhion.
Next Rectifier of Wry *Law*,
And wou'd make three to cure one Flaw.
Learned he was, and cou'd take Note,
Tranſcribe, Collect, Tranſlate and Quote.
But *Preaching* was his chiefeſt Talent,
Or Argument, in which b'ing Valiant,
He us'd to lay about and ſtickle,
Like *Ram*, or *Bull*, at *Conventicle*:
For Diſputants, like *Rams* and *Bulls*,
Do fight with *Arms* that ſpring from *Sculls*.
Laſt *Colon* came, bold Man of War,
Deſtin'd to Blows by fatal Star;
Right expert in Command of Horſe,
But cruel, and without Remorſe.
That which of *Centaur* long ago
Was ſaid, and has been wreſted to
Some other Knights, was true of this,
He and his *Horſe* were of a Piece.
One Spirit did inform them both,
The ſelf-ſame Vigour, Fury, Wroth:

Yet he was much the rougher Part,
And always had a harder Heart;
Although his Horſe had been of thoſe
That fed on Man's Fleſh, as Fame goes,
Strange Food for Horſe! and yet, alas,
It may be true, for *Fleſh is Graſs*.
Sturdy he was, and no leſs able
Than *Hercules* to cleanſe a Stable;
As great a Drover, and as great
A Critick too in *Hog* or *Neat*,
He ripp'd the Womb up of his Mother,
Dame *Tellus*, 'cauſe ſhe wanted Fother,
And Provender wherewith to feed
Himſelf, and his leſs cruel Steed.
It was a Queſtion whether He
Or's Horſe were of a Family
More worſhipful: Till Antiquaries
(After th'ad almoſt por'd out their Eyes)
Did very learnedly decide
The Buſineſs on the Horſe's ſide,
And prov'd not only Horſe, but Cows,
Nay Pigs, were of the elder Houſe:
For Beaſts, when Man was but a piece
Of Earth himſelf, did th' Earth poſſeſs.
These Worthies were the Chief that led
The Combatants, each in the Head
Of his Command, with Arms and Rage,
Ready and longing to engage.
The numerous Rabble was drawn out
Of ſeveral Countries round about,
From Villages remote, and Shires,
Of Eaſt and Weſtern Hemiſpheres:
From foreign Pariſhes and Regions,
Of different Manners, Speech, Religions,

Came Men and Maſtiffs; ſome to fight
For Fame and Honour, ſome for Sight.
And now the Field of Death, the Liſts,
Where enter'd by Antagoniſts,
And Blood was ready to be broach'd;
When *Hudibras* in haſte approach'd,
With Squire and Weapons to attack 'em:
But firſt thus from his *Horſe* beſpake 'em.
What Rage, O Citizens! what Fury
Doth you to theſe dire Actions hurry?
What *OEſtrum*, what Phrenetick Mood
Makes you thus laviſh of your Blood,
While the proud *Vies* your Trophies boaſt
And unreveng'd walks-----Ghoſt?
What Towns, what Garriſons might you
With Hazard of this Blood ſubdue,
Which now y'are bent to throw away
In vain, Untriumphable Fray?
Shall *Saints* in civil Bloodſhed wallow
Of *Saints*, and let the *Cauſe* lie fallow?
Th' *Cauſe*, for which we fought and ſwore
So boldly, ſhall we now give o're?
Then becauſe Quarrels ſtill are ſeen
With Oaths and Swearing to begin,
The *Solemn League* and *Covenant*
Will ſeem a mere *God-dam-me* Rant;
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as Drunkards that fall out.
For as we make War *for the King*
Againſt himſelf, the ſelf-ſame thing,
Some will not ſtick to ſwear we do
For *God*, and for *Religion* too;
For if *Bear-Baiting* we allow,
What good can *Reformation* do?

The Blood and Treaſure that's laid out,
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are theſe the Fruits o' th' *Proteſtation*,
The Prototype of *Reformation*,
Which all the *Saints*, and ſome, ſince *Martyrs*,
Wore in their Hats like Wedding Garters,
When 'twas reſolv'd by either Houſe
Six Members Quarrel to eſpouſe?
Did they, for this, draw down the Rabble,
With Zeal and Noiſes formidable;
And make all *Cries* about the Town
Join Throats to cry the *Biſhops* down?
Who having round begirt the Palace,
(As once a Month they do the *Gallows*)
As Members gave the Sign about,
Set up their Throats with hideous Shout.
When *Tinkers* bawl'd aloud, to ſettle
Church Diſcipline, for patching *Kettle*:
No *Sow-gelder* did blow his Horn
To geld a Cat, but cry'd *Reform*.
The *Oyſter-Women* lock'd their Fiſh up,
And trudg'd away to cry, *No Biſhop*.
The *Mouſe-Trap-Men* laid *Save-alls* by,
And 'gainſt *Ev'l Counſellors* did cry.
Botchers left old Cloaths in the Lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the *Church*.
Some cry'd the *Covenant* inſtead
Of *Pudding-Pies* and *Ginger-Bread*.
And ſome for *Brooms*, *Old Boots and Shoes*,
Baul'd out to *purge the Common's Houſe*:
Inſtead of *Kitchin-Stuff*, ſome cry,
A *Goſpel-Preaching-Miniſtry*;
And ſome for *Old Suits*, *Coats*, or *Cloak*,
No *Surplices*, nor *Service-Book*.

A ſtrange harmonious Inclination
Of all Degrees to *Reformation.*
And is this all? Is this the End
To which theſe *Carr'ings on* did tend?
Hath *Publick Faith*, like a young Heir,
For this tak'n up all ſorts of Ware,
And run int' every Tradeſman's Book,
Till both turn'd Bankrupts, and are broke?
Did *Saints* for this bring in their *Plate*,
And crowd as if they came too late?
For when they thought the *Cauſe* had need on't,
Happy was he that cou'd be rid on't.
Did they coin *Piſs-pots*, *Bowls*, and *Flaggons*,
Int' Officers of Horſe, and Dragoons;
And into Pikes and Muſqueteers
Stampt *Beakers*, *Cups* and *Porringers*?
A *Thimble*, *Bodkin*, and a *Spoon*,
Did ſtart up living Men, as ſoon
As in the Furnace they were thrown,
Juſt like the *Dragon's Teeth* b'ing ſown.
Then was the *Cauſe* all Gold and Plate,
The *Brethren*'s Off'rings, conſecrate
Like th' *Hebrew Calf*, and down before it
The Saints fell proſtrate, to adore it:
So ſay the *Wicked*---- and will you
Make that Sarcaſmous Scandal true,
By running after Dogs and Bears,
Beaſts more unclean than Calves or Steers?
Have *powerful Preachers* ply'd their Tongues,
And *laid* themeſelves *out* and their Lungs:
Us'd all Means, both direct and ſiniſter,
I' th' Power of *Goſpel-Preaching Miniſter*?
Have they Invented *Tones* to win
The *Women*, and make them draw in

The Men, as *Indians* with a Female
Tame Elephant inveigle the Male?
Have they told *Prov'dence* what it muſt do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to truſt to?
Diſcover'd th' *Enemy*'s Deſign,
And which way beſt to countermine?
Preſcrib'd what ways it hath to work,
Or it will ne'er advance the *Kirk*?
Told it the *News* o'th' laſt Expreſs,
And after good or bad Succeſs,
Made Prayers, not ſo like Petitions,
As *Overtures* and Propoſitions,
(Such as the *Army* did preſent
To their Creator th' *Parliament*)
In which they freely will confeſs,
They will not, cannot *acquieſce*,
Unleſs the *Work* be carry'd on
In the ſame way they have begun,
By ſetting Church and Common-weal
All on a Flame bright as their Zeal,
On which the Saints are all a-gog,
And all this for a *Bear* and *Dog*?
The Parliament drew up *Petitions*
To't ſelf, and ſent them, like Commiſſions,
To *Well-affected* Perſons down,
In ev'ry City and great Town;
With Pow'r to levy Horſe and Men,
Only to bring them back agen:
For this did many, many a Mile,
Ride manfully in Rank and File,
With *Papers* in their Hats, that ſhow'd
As if they to the *Pillory* rode.
Have all theſe Courſes, theſe Efforts,
Been try'd by People of all Sorts,

Velis & Remis, omnibus Nervis,
And all t' advance the *Cauſe*'s Service?
And ſhall all now be thrown away
In petulant inteſtine Fray?
Shall we that in the *Cov'nant* ſwore,
Each Man of us to run before
Another ſtill in *Reformation*,
Give *Dogs* and *Bears* a Diſpenſation?
How will *diſſenting Brethren* reliſh it?
What will *Malignants* ſay? *Videlicet*,
That each Man ſwore to do his beſt,
To damn and perjure all the reſt;
And bid *the Devil take the hindmoſt*:
Which at this Race is like to win moſt?
They'll ſay our Buſ'neſs to *reform*
The Church and State, is but a Worm;
For to ſubſcribe, unſight, unſeen,
To an unknown Church-Diſcipline,
What is it elſe, but before-hand
T' ingage, and after underſtand?
For when we ſwore to carry on
The preſent *Reformation*,
According to the pureſt Mode
Of Churches, beſt Reform'd abroad,
What did we elſe but make a Vow
To do we knew not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what Churches theſe ſhould be.
And is indeed the ſelf-ſame Caſe
With theirs that ſwore *Et cetera's*;
Or the *French League*, in which Men vow'd
To fight to the laſt Drop of Blood;
Theſe Slanders will be thrown upon
The *Cauſe* and *Work* we carry on,

If we permit Men to run headlong
T' Exorbitances fit for *Bedlam*!
Rather than *Goſpel-Walking* times,
When ſlighteſt Sins are greateſt Crimes.
But we the Matter ſo ſhall handle,
As to remove that odious Scandal;
In Name of King and Parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment
This Feud, but keep the Peace between
Your Brethren and your Country-Men;
And to thoſe Places ſtraight repair,
Where your reſpective Dwellings are.
But to that purpoſe firſt ſurrender
The *Fidler*, as the Prime Offender,
Th' Incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and Engineer of Miſchief;
That makes Diviſion between Friends,
For Prophane and Malignant Ends.
He and that Engine of vile Noiſe,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall (*dictum factum*) both be *brought*
To condign Puniſhment, as they ought.
This muſt be done, and I would fain ſee
Mortal ſo ſturdy as to gain-ſay:
For then I'll take another Courſe,
And ſoon *reduce* you all by Force.
This ſaid, he clapt his Hand on Sword,
To ſhew he meant to keep his Word.
But *Talgol*, who had long ſuppreſt
Enflamed Wrath in glowing Breaſt,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as Flame in Furnace,
Thus anſwer'd him: Thou Vermin wretched
As e'er in meaſled Pork was hatched;

Thou Tail of Worſhip, that doſt grow
On Rump of Juſtice as of Cow;
How dar'ſt thou with that ſullen Luggage
O'th' ſelf, old I'rn, and other Baggage,
With which thy Steed of Bones and Leather
Has broke his Wind in halting hither;
How durſt th', I ſay, adventure thus
T'oppoſe thy Lumber againſt us?
Cou'd thine Impertinence find out
No Work t'employ it ſelf about,
Where thou, ſecure from wooden Blow,
Thy buſie Vanity might'ſt ſhow?
Was no Diſpute a-foot between
The *Caterwauling Brethren*?
No ſubtle Queſtion rais'd among
Thoſe *out-o'-their Wits*, and thoſe i'th' Wrong;
No Prize between thoſe Combatants
O' th' Times, the Land and Water-*Saints*;
Where thou might'ſt *ſtickle without Hazard*
Of Outrage to thy Hide and Mazzard;
And not for want of Bus'neſs come
To us to be thus troubleſome,
To interrupt our better Sort
Of Diſputants, and ſpoil our Sport?
Was there no Felony, no Bawd,
Cut-Purſe, nor Burglary abroad?
No *Stollen-Pig*, nor *Plunder'd-Gooſe*,
To tye thee up from breaking looſe?
No Ale unlicens'd, broken Hedge,
For which thou Statute might'ſt alledge,
To keep thee buſie from foul Evil,
And Shame due to thee from the Devil?
Did no Committee ſit, where he
Might cut out Journey-work for thee?

And ſet th' a Task, with Subornation,
To ſtitch up *Sale* and *Sequeſtration*,
To *cheat* with *Holineſs* and *Zeal*,
All Parties, and the Common-weal?
Much better had it been for thee,
H' had kept thee where th' art us'd to be;
Or ſent th'on Bus'neſs any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither.
But if th' haſt Brain enough in Skull
To keep it ſelf in lodging whole,
And not provoke the Rage of Stones
And Cudgels to thy Hide and Bones;
Tremble and vaniſh while thou may'ſt
Which I'll not promiſe if thou ſtay'ſt.
At this the *Knight* grew high in Wroth,
And *lifting Hands* and *Eyes up* both,
Three times he ſmote on Stomach ſtout,
From whence at length theſe Words broke out:
Was I for this entit'led *Sir*,
And girt with ruſty Sword and Spur,
For Fame and Honour to wage Battle,
Thus to be brav'd by Foe to Cattle?
Not all that Pride that makes thee ſwell
As big as thou doſt blown-up Veal;
Nor all thy Tricks and Slights to cheat,
And ſell thy Carrion for good Meat;
Not all thy Magick to repair
Decay'd old Age in tough lean Ware,
Make natural Death appear thy Work,
And ſtop the Gangreen in ſtale Pork;
Not all that Force that makes thee proud,
Becauſe y' Bullock ne'er withſtood;
Tho' arm'd with all thy Clevers, Knives,
And Axes made to hew down Lives;

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Shall ſave or help thee to evade.
The Hand of Juſtice, or this Blade,
Which I, her Sword-bearer, do carry,
For Civil Deed and Military.
Nor ſhall theſe Words of Venom baſe,
Which thou haſt, from their native place,
Thy Stomach, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unreveng'd, tho' I am free.
Thou down the ſame Throat ſhalt devour 'em,
Like tainted Beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor ſhall it e'er be ſaid, that *Wight*
With Gantlet blue, and Baſes white,
And round blunt Truncheon by his Side,
So great a Man at Arms defy'd
With Words far bitterer than Wormwood,
That wou'd in *Job* or *Grizel* ſtir Mood.
Dogs with their Tongues their Wounds do heal,
But Men with Hands, as thou ſhalt feel.
This ſaid, with haſty Rage he ſnatch'd
His Gun-ſhot, that in Holſters watch'd;
And bending Cock, he leveil'd full
Againſt th'outſide of *Talgol*'s Skull;
Vowing that he ſhould ne'er ſtir further,
Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murther.
But *Pallas* came in ſhape of Ruſt,
And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thruſt
Her *Gorgon* Shield, which made the Cock
Stand ſtiff as 'twere transform'd to Stock.
Mean while fierce *Talgol* gath'ring Might,
With rugged Truncheon charg'd the *Knight*;
And he with *Petronel* upheav'd,
Inſtead of Shield, the Blow receiv'd.
The Gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to ſuch a kind of Fight,

And ſhrunk from its great Maſter's gripe,
Knock'd down and ſtunn'd with mortal Stripe.
Then *Hudibras*, with furious haſte,
Drew out his Sword; yet not ſo faſt,
But *Talgol* firſt with hardy thwack
Twice bruis'd his Head, and twice his Back,
But when this nut-brown Sword was out,
With Stomach huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a Wound upon
His mortal Foe, the Truncheon;
The truſty Cudgel did oppoſe
It ſelf againſt dead-doing Blows,
To guard its Leader from fell Bane,
And then reveng'd it ſelf again.
And tho' the Sword (ſome underſtood)
In force had much the odds of Wood;
'Twas nothing ſo, both ſides were ballanc't
So equal, none knew which was valiant'ſt
For Wood with Honour b'ing engag'd,
Is ſo implacably enrag'd;
Tho' Iron hew and mangle ſore,
Wood wounds and bruiſes Honour more:
And now both *Knights* were out of Breath,
Tir'd in the hot purſuit of Death;
While all the reſt amaz'd ſtood ſtill,
Expecting which ſhou'd take or kill.
This *Hudibras* obſerv'd, and fretting,
Conqueſt ſhou'd be ſo long a getting,
He drew up all his Force into
One Body, and that into one Blow.
But *Talgol* wiſely avoided it
By cunning Slight; for had it hit,
The upper Part of him the Blow
Had ſlit, as ſure as that below.

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Mean while th'incomparable *Colon*,
To aid his Friend began to fall on;
Him *Ralph* encounter'd, and ſtraight grew
A diſmal Combat 'twixt them two:
Th'one arm'd with Metal, th'other with Wood,
This fit for Bruiſe, and that for Blood.
With many a ſtiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard Crab-tree and old Iron rang;
While none that ſaw them cou'd divine
To which ſide Conqueſt wou'd encline,
Until *Magnano*, who did envy
That two ſhou'd with ſo many Men vie,
By ſubtle Stratagem of Brain
Perform'd what Force cou'd ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where Thiſtles grew on barren Ground,
In haſte he drew his Weapon out,
And having cropp'd them from the Root,
He clapp'd them underneath the Tail
Of Steed, with Pricks as ſharp as Nail.
The angry Beaſt did ſtraight reſent
The Wrong done to his Fundament,
Begun to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beſide his Senſe,
Striving to diſingage from Thiſtle,
That gaul'd him ſorely under his Tail;
Inſtead of which, he threw the Pack
Of *Squire* and Baggage from his Back;
And blund'ring ſtill with ſmarting Rump,
He gave the Knight's Steed ſuch a thump
As made him reel. The *Knight* did ſtoop,
And ſate on further Side a-ſlope.
This *Talgol* viewing, who had now
By flight eſcap'd the fatal Blow,

He rally'd, and again fell to't;
For catching Foe by nearer Foot,
He lifted with ſuch Might and Strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And daſh'd his Brains (if any) out;
But *Mars*, that ſtill protects the Stout,
In Pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the *Bear* convey'd;
The *Bear*, upon whoſe ſoft Fur-Gown
The *Knight* with all his weight fell down.
The Friendly Rug preſerv'd the Ground,
And headlong *Knight*, from bruiſe or wound:
Like Feather-bed betwixt a Wall,
And heavy brunt of Cannon-ball.
As *Sancho* on a Blanket fell,
And had no hurt; ours far'd as well
In Body, tho' his mighty Spirit,
B'ing heavy, did not ſo well bear it.
The *Bear* was in a greater Fright,
Beat down and worſted by the *Knight*.
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To ſhake off Bondage from his Snout.
His Wrath enflam'd, boil'd out, and from
His Jaws of Death he threw the Foam;
Fury in ſtranger Poſtures threw him,
And more than ever Herauld drew him.
He tore the Earth, which he had ſav'd
From ſquelch of *Knight*, and ſtorm'd and rav'd,
And vex'd the more, becauſe the harms
He felt were 'gainſt the *Law of Arms*:
For Men he always took to be
His Friends, and Dogs his Enemy:
Who never ſo much hurt had done him,
As his own ſide did falling on him;

It griev'd him to the Guts, that they
For whom h' had fought ſo many a Fray,
And ſerv'd with loſs of Blood ſo long,
Should offer ſuch inhumane Wrong;
Wrong of unſoldier-like Condition;
For which he flung down his Commiſſion:
And laid about him, till his Noſe
From thrall of Ring and Cord broke looſe.
Soon as he felt himſelf enlarg'd,
Thro' thickeſt of his Foes he charg'd,
And made way thro' th' amazed Crew,
Some he o'er-ran, and ſome o'er-threw,
But took none; for by haſty flight
He ſtrove t' eſcape purſuit of *Knight*:
From whom he fled with as much Haſte
And Dread, as he the Rabble chac'd.
In haſte he fled, and ſo did they,
Each and his Fear a ſev'ral way.
Crowdero only kept the Field,
Not ſtirring from the Place he held,
Tho' beaten down, and wounded ſore,
I' th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore
One ſide of him, not that of Bone;
But much its better, th' Wooden one.
He ſpying *Hudibras* lye ſtrow'd
Upon the Ground, like Log of Wood,
With fright of Fall, ſuppoſed Wound,
And loſs of Urine, in a Swound,
In haſte he ſnatch'd the wooden Limb
That hurt i' th' Ankle lay by him,
And fitting it for ſudden Fight,
Straight drew it up, t'attack the *Knight*;
For getting up on Stump and Huckle,
He with the Foe began to buckle,

Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
Of Crowd and Skin upon the Stretch;
Sole Author of all Detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent.
But *Ralpho* (who had now begun
T' adventure Reſurrection
From heavy Squelch, and had got up
Upon his Legs with ſprained Crup)
Looking about, beheld Pernicion
Approaching *Knight* from fell Muſician,
He ſnatch'd his Whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his Steed,
(As Rats do from a falling Houſe,)
To hide it ſelf from Rage of Blows;
And wing'd with Speed and Fury, flew
To reſcue *Knight* from Black and Blue.
Which e'er he cou'd Atchieve, his Sconce
The Leg encounter'd twice and once;
And now 'twas rais'd to ſmite agen,
When *Ralpho* thruſt himſelf between.
He took the Blow upon his Arm,
To ſhield the *Knight* from further Harm;
And joining Wrath with Force, beſtow'd
O' th' wooden Member ſuch a Load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.
To him the *Squire* right nimbly run,
And ſetting conquering Foot upon
His Trunk, thus ſpoke: What *deſp'rate Frenzy*
Made thee (thou Whelp of Sin) to fancy
Thy ſelf and all that Coward Rabble,
T' encounter us in Battel able?
How durſt th', I ſay, oppoſe thy Curſhip
'Gainſt Arms, Authority, and Worſhip?

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And *Hudibras*, or me provoke,
Tho' all thy Limbs were Heart of Oak,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out Blows, as that of Wood?
Cou'd not the Whipping-Poſt prevail
With all its Rhet'rick, nor the Jail,
To keep from flaying Scourge thy Skin,
And Ancle free from Iron Gin?
Which now thou ſhalt---but firſt our care
Muſt ſee how *Hudibras* doth fare.
This ſaid, he gently rais'd the *Knight*,
And ſet him on his Bum upright:
To rouze him from Lethargick Dump,
He tweak'd his Noſe, with gentle thump
Knock'd on his Breaſt, as if't had been
To raiſe the Spirits lodg'd within.
They, wakened with the Noiſe, did fly
From inward Room, to Window Eye.
And gently op'ning Lid, the Caſement,
Look'd out, but yet with ſome Amazement.
This gladded *Ralpho* much to ſee,
Who thus beſpoke the *Knight*: Quoth he,
Tweaking his Noſe, You are, great Sir,
A *Self-denying* Conqueror;
As High, Victorious, and Great,
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give your ſelf but leave
To make out what y'already have;
That's Victory. The Foe for dread
Of your Nine-worthineſs, is fled,
All, ſave *Crowdero*, for whoſe ſake
You did th' eſpous'd *Cauſe* undertake:
And he lies Pris'ner at your Feet,
To be diſpos'd as you think meet,

Either for Life, or Death, or Sale,
The Gallows, or perpetual Jail.
For one Wink of your pow'rful Eye
Muſt ſentence him to live, or die.
His Fiddle is your proper purchace,
Won in the ſervice of the *Churches*;
And by your Doom muſt be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a *Crowd*.
For tho' Succeſs did not confer
Juſt Title on the Conqueror;
Tho' *Diſpenſations* were not ſtrong
Concluſions, whether right or wrong;
Altho' *Out-goings* did confirm,
And *owning* were but a meer Term:
Yet as the *Wicked* have no *Right*
To th' Creature, tho' uſurp'd by Might,
The Property is in the *Saint*,
From whom th' injuriouſly detain't;
Of him they hold their Luxuries,
Their Dogs, their Horſes, Whores and Dice,
Their Riots, Revels, Maſks, Delights,
Pimps, Buffoons, Fiddlers, Paraſites;
All which the *Saints* have *Title to*,
And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.
What we take from 'em is no more
Than what was ours by Right before.
For we are their true *Landlords* ſtill,
And they our *Tenants* but at Will.
At this the *Knight* began to rouſe,
And by degrees grow valorous.
He ſtar'd about, and ſeeing none
Of all his Foes remain, but one,
He ſnatch'd his Weapon, that lay near him,
And from the Ground began to rear him;

Vowing to make *Crowdero* pay
For all the reſt that ran away.
But *Ralpho* now, in colder Blood,
His Fury mildly thus withſtood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty Spirit
Is rais'd too high; this Slave does merit
To be the Hangman's Buſ'neſs, ſooner
Than from your Hand to have the Honour
Of his Deſtruction; I that am
A Nothingneſs in Deed and Name,
Did ſcorn to hurt his forfeit Carcaſs,
Or ill intreat his Fiddle or Caſe:
Will you, Great Sir, that Glory blot
In cold Blood, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your Conqu'ring Sword,
To break a Fiddle and your Word?
For tho' I fought, and overcame,
And Quarter gave, 'twas in your Name.
For Great Commanders always own
What's proſperous by the Soldier done.
To ſave, where you have Power to kill,
Argues your Pow'r above your Will;
And that your Will and Pow'r have leſs
Than both might have of Selfiſhneſs.
This Pow'r, which now alive, with Dread,
He trembles at, if he were Dead,
Would no more keep the Slave in Awe,
Than if you were a Knight of Straw:
For Death would then be his Conqueror,
Not you, and free him from that Terror,
If Danger from his Life accrue,
Or Honour from his Death, to you;
'Twere Policy and Honour too,
To do as you reſolv'd to do:

But, Sir, 'twould wrong your Valour much,
To ſay it needs or fears a Crutch.
Great Conquerors greater Glory gain
By Foes in Triumph led, than ſlain:
The Laurels that adorn their Brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead Boughs,
And living Foes; the greateſt Fame
Of Cripple ſlain, can be but lame.
One half of him's already ſlain,
The other is not worth your Pain;
Th'Honour can but on one ſide light,
As Worſhip did when y' were dubb'd *Knight*.
Wherefore I think it better far,
To keep him Priſoner of War;
And let him faſt in Bonds abide,
At *Court of Juſtice* to be try'd;
Where if h' appear ſo bold or crafty,
There may be danger in his Safety:
If any Member there diſlike
His Face, or to his Beard have Pique;
Or if his Death will ſave, or yield,
Revenge or Fright, it is *reveal'd*;
Tho' he has Quarter, ne'ertheleſs
Y'have Pow'r to hang him when you pleaſe;
This has been often done by ſome
Of our great Conquerors, you know whom:
And has by moſt of us been held
Wiſe Juſtice, and to ſome *reveal'd*.
For Words and Promiſes that yoke
The Conqueror, are quickly broke;
Like *Sampſon*'s Cuffs, though by his own
Direction and Advice put on.
For if we ſhould fight for the *Cauſe*,
By Rules of Military Laws,

And only do what they call Juſt,
The *Cauſe* wou'd quickly fall to Duſt.
This we among our ſelves may ſpeak,
But to the *Wicked* or the *Weak*,
We muſt be cautious to declare
Perfection Truths, ſuch as theſe are.
This ſaid, the high, outragious Mettle
Of *Knight*, began to cool and ſettle.
He lik'd the *Squire*'s Advice, and ſoon
Reſolv'd to ſee the Bus'neſs done:
And therefore charg'd him firſt to bind
Crowdero's Hands on Rump behind,
And to its former Place and Uſe,
The wooden Member to reduce,
But force it take an *Oath* before,
Ne'er to bear Arms againſt him more.
Ralpho diſpatch'd with ſpeedy haſte,
And having ty'd *Cowdero* faſt,
He gave Sir *Knight* the end of Cord,
To lead the Captive of his Sword
In Triumph, whilſt the Steeds he caught,
And them to further Service brought.
The *Squire* in State rode on before,
And on his nut-brown Whinyard bore
The Trophy *Fiddle* and the *Caſe*,
Leaning on Shoulder like a Mace.
The *Knight* himſelf did after ride,
Leading *Crowdero* by his Side;
And tow'd him, if he lag g'd behind,
Like Boat againſt the Tide and Wind.
Thus grave and ſolemn they march'd on,
Until quite thro' the Town th' had gone;
At further end of which there ſtands
An ancient Caſtle, that commands

Th'adjacent Parts; in all the Fabrick
You shall not see one Stone nor a Brick,
But all of Wood, by pow'rful Spell
Of Magick made impregnable;
There's neither Iron-Bar, nor Gate,
Portcullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate:
And yet Men Durance there abide,
In Dungeons scarce three Inches wide;
With Roof so low that under it
They never stand, but lye, or sit;
And yet so foul, that whoso is in,
Is to the middle-leg in Prison;
In Circle Magical confin'd,
With Wall of subtle Air and Wind;
Which none are able to break thorough
Until th' are freed by Head of Borough.
Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous *Knight*
And bold *Squire*, from their Steeds alight,
At th' outward Wall, near which there stands
A Bastile, built t' imprison Hands;
By strange Enchantment made to fetter
The lesser Parts, and free the greater;
For tho' the Body may creep through,
The Hands in Grate are fast enough.
And when a Circle 'bout the Wall,
Is made by Beadle Exorcist,
The Body feels the Spur and Switch,
As if 'twere ridden Post by Witch,
At twenty Miles an Hour Pace,
And yet ne'er stirs out of the Place.
On Top of this there is a Spire,
On which Sir *Knight* first bids the *Squire*,
The *Fiddle*, and its Spoils, the *Case*,
In manner of a Trophy, place.

That done, they ope the Trap-door-gate,
And let *Crowdero* down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful Face,
Like Hermit poor in penſive Place.
To Dungeon they the Wretch commit,
And the Survivor of his Feet:
But th'other that had broke the Peace
And Head of Knighthood, they releaſe,
Tho' a *Delinquent* falſe and forged,
Yet b'ing a Stranger he's enlarged;
While his Comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapt up faſt in Priſon fort.
So Juſtice, while ſhe winks at Crimes,
Stumbles on Innocence ſometimes.

The ARGUMENT of The THIRD *CANTO*.

The ſcatter'd Rout return and rally,
Surround the Place; the Knight *does ſally,*
And is made Priſ'ner: Then they ſeize
Th' Inchanted Fort by Storm, releaſe
Crowdero, *and put the* Squire *in's Place:*
I ſhould have firſt ſaid Hudibras.

CANTO III.

AH me! What Perils do inviron
The Man that meddles with cold Iron!
What plaguy Miſchiefs and Miſhaps
Do dog him ſtill with After-Claps!
For though Dame Fortune ſeem to ſmile,
And leer upon him for a while,
She'll after ſhew him, in the nick
Of all his Glories, a Dog-trick.
This any Man may ſing or ſay,
I' th' Ditty call'd, *What if a Day*;
For *Hudibras*, who thought h' had won
The Field, as certain as a Gun,

And having routed the whole Troop,
With Victory was Cock-a-hoop;
Thinking h'had done enough to purchaſe
Thanſgiving-Day among the *Churches*;
Wherein his Mettle and brave Worth
Might be explain'd by *Holder-forth*,
And regiſter'd by Fame Eternal,
In deathleſs Pages of *Diurnal*:
Found in few Minutes, to his Coſt,
He did but *count without his Hoſt*;
And that a *Turn-ſtile* is more certain,
Than, in events of War, Dame Fortune.
For now the late faint-hearted Rout,
O'erthrown and ſcatter'd round about,
Chac'd by the Horror of their Fear,
From bloody Fray of *Knight* and *Bear*,
(All but the Dogs, who in purſuit
Of the *Knight*'s Victory ſtood to't,
And moſt ignobly fought, to get
The Honour of his Blood and Sweat)
Seeing the Coaſt was free and clear
O' th' Conquer'd and the Conqueror,
Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to ſtand it out:
For by this Time the routed *Bear*,
Attack'd by th'Enemy i' th' Rear,
Finding their Number grew too great
For him to make a ſafe Retreat,
Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about;
But wiſely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to Fortune, and with haſte
Fac'd the proud Foe, and fled, and fac'd;
Retiring ſtill, until he found
H' had got th' advantage of the Ground;

And then as valiantly made Head,
To check the Foe, and forthwith fled;
Leaving no Art untry'd, nor Trick
Of Warrior ſtout and politick;
Until, in ſpite of hot purſuit,
He gain'd a Paſs, to hold diſpute
On better Terms, and ſtop the Courſe
Of the proud Foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole Body to recoil;
But ſtill their Numbers ſo increaſt,
He found himſelf at length oppreſt,
And all Evaſions ſo uncertain,
To ſave himſelf for better Fortune;
That he reſolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with Honour in the Field,
And ſell his Hide and Carcaſs at
A Price as high and deſperate
As e'er he cou'd. This Reſolution
He forthwith put in Execution,
And bravely threw himſelf among
The Enemy, i' th' greateſt Throng.
But what cou'd ſingle Valour do,
Againſt ſo numerous a Foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' Odds were ſuch:
But one againſt a Multitude,
Is more than Mortal can make good;
For while one Party he oppos'd,
His Rear was ſuddenly enclos'd,
And no room left him for Retreat,
Or Fight againſt a Foe ſo Great;
For now the Maſtives charging home,
To Blows and handy-Gripes were come:

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While manfully himſelf he bore,
And ſetting his Right-foot before,
He rais'd himſelf, to ſhew how tall
His Perſon was above them all.
This equal Shame and Envy ſtirr'd
I' th' Enemy, that one ſhou'd beard
So many Warriors, and ſo ſtout,
As he had done, and ſtav'd it out,
Diſdaining to lay down his Arms,
And yield on honourable Terms.
Enraged thus, ſome in the Rear
Attack'd him, and ſome ev'ry where
Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
And being down, ſtill laid about:
As *Widdrington* in doleful dumps,
Is ſaid to fight upon his Stumps,
But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably ſlain,
If *Trulla* and *Cerdon*, in the nick,
To reſcue him, had not been quick;
For *Trulla*, who was light of Foot,
As Shafts which long-field *Parthians* ſhoot,
(But not ſo light, as to be born
Upon the Ears of ſtanding Corn,
Or trip it o'er the Water quicker
Than Witches, when their Staves their liquor,
As ſome report) was got among
The foremoſt of the martial Throng:
There pitying the vanquiſh'd *Bear*,
She call'd to *Cerdon*, who ſtood near,
Viewing the bloody Fight, to whom
Shall we (quoth ſhe) ſtand ſtill *bum diruin*,
And ſee ſtout *Bruin* all alone,
By Numbers baſely overthrown?

Such Feats already h' has atchiev'd,
In Story not to be believ'd;
And 'twould to us be Shame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.
I would (quoth he) venture a Limb,
To ſecond thee, and reſcue him:
But then we muſt about it ſtraight,
Or elſe our Aid will come too late;
Quarter he ſcorns, he is ſo ſtout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.
This ſaid, they wav'd their Weapons round
About their Heads, to clear the Ground;
And joining Forces, laid about
So fiercely, that th'amazed Rout
Turn'd tail again, and ſtraight begun,
As if *the Devil drove*, to run.
Mean while th'approach'd the Place where *Brui*
Was now engag'd to mortal Ruin:
The conquering Foe they ſoon aſſail'd,
Firſt *Trulla* ſtav'd, and *Cerdon* tail'd,
Until their Maſtives loos'd their hold:
And yet, alas! do what they cou'd,
The worſted *Bear* came off with Store
Of bloody Wounds, but all before;
For as *Achilles* dipt in Pond,
Was *Anabaptiz'd* free from Wound,
Made Proof againſt dead-doing Steel
All over, but the Pagan Heel:
So did our Champion's Arms defend
All of him but the other End:
His Head and Ears, which in the martial
Encounter loſt a leathern Parcel:
For as an *Auſtrian Archduke* once
Had one Ear (which in *Ducatoons*

Is half the Coin) in Battel par'd
Cloſe to his Head; ſo *Bruin* far'd:
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other ſide,
Like Scriv'ner newly crucify'd;
Or like the late corrected Leathern
Ears of the *Circumciſed Brethren.*
But gentle *Trulla*, into th' Ring
He wore in's Noſe convey'd a String,
With which ſhe march'd before, and led
The Warrior to a graſſy Bed,
As Authors write, in a cool Shade,
Which Eglantine and Roſes made;
Cloſe by a ſoftly murmuring Stream,
Where Lovers us'd to loll and dream.
There leaving him to his Repoſe,
Secured from purſuit of Foes,
And wanting nothing but a Song,
And a well-tun'd *Theorbo* hung
Upon a Bough, to eaſe the Pain
His tugg'd Ears ſuffer'd; with a ſtrain
They both drew up, to march in queſt
Of his great Leader, and the reſt.
For *Orſin* (who was more renown'd
For ſtout maintaining of his Ground
In ſtanding Fight, than for purſuit,
As being not ſo quick of Foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that purſu'd the Chace;
But found himſelf left far behind,
Both out of Heart, and out of Wind;
Griev'd to behold his *Bear* purſu'd
So baſely by a Multitude;
And like to fall, not by the Proweſs,
But Numbers of his Coward Foes,

He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout *Hercules* for loſs of *Hylas*;
Forcing the Vallies to repeat
The Accents of his ſad Regret.
He beat his Breaſt, and tore his Hair,
For loſs of his dear Crony *Bear*:
That Eccho from the hollow Ground,
His doleful Wailings did reſound
More wiſtfully, by many times,
Than in ſmall Poets ſplay-foot Rhimes,
That make her, in their rueful Stories,
To anſwer to Int'rogatories,
And moſt unconſcionably depoſe
Things of which ſhe nothing knows:
And when ſhe has ſaid all ſhe can ſay,
'Tis reſted to the Lovers fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked *Bruin*,
Art thou fled to my--Eecho, *Ruin*?
I thought th' hadſt ſcom'd to budge a ſtep,
For fear. (Quoth Eccho) *Marry guep.*
Am not I hear to take thy part?
Then what has quell'd thy ſtubborn Heart?
Have theſe Bones rattled, and this Head
So often in thy Quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear ſake. (Quoth ſhe) *Mum budge.*
Think'ſt thou 'twill not be laid i'th' Diſh
Thou turn'dſt thy Back? Quoth Eccho, *Piſh.*
To run from thoſe th' hadſt overcome
Thus Cowardly? Quoth Eccho, *Mum.*
But what a-vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine Enemy?
Or if thou haſt no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,

Yet Shame and Honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning Tail:
For who wou'd grutch to ſpend his Blood in
His Honour's Cauſe? Quoth ſhe, *a Puddin.*
This ſaid, his Grief to Anger turn'd,
Which in his manly Stomach burn'd;
Thirſt of Revenge and Wrath, in place
Of Sorrow, now began to blaze.
He vow'd the Authors of his Woe
Should equal Vengeance undergo;
And with their Bones and Fleſh pay dear
For what he ſuffer'd, and his *Bear.*
This b'ing reſolv'd, with equal Speed
And Rage he haſted to proceed
To Action ſtraight, and giving o'er
To ſearch for *Bruin* any more,
He went in queſt of *Hudibras,*
To find him out, where-e'er he was.
And if he were above Ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.
But ſcarce had he a Furlong on
This reſolute Adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that Crew,
Whom *Hudibras* did late ſubdue.
Honour, Revenge, Contempt and Shame,
Did equally their Breaſts enflame.
'Mong theſe the fierce *Magnano* was,
And *Talgol,* Foe to *Hudibras:*
Cerdon and *Colon,* Warriors ſtout,
And reſolute, as ever fought:
Whom furious *Orſin* thus beſpoke:
Shall we (quoth he) thus baſely brook
The vile Affront, that paultry Aſs,
And feeble *Scoundrel, Hudibras,*

With that more paultry *Ragamuffin*,
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
Have put upon us, like tame Cattle,
As if th' routed us in Battle?
For my part, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid,
I for the waſhing gave my Head:
Nor did I turn my Back for fear
O' th' Raſcals, but loſs of my *Bear*,
Which now I'm like to undergo;
For whether theſe fell Wounds, or no;
He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my Skill can foretel;
Nor do I *know* what is become
Of him, *more than the Pope of Rome*.
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it, (as I ſhall no doubt,
Where-e'er th' in Hugger-mugger lurk)
I'll make them rue their handy-work;
And wiſh that they had rather dar'd,
To *pull the Devil by the Beard*.
Quoth *Cordon*, Noble *Orſin*, th' haſt
Great reaſon to do as thou ſay'ſt,
And ſo has ev'ry Body here,
As well as thou haſt, or thy *Bear*.
Others may do as they ſee good;
But if this Twig be made of Wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the Fur
Fly 'bout the Ears of that old Cur;
And t' other mungrel Vermin, *Ralph*,
That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy Bear is ſafe, and out of peril,
Tho' hugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;
My ſelf and *Trulla* made a ſhift
To help him out at a dead lift;

And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's ſafe enough:
There let him reſt; for if we ſtay,
The Slaves may hap to get away.
This ſaid, they all engag'd to join
Their Forces in the ſame Deſign:
And forthwith put themſelves in ſearch
Of *Hudibras* upon their March.
Where leave we them a while, to tell
What the Victorious *Knight* befel:
For ſuch, *Crowdero* being faſt
In Dungeon ſhut, we left him laſt.
Triumphant Laurels ſeem'd to grow
No where ſo green as on his Brow:
Laden with which, as well as tir'd,
With Conquering Toil, he now retir'd
Unto a Neighbouring Caſtle by,
To reſt his Body, and apply
Fit Med'cines to each glorious Bruiſe
He got in Fight, *Reds*, *Blacks*, and *Blues*;
To Mollify th' uneaſie Pang
Of ev'ry honourable Bang,
Which b'ing by skilful Midwife dreſt,
He laid him down to take his reſt.
But all in vain. H'had got a hurt
O' th' inſide, of a deadlier ſort,
By *Cupid* made, who took his ſtand
Upon a Widow's Jointure Land,
(For he, in all his am'rous Bartels,
No 'dvantage finds like Goods and Chattels;)
Drew home his Bow, and aiming right,
Let fly an Arrow at the *Knight*;
The Shaft againſt a Rib did glance,
And gall'd him in the *Purtenance*.

But Time had ſomewhat ſwag'd his Pain,
After he found his Suit in vain.
For that proud Dame, for whom his Soul
Was burnt in's Belly like a Coal,
(That Belly that ſo oft did ake,
And ſuffer griping for her ſake,
Till purging Comfits and Ants Eggs
Had almoſt brought him off his Legs)
Us'd him ſo like a baſe *Raſcallion*,
That old *Pyg-* (what d' y' call him) *Malion*,
That cut his Miſtreſs out of Stone,
Had not ſo hard a hearted one.
She had a Thouſand Jadiſh Tricks,
Worſe than a Mule that flings and kicks:
'Mong which one croſs-grain'd Freak ſhe had,
As inſolent as ſtrange and mad:
She could love none but only ſuch
As ſcorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a ſtrange Riddle of a Lady,
Not love, if any lov'd her: Hey day!
So Cowards never uſe their Might,
But againſt ſuch as will not fight.
So ſome Diſeaſes have been found
Only to ſeize upon the Sound.
He that gets her by Heart muſt ſay her
The back-way, like a Witch's Prayer.
Mean while the *Knight* had no ſmall Task,
To compaſs what he durſt not ask.
He loves, but dares not make the Motion;
Her *Ignorance* is his *Devotion*.
Like Caitiff vile, that for Miſdeed
Rides with his Face to Rump of Steed;
Or rowing Skull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move.

Or like a Tumbler, that does play
His Game, and look another way,
Until he ſeize upon the Coney:
Juſt ſo does he by Matrimony.
But all in vain: Her ſubtle Snout
Did quickly wind his Meaning out;
Which ſhe return'd with too much Scorn,
To be by Man of Honour born:
Yet much he bore, until the Diſtreſs
He ſuffer'd from his ſpightful Miſtreſs,
Did ſtir his Stomach, and the Pain
He had endur'd from her Diſdain,
Turn'd to regret, ſo reſolute,
That he reſolv'd to wave his Suit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play leaſt in ſight.
This Reſolution b'ing put on,
He kept ſome Months, and more had done;
But being brought ſo nigh by Fate,
The Victory he atchiev'd ſo late
Did ſet his Thoughts agog, and ope
A Door to diſcontinu'd Hope,
That ſeem'd to promiſe he might win
His Dame too, now his Hand was in;
And that his Valour and the Honour
H'had newly gain'd, might work upon her:
Theſe Reaſons made his Mouth to water
With amorous Longings to be at her.
Quoth he unto himſelf, Who knows
But this brave Conqueſt o'er my Foes
May reach her Heart, and make that ſtoop,
As I but now have forc'd the Troop?
If nothing can oppugn Love,
And Virtue envious ways can prove.

What may not he confide to do
That brings both Love and Virtue too?
But thou bring'ſt Valour too and Wit,
Two things that ſeldom fail to hit.
Valour's a Mouſe-trap, Wit a Gin,
Which Women oft are taken in.
Then, *Hudibras*, why ſhould'ſt thou fear
To be, that art a Conqueror?
Fortune th' Audacious doth *juvare*,
But lets the timidous miſcarry.
Then, while the Honour thou haſt got
Is ſpick and ſpan new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadſt beſt,
And truſt thy Fortune with the reſt.
Such Thoughts as theſe the *Knight* did keep,
More than his Bangs or Fleas, from Sleep.
And as an Owl that in a Barn
Sees a Mouſe creeping in the Corn,
Sits ſtill and ſhuts his round blue Eyes,
As if he ſlept, until he ſpies
The little Beaſt within his Reach,
Then ſtarts and ſeizes on the Wretch.
So from his Couch the *Knight* did ſtart,
To ſeize upon the Widow's Heart;
Crying with haſty Tone, and hoarſe,
Ralpho diſpatch, To Horſe, To Horſe.
And 'twas but time; for now the Rout,
We left engag'd to ſeek him out,
By ſpeedy Marches were advanc'd
Up to the Fort, where he enſconc'd;
And all th' Avenues had poſſeſt
About the Place, from Eaſt to Weſt.
That done, a while they made a Halt,
To view the Ground, and where t' aſſault:

Then call'd a Council, which was beſt,
By Siege or Onſlaught, to inveſt
The Enemy; and 'twas agreed,
By Storm and Onſlaught to proceed.
This b'ing reſolv'd, in comely Sort
They now drew up, t' attack the Fort;
When *Hudibras*, about to enter
Upon another-gates Adventure,
To *Ralpho* call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching Storm.
Whether Dame Fortune, or the Care
Of Angel bad, or Tutelar,
Did arm, or thruſt him on a Danger,
To which he was an utter Stranger;
That Foreſight might, or might not blot
The Glory he had newly got;
Or to his Shame it might be ſaid,
They took him napping in his Bed:
To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in Sciences profound.
His Courſer ſcarce he had beſtrid,
And *Ralpho* that on which he rid,
When, letting ope the Poſtern Gate,
Which they thought beſt to ſally at,
The Foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the Field.
This ſomewhat ſtartled the bold *Knight*,
Surpriz'd with th' unexpected Sight;
The Bruiſes of his Bones and Fleſh
He thought began to ſmart afreſh:
Till recollecting wonted Courage,
His Fear was ſoon converted to Rage.
And thus he ſpoke, The Coward Foe,
Whom we but now gave Quarter to,

Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears,
As if they had out-run their Fears;
The Glory we did lately get,
The Fates command us to repeat:
And to their Wills we muſt ſuccumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.
This is the ſame numerick Crew
Which we ſo lately did ſubdue;
The ſelf-ſame Individuals, that
Did run as Mice do from a Cat,
When we Couragiouſly did wield
Our Martial Weapons in the Field,
To tug for Victory: And when
We ſhall our ſhining Blades agen
Brandiſh in Terrour o'er our Heads,
They'll ſtraight reſume their wonted Dreads;
Fear is an Ague, that forſakes
And haunts by fits thoſe whom it takes:
And they'll opine they feel the Pain
And Blows they felt to day, again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.
This ſaid, his Courage to inflame,
He call'd upon his *Miſtreſs* name.
His Piſtol next he cock'd anew,
And out his nut-brown Whinyard drew:
And placing *Ralpho* in the Front,
Reſerv'd himſelf to bear the Brunt;
As expert Warriors uſe: Then ply'd
With Iron heel his Courſer's ſide,
Conveying Sympathetick ſpeed
From heel of *Knight* to heel of Steed.
Mean while the Foe, with equal Rage
And Speed, advancing to engage,

Both Parties now were drawn ſo cloſe,
Almoſt to come to handy-blows.
When *Orſin* firſt let fly a Stone
At *Ralpho*; not ſo huge a one
As that which *Diomed* did maul
Æneas on the Bum withal;
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have ſent him to another World;
Whether above-ground, or below,
Which *Saints twice dipt* are deſtin'd to.
The Danger ſtartled the bold *Squire*,
And made him ſome few Steps retire.
But *Hudibras* advanc'd to's Aid,
And rouz'd his Spirits half diſmay'd.
He wiſely doubting leſt the Shot
O' th' Enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a Diſtance gall, preſt cloſe,
To come, pell-mell, to handy Blows,
And that he might their Aim decline,
Advanc'd ſtill in an oblique Line;
But prudently forbore to fire,
Till Breaſt to Breaſt he had got nigher;
As expert Warriors uſe to do,
When hand to hand they charge their Foe.
This Order the advent'rous *Knight*,
Moſt Soldier-like, obſerv'd in Fight,
When Fortune (as ſhe's wont) turn'd fickle,
And for the Foe began to ſtickle.
The more ſhame for her *Goody-ſhip*,
To give ſo near a Friend the ſlip.
For *Colon* chuſing out a Stone,
Levell'd ſo right, it thumpt upon
His Manly Paunch, with ſuch a Force,
As almoſt beat him off his Horſe.

He loſt his Whinyard and the Rein;
But laying faſt hold of the Mane,
Preſerv'd his Seat: And as a Gooſe
In Death contracts his Talons cloſe;
So did the *Knight*, and with one Claw
The Tricker of his Piſtol draw.
The Gun went off: And, as it was
Still fatal to ſtout *Hudibras*,
In all his Feats of Arms, when leaſt
He dreamt of it, to proſper beſt;
So now he far'd: The Shot let fly
At random, 'mong the Enemy,
Pierc'd *Talgol*'s Gabberdine, and grazing
Upon his Shoulder, in the paſſing
Lodg'd in *Magnano*'s braſs Habergeon,
Who ſtraight *A Surgeon* cry'd, *A Surgeon*:
He tumbled down, and as he fell,
Did *Murther*, *Murther*, *Murther* yell.
This ſtartled their whole Body ſo,
That if the *Knight* had not let go
His Arms, but been in Warlike Plight,
H' had won (the ſecond time) the Fight.
As, if the *Squire* had but fal'n on,
He had inevitably done:
But he, diverted with the Care
Of *Hudibras* his Hurt, forbare
To preſs th' Advantage of his Fortune,
While Danger did the reſt diſhearten.
For he with *Cerdon* b'ing engag'd
In cloſe Encounter, they both wag'd
The Fight ſo well, 'twas hard to ſay
Which ſide was like to get the Day.
And now the buſie Work of Death
Had tir'd them ſo, th' agreed to breath,

Preparing to renew the Fight;
When the Diſaſter of the *Knight*
And t' other Party did divert
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.
Ralpho preſt up to *Hudibras*,
And *Cerdon* where *Magnano* was;
Each ſtriving to confirm his Party
With ſtout Encouragements and hearty.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let Revenge and Honour ſtir
Your Spirits up, once more fall on,
The ſhatter'd Foe begins to run:
For if but half ſo well you knew
To uſe your Victory as ſubdue,
They durſt not, after ſuch a Blow
As you have giv'n them, face us now;
But from ſo formidable a Soldier
Had fled like Crows when they ſmell Powder.
Thrice have they ſeen your Sword aloft
Wav'd o'er their Heads, and fled as oft.
But if you let them recollect
Their Spirits, now diſmay'd and check'd,
You'll have a harder Game to play
Than yet y' have had, to get the Day.
Thus ſpoke the ſtout *Squire*; but was heard
By *Hudibras* with ſmall regard.
His Thoughts were fuller of the Bang
He lately took, than *Ralpho*'s Harangue;
To which he anſwer'd, Cruel Fate
Tells me thy Council comes too late.
The clotted Blood within my Hoſe,
That from my wounded Body flows,
With Mortal *Criſis* doth portend
My Days to appropinque an End.

I am for Action now unfit,
Either of Fortitude or Wit.
Fortune my Foe begins to frown,
Resolv'd to pull my Stomach down.
I am not apt, upon a Wound,
Or trivial Basting, to despond:
Yet I'd be loth my Days to curtail;
For if I thought my Wounds not Mortal,
Or that we'd Time enough as yet
To make an hon'rable Retreat,
'Twere the best Course: But if they find
We fly, and leave our Arms behind,
For them to seize on; the Dishonour,
And Danger too, is such, I'll sooner
Stand to it boldly, and take Quarter,
To let them see I am no Starter.
In all the Trade of War, no Feat
Is nobler than a brave Retreat.
For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least o'th' Enemy.
This said, the *Squire* with active speed
Dismounted from his bonny Steed
To seize the Arms, which by Mischance,
Fell from the bold *Knight* in a Trance.
These being found out, and restor'd
To *Hudibras*, their nat'ral Lord,
As a Man may say, with Might and Main
He hasted to get up again.
Thrice he assay'd to mount aloft,
But by his weighty Bum, as oft
He was pull'd back; 'till having found
Th' Advantage of the rising Ground,
Thither he lead his Warlike Steed,
And, having plac'd him right, with speed

Prepar'd again to ſcale the Beaſt.
When *Orſin*, who had newly dreſt
The bloody Scar, upon the Shoulder
Of *Talgol*, with *Promethean* Powder,
And now was ſearching for the Shot
That laid *Magnano* on the Spot,
Beheld the ſturdy *Squire* aforeſaid
Preparing to climb up his Horſe-ſide;
He left his Cure, and laying hold
Upon his Arms, with Courage bold,
Cry'd out, 'tis now no time to dally,
The Enemy began to rally:
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy Man be's Dole.
This ſaid, like to a Thunder-bolt
He flew with Fury to th' Aſſault,
Striving the Enemy to attack
Before he reach'd his Horſe's Back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his Beaſt with active Vaulting,
Wrigling his Body to recover
His Seat, and caſt his right Leg over;
When *Orſin*, ruſhing in, beſtow'd
On Horſe and Man ſo heavy a Load,
The Beaſt was ſtartled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough *Squire* like a Sack,
Or ſtout King *Richard*, on his Back:
Till ſtumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and caſt into a Swound.
Mean while the *Knight* began to rouſe
The ſparkles of his wonted Proweſs;
He thruſt his Hand into his Hoſe,
And found both by his Eyes and Noſe,

'Twas only Choler, and not Blood,
That from his wounded Body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the *Squire*,
Inflam'd him with deſpightful Ire;
Courageouſly he fac'd about,
And drew his other Piſtol out.
And now had half-way bent the Cock,
When *Cerdon* gave ſo fierce a Shock,
With ſturdy Truncheon, thwart his Arm,
That down it fell, and did no Harm;
Then ſtoutly preſſing on with ſpeed,
Aſſay'd to pull him off his Steed.
The *Knight* his Sword had only left,
With which he *Cerdon*'s Head had cleft,
Or at the leaſt cropt off a Limb,
But *Orſin* came, and reſcu'd him.
He with his Lance attack'd the *Knight*
Upon his Quarters oppoſite.
But as a Barque, that in foul Weather,
Toſs'd by two adverſe Winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to:
So far'd the *Knight* between two Foes,
And knew not which of them t'oppoſe;
Till *Orſin*, charging with his Lance
At *Hudibras*, by ſpightful Chance,
Hit *Cerdon* ſuch a Bang, as ſtunn'd
And laid him flat upon the Ground.
At this the *Knight* began to chear up,
And raiſing up himſelf on Stirrup,
Cry'd out, *Victoria*; Lie thou there,
And I ſhall ſtrait diſpatch another,
To bear thee Company in Death:
But firſt I'll halt a while, and breath.

As well he might: For *Orſin*, griev'd
At th' Wound that *Cerdon* had receiv'd,
Ran to relieve him with his Lore,
And cure the Hurt he gave before.
Mean while the *Knight* had wheel'd about
To breath himſelf, and next find out
Th' Advantage of the Ground, where beſt
He might the ruffled Foe infeſt.
This b'ing reſolv'd, he ſpurr'd his Steed,
To run at *Orſin* with full ſpeed.
While he was buſie in the care
Of *Cerdon*'s Wound, and unaware:
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the Part apply'd Remedy;
And ſeeing th' Enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and ſtood upon his Guard.
Then like a Warrior right expert
And skilful in the Martial Art,
The ſubtle *Knight* ſtrait made a Halt,
And judg'd it beſt to ſtay th' Aſſault,
Until he had reliev'd the *Squire*,
And then (in Order) to retire;
Or, as occaſion ſhould invite,
With Forces join'd renew the Fight:
Ralpho by this time diſentranc'd,
Upon his Bum himſelf advanc'd,
Tho' ſorely bruis'd; his Limbs all o'er
With ruthleſs Bangs were ſtiff and ſore.
Right fain he would have got upon
His Feet again, to get him gone;
When *Hudibras* to aid him came.
Quoth he, (and call'd him by his Name)
Courage, the Day at length is ours,
And we once more, as Conquerours,

Have both the Field and Honour won,
The Foe is profligate and run,
I mean, all ſuch as can, for ſome
This Hand hath ſent to their long Home;
And ſome lye ſpraules on the Ground,
With many a Gaſh and bloody Wound.
Caſar himſelf could never ſay
He got two Victories in a Day,
As I have done, that can ſay, twice I
In one Day, *Veni, vidi, vici.*
The Foe is numerous, that we
Cannot ſo often *vincere*,
As they *perire*, and yet enow
Be left to ſtrike an after-Blow;
Then leſt they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the Buſ'neſs o'er,
Get up and mount thy Steed, diſpatch,
And let us both their Motions watch.
Quoth *Ralph*, I ſhould not, if I were
In caſe for Action, now be here;
Nor have I turn'd my Back, or hang'd
An Arſe, for fear of being bang'd:
It was for you I got theſe Harms,
Advent'ring to fetch off your Arms.
The Blows and Drubs I have receiv'd
Have bruis'd my Body, and bereav'd
My Limbs of Strength: unleſs you ſtoop,
And reach your Hand to pull me up,
I ſhall lye here, and be a Prey
To thoſe who now are run away.
That thou ſhalt not, (quoth *Hudibras*;)
We read, the Ancients held it was
More Honourable far, *Servare*
Civem, than ſlay an Adverſary;

The one we oft to Day have done;
The other ſhall diſpatch anon:
And tho' th' art of a diff'rent Church,
I will not leave thee in the Lurch.
This ſaid, he jogg'd his good Steed nigher,
And ſteer'd him gently toward the *Squire*.
Then bowing down his Body, ſtretcht
His Hands out, and at *Ralpho* reach't;
When *Trulla*, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like Lightning behind.
She had been long in ſearch about
Magnano's Wound, to find it out;
But could find none, nor where the Shot
That had ſo ſtartled him was got.
But having found the worſt was paſt,
She fell to her own Work at laſt,
The Pillage of the Priſoners,
Which in all Feats of Arms was hers:
And now to plunder *Ralph* ſhe flew,
When *Hudibras* his hard Fate drew
To ſuccour him; for as he bow'd
To help him up, ſhe laid a Load
Of Blows ſo heavy, and plac'd ſo well,
On t' other ſide, that down he fell.
Yield, *Scoundrel* baſe, (quoth ſhe) or die;
Thy Life is mine, and Liberty:
But if thou think'ſt I took thee tardy,
And dar'ſt preſume to be ſo hardy,
To try thy Fortune o'er a-freſh,
I'll wave my Title to thy Fleſh,
Thy Arms and Baggage, now my Right:
And, if thou haſt the Heart to try't,
I'll lend thee back thy ſelf a while,
And once more for that Carcaſs vile,

Fight upon tick---Quoth *Hudibras*,
Thou offer'ſt nobly, valiant Laſs,
And I ſhall take thee at thy Word,
Firſt let me riſe, and take my Sword:
That Sword, which has ſo oft this Day
Through Squadrons of my Foes made way,
And ſome to other Worlds diſpatch'd,
Now with a feeble Spinſter match'd,
Will bluſh with Blood ignoble ſtain'd,
By which no Honour's to be gain'd.
But if thoul't take m' Advice in this,
Conſider whilſt thou may, what 'tis
To interrupt a Victor's Courſe,
B' oppoſing ſuch a trivial Force:
For if with Conqueſt I come off,
(And that I ſhall do ſure enough)
Quarter thou canſt not have, nor Grace,
By Law of Arms in ſuch a Caſe;
Both which I now do offer freely.
I ſcorn (quoth ſhe) thou Coxcomb ſilly,
(Clapping her Hand upon her Breech,
To ſhew how much ſhe priz'd his Speech)
Quarter, or Council from a Foe:
If thou canſt force me to it, do.
But leſt it ſhould again be ſaid,
When I have once more won thy Head,
I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
Arm and betake thee to thy Guard.
This ſaid, ſhe to her Tackle fell,
And on the *Knight* let fall a Peal
Of Blows ſo fierce, and preſt ſo home,
That he retir'd, and follow'd's Bum.
Stand to't (quoth ſhe) or yield to Mercy,
It is not fighting *Arſie-verſie*

Shall ſerve thy turn---This ſtirr'd his Spleen
More than the Danger he was in,
The Blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel;
Honour, Deſpight, Revenge and Shame,
At once into his Stomach came;
Which fir'd it ſo, he rais'd his Arm
Above his Head, and rain'd a Storm
Of Blows, ſo terrible and thick,
As if he meant to haſh her quick.
But ſhe upon her Truncheon took them,
And by oblique diverſion brok them,
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with Uſury.
Which long ſhe fail'd not of, for now
The *Knight* with one dead-doing blow
Reſolving to decide the Fight,
And ſhe with quick and cunning ſlight
Avoiding it, the Force and Weight
He charg'd upon it, was ſo great,
As almoſt ſway'd him to the Ground.
No ſooner ſhe th' Advantage found,
But in ſhe flew; and ſeconding
With home-made Thruſt the heavy Swing,
She laid him flat upon his Side,
And mounting on his Trunk a-ſtride,
Quoth ſhe, I told thee what wou'd come
Of all thy Vapouring, baſe Scum.
Say, will the Law of Arms allow
I may have Grace, and Quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather break thy Word,
And ſtain thine Honour, than thy Sword?
A Man of War to damn his Soul,
In baſely breaking his Parole;

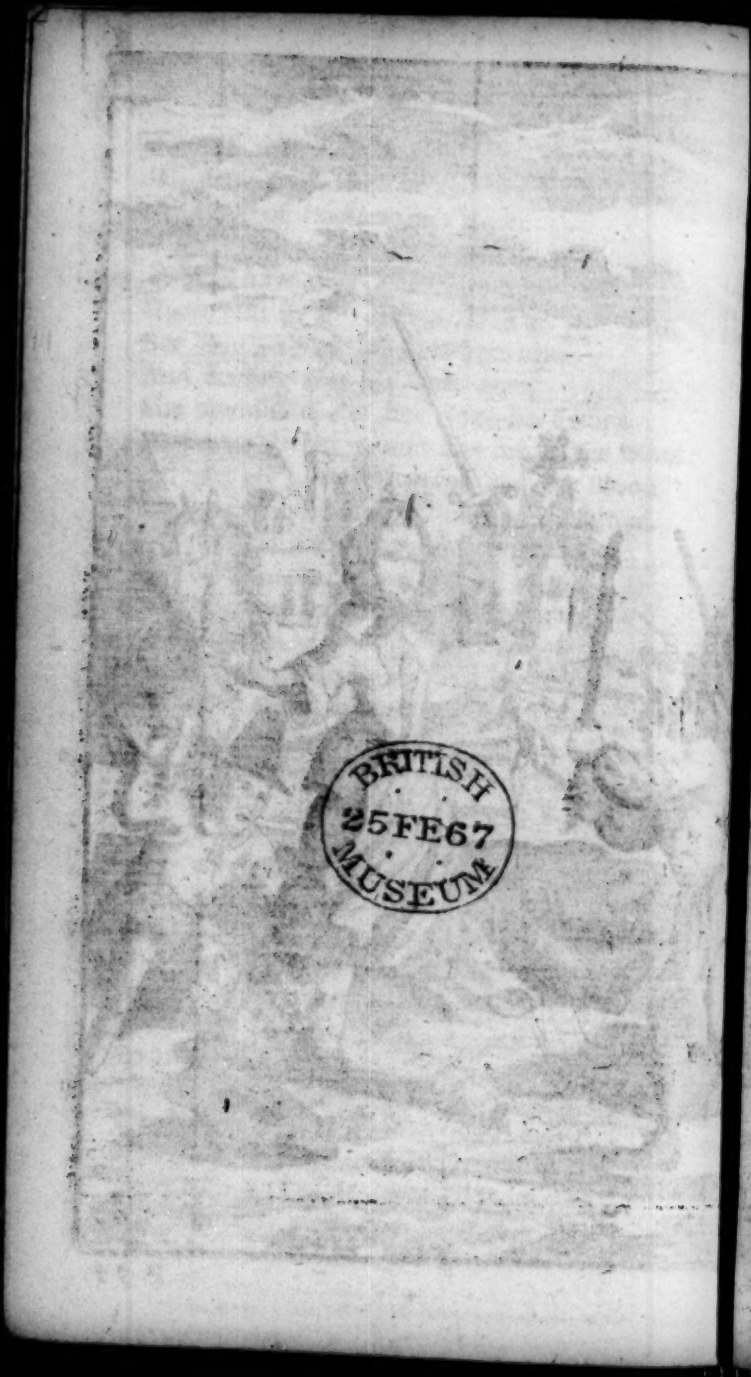
And when before the Fight, th' hadſt vow'd
To give no Quarter in cold Blood:
Now thou haſt got me for a *Tartar:*
To make me 'gainſt my Will take Quarter.
Why doſt not put me to the Sword,
But Cowardly fly from thy Word?
Quoth *Hudibras*, the Day's thine own;
Thou and thy Stars have caſt me down:
My Laurels are tranſplanted now,
And flouriſh on thy Conqu'ring Brow:
My Loſs of Honour's great enough,
Thou need'ſt not brand it with a Scoff:
Sarcaſms may eclipſe thine own,
But cannot blur my loſt Renown:
I am not now in Fortune's Power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The Ancient *Heroes* were illuſtrious
For being benign, and not bluſtrous,
Againſt a vanquiſh'd Foe; their Swords
Were ſharp and trenchant, not their Words;
And did in Fight but cut Work out
T' employ their Courteſies about.
Quoth ſhe, altho' thou haſt deſerv'd,
Baſe *Slubberdegullion*, to be ſerv'd
As thou didſt vow to deal with me,
If thou hadſt got the Victory;
Yet I ſhall rather act a part
That ſuits my Fame, than thy Deſert.
Thy Arms, thy Liberty, beſide
All that's on th' outſide of thy Hide,
Are mine by Military Law,
Of which I will not bate one Straw:
The reſt, thy Life and Limbs once more,
Tho' doubly forfeit, I reſtore.

Quoth *Hudibras*, it is too late
For me to treat, or ſtipulate;
What thou command'ſt, I muſt obey.
Yet thoſe whom I expung'd to day,
Of thine own Party, I let go,
And gave them Life and Freedom too;
Both *Dogs* and *Bear*, upon their Parol,
Whom I took Priſ'ners in this Quarrel.
Quoth *Trulla*, Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was't not thou
That gave *Crowdero* Quarter too?
Crowdero, whom in Irons bound,
Thou baſely threw'ſt into *Lob*'s *Pound*,
Where ſtill he lies, and with Regret
His generous Bowels rage and fret.
But now thy Carcaſs ſhall redeem,
And ſerve to be exchang'd for him.
This ſaid, the *Knight* did ſtreight ſubmit,
And laid his Weapons at her Feet.
Next he diſrob'd his Gaberdine,
And with it did himſelf reſign.
She took it, and forthwith diveſting
The Mantle that ſhe wore, ſaid jeſting,
Take that, and wear it for my ſake;
Then threw it o'er his ſturdy Back.
And as the *French* we conquer'd once,
Now give us Laws for Pantaloons,
The length of Breeches, and the Gathers,
Port-Cannons, Perriwigs and Feathers;
Juſt ſo the proud inſulting Laſs
Array'd and dighted *Hudibras*.

Mean while the other Champions, yerſt
In hurry of the Fight diſperſt,

Arriv'd, when *Trulla* won the Day,
To ſhare i' th' Honour and the Prey.
And out of *Hudibras* his Hide,
With Vengeance to be ſatisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a Wooden Show'r.
But *Trulla* thruſt her ſelf between,
And ſtriding o'er his Back agen,
She brandiſh'd o'er her Head his Sword,
And vow'd they ſhould not break her Word;
Sh' had giv'n him Quarter, and her Blood
Or theirs ſhould make that Quarter good.
For ſhe was bound by Law of Arms,
To ſee him ſafe from farther Harms.
In Dungeon deep *Crowdero* caſt,
By *Hudibras*, as yet lay faſt:
Where to the hard and ruthleſs Stones,
His great Heart made perpetual Moans:
Him ſhe reſolv'd that *Hudibras*
Should ranſom, and ſupply his Place.
This ſtopt their Fury, and the Baſting
Which towards *Hudibras* was haſting.
They thought it was but juſt and right,
That what ſhe had atchiev'd in Fight
She ſhould diſpoſe of how ſhe pleas'd:
Crowdero ought to be releas'd:
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this ſhe pitch'd upon:
For who a better cou'd imagine?
This therefore they reſolv'd t' engage in.
The *Knight* and *Squire* firſt they made
Riſe from the Ground where they were laid;
Then mounted both upon their Horſes,
But with their *Faces* to the *Arſes*.

P. 94.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P.

Orſin led *Hudibras*'s Beaſt,
And *Talgol* that which *Ralpho* preſt;
Whom ſtout *Magnano*, valiant *Cerdon*,
And *Colon* waited as a Guard on;
All uſh'ring *Trulla* in the Rear,
With th' Arms of either Priſoner.
In this Proud Order and Array
They put themſelves upon their Way,
Striving to reach th' *inchanted Caſtle*,
Where ſtout *Crowdero* in Durance lay ſtill.
Thither with greater ſpeed, than Shows
And Triumphs over Conquer'd Foes
Do uſe t'allow; or than the *Bears*,
Or *Pageants* born before *Lord-Mayors*
Are wont to uſe, they ſoon arriv'd
In Order, Soldier-like contriv'd;
Still Marching in a Warlike Poſture,
As fit for Battel as for Muſter.
The *Knight* and *Squire* they firſt unhorſe,
And bending 'gainſt the Fort their Force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the *Magical Redoubt*.
Magnan' led up in this Adventure,
And made way for the reſt to enter.
For he was skilful in *Black Art*,
No leſs than he that built the Fort;
And with an Iron Mace laid flat
A Breach, which ſtrait all enter'd at;
And in the Wooden Dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the Ground.
Him they releaſe from Durance baſe,
Reſtor'd t' his *Fiddle* and his *Caſe*,
And Liberty, his thirſty Rage
With Luſcious Vengeance to aſſwage.

For he no ſooner was at large,
But *Trulla* ſtraight brought on the Charge,
And in the ſelf-ſame *Limbo* put
The *Knight* and *Squire*, where he was ſhut.
Where leaving them in *Hockly i'th' Hole*,
Their Bangs and Durance to condole,
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted Manſion, to know Sorrow;
In the ſame Order and Array
Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.
But *Hudibras*, who ſcorn'd to ſtoop
To Fortune, or be ſaid to droop,
Chear'd up himſelf with Ends of Verſe,
And Sayings of Philoſophers.
Quoth he, Th' one half of Man, his Mind,
Is, *ſui Juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the Heels,
Whate'er the other Moiety feels.
'Tis not Reſtraint or Liberty,
That makes Men Priſoners or free;
But Perturbations that poſſeſs
The Mind, or Æquanimities.
The whole World was not half ſo wide
To *Alexander*, when he cry'd,
Becauſe he had but one to ſubdue,
As was a paltry narrow Tub to
Diogenes, who is not ſaid
(For ought that ever I cou'd read)
To whine, put Finger i'th' Eye, and ſob,
Becauſe h'had ne'er another *Tub*.
And Ancients make two ſeveral Kinds
Of Proweſs in Heroick Minds,
The *Active* and the *Paſſive* Valiant;
Both which are *pari libra* gallant:

For

For both to give Blows, and to carry,
In Fights, are equeneceſſary;
But in Defeats, the *Paſſive* ſtout
Are always found to ſtand it out
Moſt deſp'rately, and to out-do
The *Active*, 'gainſt the conqu'ring Foe.
Tho' we with Blacks and Blues are ſuggil'd,
Or, as the Vulgar ſay, are *cudgel'd*:
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Tho' drubb'd, can loſe no Honour by't.
Honour's *a Leaſe for Lives to come*,
And cannot be extended from
The legal Tenant: 'Tis a Chattel,
Not to be forfeited in Battel.
If he that is in Battel ſlain,
Be in the *Bed of Honour* lain,
He that is beaten may be ſed
To lye in Honour's *Truckle-Bed*.
For as we ſee th'eclipſed Sun
By Mortals is more gaz'd upon,
Than when, adorn'd with all his Light,
He ſhines in ſerene Sky moſt bright:
So Valour, in a low Eſtate,
Is moſt admir'd, and wonder'd at.
Quoth *Ralph*, How great I do not know,
We may by being beaten grow;
But none that ſee how here we ſit,
Will judge us overgrown with Wit.
As *gifted Brethren* preaching by
A *Carnal Hour-Glaſs*, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to ſay,
But not how much; ſo well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off;

For who without a *Cap* and *Bauble*,
Having ſubdu'd a *Bear* and *Rabble*,
And might with Honour have come off,
Wou'd put it to a ſecond Proof?
A politick Exploit, right fit
For *Presbyterian Zeal* and *Wit*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, That Cuckow's Tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'ſt upon:
When thou at any thing wouldſt rail,
Thou mak'ſt *Presbytery* the Scale
To take the Height on't, and explain
To what Degree it is prophane;
Whats'ever will not with (*thy what d'ye call*)
Thy *Light* jump right, thou call'ſt *Synodical*.
As if *Presbytery* were a Standard,
To ſieze whats'ever's to be ſlander'd.
Doſt not remember how this Day,
Thou to my Beard waſt bold to ſay,
That thou cou'dſt prove *Bear-baiting* equal
With *Synods*, Orthodox and Legal?
Do, if thou canſt, for I deny't,
And dare thee to't with all thy *Light*.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Truly that is no
Hard Matter for a Man to do,
That has but any *Guts in's Brains*,
And cou'd believe it worth his Pains.
But ſince you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've Light enough to do it.
Synods are myſtical *Bear-Gardens*,
Where *Elders*, *Deputies*, *Church-Wardens*,
And other Members of the Court,
Manage the *Babyloniſh* Sport.
For *Prolocutor*, *Scribe*, and *Bear-ward*,
Do differ only in a meer Word.

Both are but ſev'ral Synagogues
Of *Carnal Men*, and *Bears* and *Dogs*:
Both *Antichriſtian Aſſemblies*,
To Miſchief bent as far's in them lies:
Both ſtave and tail, with fierce Conteſts,
The one with Men, the other Beaſts.
The diff'rence is, the one fights with
The Tongue, the other with his Teeth;
And that they bait but *Bears* in this,
In t'other *Souls* and *Conſciences*;
Where *Saints* themſelves are brought to Stake
For *Goſpel-Light* and *Conſcience* ſake;
Expos'd to *Scribes* and *Presbyters*,
Inſtead of *Maſtive Dogs* and *Curs*;
Than whom th' have leſs Humanity,
For theſe at Souls of Men will fly.
This to the *Prophet* did appear,
Who in a *Viſion* ſaw a *Bear*,
Prefiguring the beaſtly Rage
Of *Church-Rule*, in this latter Age:
As is demonſtrated at full
By him that baited the *Pope's Bull*.
Bears nat'rally are Beaſts of Prey,
That live by Rapine; ſo do they.
What are their *Orders*, *Conſtitutions*,
Church-Cenſures, *Curſes*, *Abſolutions*,
But ſev'ral myſtick Chains they make,
To tye poor Chriſtians to the Stake?
And then ſet Heathen *Officers*,
Inſtead of *Dogs*, about their Ears.
For to prohibit and diſpenſe,
To find out or to make Offence;
Of Hell and Heaven to diſpoſe,
To play with Souls at faſt and looſe;

To ſet what Characters they pleaſe,
And Mulcts on Sin or Godlineſs;
Reduce the Church to *Goſpel-Order*,
By *Rapine*, *Sacrilege*, and *Murther*;
To make *Presbytery* ſupream,
And *Kings* themſelves ſubmit to them;
And force all People, tho' againſt
Their Conſciences, for to turn *Saints*,
Muſt prove a pretty thriving Trade,
When *Saints* Monopoliſts are made.
When *Pious* Frauds and *Holy* Shifts
Are *Diſpenſations* and *Gifts*,
Their *Godlineſs* becomes meer Ware,
And ev'ry *Synod* but a Fair.
Synods are Whelps of th' *Inquiſition*,
A mungrel Breed of like Pernicion,
And growing up, became the Sires
Of *Scribes*, *Commiſſioners*, and *Triers*;
Whoſe Bus'neſs is, by cunning ſlight,
To caſt a Figure for Mens *Light*,
To find in Lines of Beard and Face,
Thy Phyſiognomy of *Grace*;
And by the Sound and *Twang* of *Noſe*,
If all be ſound within diſcloſe;
Free from a Crack or Flaw of Sinning,
As Men try *Pipkins* by the Ringing;
By *Black Caps*, underlaid with *White*,
Give certain Gueſs at inward *Light*:
Which *Serjeants at the Goſpel* wear,
To make the *Spiritual Calling clear*.
The *Handkerchief* about the Neck
(Canonical *Crabat* of *Smeck*,
From whom the Inſtitution came,
When Church and State they ſet on Flame.

And worn by them as Badges then
Of *Spiritual Warfaring* Men)
Judge rightly if *Regeneration*
Be of the *newest Cut* in Fashion.
Sure 'tis an Orthodox Opinion,
That *Grace is founded on Dominion.*
Great *Piety* consists in Pride;
To *rule* is to be *sanctify'd*:
To domineer, and to controul,
Both o'er the Body and the Soul,
Is the most perfect *Discipline*
Of Church-Rule, and by *Right Divine.*
Bell and the *Dragon*'s Chaplains were
More moderate than these by far:
For they (poor Knaves) were glad to cheat,
To get their Wives and Children Meat;
But these will not be fobb'd off so,
They must have Wealth and Power too;
Or else with Blood and Desolation
They'll tear it out o'th' Heart o'th' Nation.
Sure these themselves from Primitive
And Heathen Priesthood do derive,
When *Butchers* were the only *Clerks*,
Elders and *Presbyters* of *Kirks*,
Whose *Directory* was to *kill*;
And some believe it is so still.
The only Diff'rence is, that then
They slaughter'd only *Beasts*, now *Men.*
For then to sacrifice a Bullock,
Or now and then a Child to *Moloch*,
They count a vile Abomination,
But not to slaughter a whole *Nation.*
Presbytery does but translate
The Papacy to a *Free State*,

A *Common-wealth of Popery*,
Where every Village is a *See*
As well as *Rome*, and muſt maintain
A *Tithe-Pig Metropolitan*:
Where ev'ry *Presbyter* and *Deacon*
Commands the *Keys* for Cheeſe and Bacon;
And ev'ry Hamlet's governed
By's *Holineſs*, the *Church's Head*,
More haughty and ſevere in's Place,
Than *Gregory* or *Boniface*.
Such Church muſt (ſurely) be a Monſter
With many Heads: For if we conſter
What in th' *Apocalypſe* we find,
According to th' Apoſtle's Mind,
'Tis that the *Whore of Babylon*
With many Heads did ride upon;
Which Heads denote the ſinful Tribe
Of *Deacon*, *Prieſt*, *Lay-Elder*, *Scribe*.
Lay-Elders, *Simeon* to *Levi*,
Whoſe little Finger is as heavy
As Loins of Patriarchs, Prince-Prelate,
And Biſhop-ſecular. This Zealot
Is of a Mungrel, diverſe Kind,
Clerick before, and *Lay* behind;
A lawleſs *Linſie-Woolſie Brother*,
Half of one Order, half another;
A Creature of Amphibious Nature,
On Land a Beaſt, a Fiſh in Water;
That always preys on Grace or Sin;
A Sheep without, a Wolf within.
This fierce Inquiſitor, has chief
Dominion over Mens Belief
And Manners; can pronounce a *Saint*
Idolatrous, or Ignorant,

When ſuperciliouſly he ſifts
Thro' courſeſt Boulter others *Gifts*.
For all Men live and judge amiſs,
Thoſe *Talents* jump not juſt with his.
He'll lay on *Gifts* with Hands, and place
On dulleſt Noddle *Light* and *Grace*,
The Manufacture of the *Kirk*,
Thoſe Paſtors are but th' Handy-work
Of his Mechanick Paws, inſtilling
Divinity in them by Feeling.
From whence they ſtart up *choſen Veſſels*,
Made by Contact, as Men get *Meazles*.
So *Cardinals*, they ſay, do grope
At t' other End the new-made *Pope*.
Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras*, *Soft Fire*,
They ſay, *does make ſweet Malt*. Good *Squire*,
Feſtina lentè, not too faſt;
For *haſte* (the Proverb ſays) *makes waſte*.
The Quirks and Cavils thou doſt make
Are falſe, and built upon Miſtake.
And I ſhall bring you, with your Pack
Of *Fallacies*, t' *Elenchi* back;
And put your Arguments in Mood
And Figure, to be underſtood.
I'll force you by right Ratiocination.
To leave your *Vitilitigation*,
And make you keep to th' Queſtion cloſe,
And argue *Dialecticè*.
The Queſtion then, to ſtate it firſt,
Is, which is *better*, or which *worſt*,
Synods or *Bears*. *Bears* I avow
To be the *worſt*, and *Synods* thou.
But to make good th' Aſſertion,
Thou ſay'ſt th' are really *all one*.

If ſo, not *worſt*; for if th' are *idem*,
Why then, *Tantundem dat Tantidem*.
For if they are the *ſame*, by courſe
Neither is *better*, neither *worſe*.
But I deny they are the *ſame*,
More than a *Maggot* and *I* am.
That both are *Animalia*
I grant; but not *Rationalia*:
For tho' they do agree in Kind,
Specifick Difference we find;
And can no more make *Bears* of theſe,
Than prove my *Horſe is Socrates*.
That *Synods* are *Bear-Gardens* too,
Thou doſt affirm; but I ſay, No:
And thus I prove it, in a Word,
Whats'ever *Aſſembly*'s not impower'd
To *cenſure*, *curſe*, *abſolve*, and *ordain*,
Can be no *Synod*: But *Bear-Garden*
Has no ſuch Pow'r. *Ergo*, 'Tis none;
And ſo thy Sophiſtry's o'erthrown.
But yet we are beſides the Queſtion,
Which thou didſt raiſe the firſt Conteſt on;
For that was, Whether *Bears* were *better*
Than *Synod-Men*? I ſay, *Negatur*.
That *Bears* are *Beaſts*, and *Synods*, *Men*,
Is held by all: They're *better* then:
For *Bears* and *Dogs* on *four* Legs go,
As *Beaſts*; but *Synod-Men* on *two*.
'Tis true, they all have *Teeth* and *Nails*;
But prove that *Synod-Men* have *Tails*;
Or that a rugged, ſhaggy *Fur*
Grows o'er the Hide of *Presbyter*;
Or that his *Snout* and *ſpacious Ears*
Do hold Proportion with a *Bear*'s.

A *Bear*'s a ſavage Beaſt, of all
Moſt Ugly and Unnatural;
Whelpt without Form, until the Dam
Has lickt it into Shape and Frame;
But all thy *Light* can ne'er evict,
That ever *Synod-Man* was *lickt*;
Or brought to any other Faſhion,
Than his own Will and Inclination.
But thou doſt further yet in this
Oppugn thy ſelf and Senſe, that is,
Thou wouldſt have *Presbyters* to go
For *Bears*, and *Dogs*, and *Bearwards* too;
A ſtrange *Chimera* of Beaſts and Men,
Made up of pieces Heterogene,
Such as in Nature never met
In eodem Subjecto yet.
Thy other Arguments are all
Suppoſures, Hypothetical,
That do but beg, and we may chuſe
Either to grant them, or refuſe.
Much thou haſt ſaid; which I know when,
And where, thou ſtol'ſt from other Men,
(Whereby 'tis plain thy *Light* and *Gifts*
Are all but plagiary Shifts;)
And is the ſame that *Ranter* ſaid,
Who arguing with me, broke my Head,
And tore a handful of my Beard,
The ſelf ſame Cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot Diſpute about
This Controverſie, we fell out;
And what thou know'ſt I anſwer'd then,
Will ſerve to anſwer thee agen.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Nothing but th' Abuſe
Of *Human Learning* you produce;

Learning, that Cobweb of the Brain,
Profane, erroneous and vain;
A Trade of Knowledge as replete
As others are with Fraud and Cheat:
An Art t' incumber *Gifts* and Wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes *Light* unactive, dull and troubled,
Like little *David* in *Saul*'s Doublet:
A Cheat that Scholars put upon
Other Mens Reaſon and their own;
A Fort of Error, to enſconce
Abſurdity and Ignorance,
That renders all the Avenues
To Truth, impervious and abſtruſe,
By making plain Things, in debate,
By Art, perplext and intricate:
For nothing goes for Senſe, or *Light*,
That will not with old Rules jump right.
As if Rules were not in the Schools
Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules.
This *Pagan*, *Heatheniſh* Invention
Is good for nothing but Contention.
For as in Sword-and-Buckler Fight,
All Blows do on the Targer light:
So when Men argue, the great'ſt part
O' th' Conteſt falls on Terms of Art,
Until the Fuſtian ſtuff be ſpent,
And then they fall to th' Argument.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Friend *Ralph*, thou haſt
Out-run the Conſtable at laſt;
For thou art fallen on a new
Diſpute, as ſenſeleſs as untrue,
But to the former oppoſite,
And *contrary as black to white*;

Mere *Diſparata*, that concerning,
Presbytery, this *Human Learning*;
Two Things ſ' averſe, they never yet
But in thy rambling Fancy met.
But I ſhall take a fit Occaſion
T' evince thee by Ratiocination,
Some other time, in Place more proper
Than this w' are in: therefore let's ſtop here,
And reſt our weary'd Bones a while,
Already tir'd with other Toil.

Pri

HUDIBRAS.

The SECOND PART.

By the Author of the FIRST.

Corrected and Amended:

With ſeveral

ADDITIONS AND ANNOTATIONS.

LONDON:

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HUDIBRAS.

PART II.

The ARGUMENT of The FIRST *CANTO.*

The Knight, by damnable Magician,
Being caſt illegally in Priſon;
Love *brings the Action on the Caſe,*
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the Lady's viſit,
And cunningly ſollicits his Sute,
Which ſhe defers; yet on Parole,
Redeems him from th' inchanted Hole.

CANTO I.

BUT now, t' obſerve *Romantick* Method,
Let bloody Steel a while be ſheathed;
And all thoſe harſh and rugged Sounds
Of Baſtinado's, Cuts, and Wounds,
Exchang'd to Love's more gentle Style,
To let our Reader breath a while:

In which that we may be as brief as
Is poſſible, by way of *Preface*,
Is't not enough to make one ſtrange,
That ſome Mens Fancies ſhould ne'er change,
But make all People do and ſay
The ſame things ſtill the ſelf-ſame Way?
Some Writers make all *Ladies* purloin'd,
And *Knights* purſuing like a *Whirlwind*:
Others make all their *Knights* in Fits
Of Jealouſie to loſe their Wits;
'Till drawing Blood o'th' Dames, like Witches,
Th' are forthwith cur'd of their Capriches.
Some always thrive in their *Amours*,
By pulling Plaiſters off their Sores;
As Cripples do to get an Alms,
Juſt ſo do they, and win their Dames.
Some Force whole Regions, in deſpight
Of *Geography*, to change their ſite:
Make former Times ſhake Hands with latter,
And that which was before, come after.
But thoſe that write in *Rhime*, ſtill make
The one *Verſe* for the other's ſake;
For, one for *Senſe*, and one for *Rhime*,
I think's ſufficient at one time.
But we forget in what ſad plight
We whilom left the Captiv'd *Knight*
And penſive *Squire*, both bruis'd in Body,
And conjur'd into ſafe Cuſtody:
Tir'd with Diſpute, and ſpeaking *Latin*,
As well as Baſting, and *Bear-baiting*,
And deſperate of any courſe,
To free himſelf by Wit or Force;
His only Solace was, that now
His Dog-bolt Fortune was ſo low,

That either it muſt quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend:
In which he found th' Event, no leſs
Than other times, beſides his Gueſs.
There is a tall long-ſided Dame,
(But wond'rous light) ycleped *Fame*.
That like a thin *Camelion* boards
Her ſelf on Air, and eats her Words:
Upon her Shoulders Wings ſhe wears
Like hanging-ſleeves, lin'd thro' with Ears,
And Eyes, and Tongues, as Poets liſt,
Made good by deep *Mythologiſt*.
With theſe ſhe through the Welkin flies,
And ſometimes carries *Truth*, oft *Lies*;
With Letters hung like *Eaſtern* Pigeons,
And *Mercuries* of fartheſt Regions;
Diurnals writ for Regulation
Of Lying, to inform the Nation;
And by their publick uſe to bring down,
The rate of *Whetſtones* in the Kingdom:
About her Neck a Pacquet-*Male*,
Fraught with Advice, ſome freſh, ſome ſtale,
Of Men that walk'd when they were dead,
And *Cows* of *Monſters* brought to Bed;
Of *Hailſtones* big as *Pullets* Eggs,
And Puppies whelp'd with twice two Legs;
A *Blazing-Star* ſeen in the *Weſt*,
By ſix or ſeven Men at leaſt:
Two Trumpets ſhe does ſound at once,
But both of clean contrary Tones,
But whether both with the ſame Wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not, only this can tell,
The one ſounds vilely, th' other well;

And therefore vulgar *Authors* name
The one Good, t'other Evil *Fame*.
This tattling *Goſſip* knew too well,
What Miſchief *Hudibras* befel;
And ſtreight the ſpightful Tidings bears
Of all, to th' unkind Widow's Ears.
Democritus ne'er laugh'd ſo loud,
To ſee *Bawds* carted thro' the Crowd,
Or Funerals with ſtately Pomp,
March ſlowly on in ſolemn Dump,
As ſhe laugh'd out, until her Back,
As well as Sides, was like to crack.
She vow'd ſhe would go ſee the Sight,
And viſit the diſtreſſed *Knight*:
To do the Office of a Neighbour,
And be a *Goſſip* at his Labour;
And from his wooden Gaol, the Stocks,
To ſet at large his Fetter-Locks,
And by Exchange, Parole, or Ranſom,
To free him from th' Echanted Manſion.
This b'ing reſolv'd, ſhe call'd for Hood
And Uſher, Implements abroad
Which *Ladies* wear, beſide a ſlender
Young waiting *Damſel* to attend her.
All which appearing, on ſhe went,
To find the *Knight* in *Limbo* pent.
And 'twas not long before ſhe found
Him, and his ſtout *Squire*, in the Pound;
Both coupled in Enchanted Tether,
By farther Leg behind together:
For as he ſat upon his Rump,
His Head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his Knees, his Hands apply'd
Unto his Ears on either ſide;

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And by him, in another Hole,
A flicted *Ralpho*, Cheek by Joul:
She came upon him in his Wooden
Magician's Circle on the ſudden,
As *Spirits* do t' a Conjurer,
When in their dreadful Shapes th' appear.
No ſooner did the *Knight* perceive her,
But ſtreight he fell into a Fever,
Inflam'd all over with Diſgrace,
To be ſeen by her in ſuch a Place;
Which made him hang his Head, and ſcoul,
And wink, and goggle like an Owl.
He felt his Brains begin to ſwim,
When thus the Dame accoſted him.
This Place (quoth ſhe) they ſay's Enchanted,
And with *Delinquent Spirits* haunted,
That here are ty'd in Chains, and ſcourg'd,
Until their guilty Crimes be purg'd:
Look, there are two of them appear,
Like Perſons I have ſeen ſomewhere.
Some have miſtaken Blocks and Poſts
For *Spectres*, *Apparitions*, *Ghoſts*,
With Sawcer-Eyes, and Horns, and ſome
Have heard the Devil beat a Drum:
But if our Eyes are not falſe Glaſſes,
That give a wrong Account of Faces;
That *Beard* and I ſhould be acquainted,
Before 'twas Conjur'd and Enchanted;
For tho' it be diſfigur'd ſomewhat,
As if t'had lately been in Combat,
It did belong t' a worthy *Knight*,
Howe'er this *Goblin* is come by't.
When *Hudibras* the *Lady* heard.
Diſcourſing thus upon his *Beard*,

And ſpeak with ſuch Reſpect and Honour,
Both of the *Beard*, and the *Beard*'s Owner;
He thought it beſt to ſet as good
A Face upon it as he cou'd,
And thus he ſpoke: *Lady*, your bright
And radiant Eyes are in the right;
The *Beard*'s th' Identick *Beard* you knew,
The ſame numerically true:
Nor is it worn by Fiend or Elf,
But its Proprietor himſelf.
Oh Heav'ns! quoth ſhe, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;
Not by your individual Whiskers,
But by your Dialect and Diſcourſe,
That never ſpoke to Man or Beaſt
In Notions vulgarly expreſt,
But what malignant Star, alas!
Has brought you both to this ſad paſs?
Quoth he, The Fortune of the War,
Which I am leſs afflicted for,
Than to be ſeen with *Beard* and *Face*
By you in ſuch a homely caſe.
Quoth ſhe, Thoſe need not be aſham'd
For being honourably maim'd;
If he that is in Battel conquer'd,
Have any Title to his own *Beard*,
Tho' yours be ſorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your Viſage more adorn,
Than if 'twere prun'd, and ſtarch'd and lander'd
And cut ſquare by the *Ruſſian* Standard.
A torn *Beard*'s like a tatter'd Enſign,
That's braveſt which there are moſt Rents in.
That Petticoat about your Shoulders
Does not ſo well become a Soldier's,

And I'm afraid they are worſe handled,
Although i' th' Rear, your *Beard* the Van led;
And thoſe uneaſie Bruiſes make
My Heart for Company to ake,
To ſee ſo Worſhipful a Friend
I' th' Pill'ry ſet at the wrong End.
Quoth *Hudibras*, This thing call'd *Pain*,
Is (as the Learned *Stoicks* maintain)
Not bad *ſimpliciter*, nor good,
But meerly as 'tis underſtood.
Senſe is deceitful, and may feign,
As well in counterfeiting Pain
As other groſs *Phænomena's*,
In which it oft miſtakes the Caſe;
But ſince th' Immortal Intellect
(That's free from Errour and Defect,
Whoſe Objects ſtill perſiſt the ſame)
Is free from outward Bruiſe or Maim,
Which nought external can expoſe
To groſs material Bangs or Blows;
It follows, we can ne'er be ſure,
Whether we Pain or not endure;
And juſt ſo far are ſore and griev'd,
As by the Fancy is believ'd:
Some have been wounded with Conceit,
And dy'd of meer Opinion ſtreight;
Others, tho' wounded ſore in Reaſon,
Felt no Contuſion, nor Diſcretion.
A *Saxon* Duke did grow ſo fat,
That *Mice* (as Hiſtories relate)
Eat Grots and Labyrinths to dwell in
His Poſtick Parts without his feeling:
Then how is't poſſible a Kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick?

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain
For one that's basted to feel Pain,
Because the *Pangs* his Bones endure
Contribute nothing to the Cure;
Yet *Honour* hurt, is wont to rage
With *Pain* no Med'cine can asswage.
Quoth he, That *Honour*'s very squeamish,
That takes a Basting for a Blemish;
For what's more hon'rable than *Scars*,
Or Skin to Tatters rent in *Wars*?
Some have been beaten till they know
What Wood a *Cudgel*'s of by th' Blow;
Some kick'd until they can feel whether
A Shoe be *Spanish* or *Neat*'s Leather;
And yet have met, after long running,
With some whom they have taught that cunning,
The fartherst way about, t' o'ercome,
I' th' end does prove the neares home;
By *Laws* of learned *Duellists*,
They that are bruis'd with *Wood*, or *Fists*,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are *Cowards*, and *Puttroons*:
But if they dare engage t' a second,
They're *Stout* and *Gallant* Fellows reckon'd.
Th' old *Romans* Freedom did bestow,
Our *Princes* Worship, with a Blow:
King *Pyrrhus* cur'd his splenetick
And testy Courtiers with a Kick.
The *Negus*, when some mighty *Lord*
Or *Potentate*'s to be restor'd,
And pardon'd for some great Offence,
With which he's willing to dispense;
First has him laid upon his *Belly*,
Then beaten *Back* and *Side* t' a *Jelly*;

That done, he riſes, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the Princely Blows;
Departs not meanly proud, and boaſting
Of his Magnificent *Rib-roaſting*.
The beaten *Soldier* proves moſt manful,
That, like his *Sword*, endures the *Anvil*,
And juſtly's held more formidable,
The more his Valour's malleable;
But he that fears a *Baſtinado*,
Will run away from his own Shadow:
And though I'm now in *Durance* faſt,
By our own *Party* baſely caſt,
Ranſome, *Exchange*, *Parole*, refus'd,
And worſe than by the *Enemy* us'd;
In cloſe *Cataſta* ſhut, paſt hope
Of *Wit*, or *Valour*, to elope:
As *Beards*, the nearer that they tend
To th' *Earth*, ſtill grow more reverend;
And *Cannons* ſhoot the higher Pitches,
The lower we let down their *Breeches*:
I'll make this low dejected *Fate*
Advance me to a greater Height.
Quoth ſhe, Y'have almoſt made m' in Love
With that which did my Pity move,
Great *Wits* and *Valours*, like great *States*,
Do ſometimes ſink with their own Weights:
Th' Extream, of *Glory*, and of *Shame*,
Like *Eaſt* and *Weſt* become the ſame:
No *Indian Prince* has to his *Palace*
More Follow'rs than a Thief to th' *Gallows*.
But if a *Beating* ſeem ſo brave,
What *Glories* muſt a *Whipping* have?
Such great *Atchievements* cannot fail
To caſt Salt on a *Woman*'s Tail;

For if I thought your *Nat'ral Talent*
Of *Passive Courage* were so gallant,
As you strain hard to have it thought,
I could grow *Amorous*, and *Dote*.
When *Hudibras* this Language heard,
He prick'd up's Ears, and stroak'd his *Beard*:
Thought he, This is the *Lucky Hour*,
Wines work when *Vines* are in the Flower;
This *Crisis* then I'll set my rest on,
And put her boldly to the *Question*.
Madam, What you wou'd seem to doubt,
Shall be to all the World made out;
How I've been *Drubb'd*, and with what *Spirit*
And *Magnanimity* I bear it;
And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll stake my self down against you:
And if I fail in *Love* or *Troth*,
Be you the *Winner*, and take both.
Quoth She, I've heard old cunning *Stagers*
Say, Fools for *Argument* use Wagers;
And tho' I prais'd your *Valour*, yet
I did not mean to baulk your *Wit*;
Which if you have, you must needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b' Experiment have prov'd,
I cannot *Love* where I'm *belov'd*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, 'tis a *Caprich*
Beyond th' Infliction of a *Witch*;
So Cheats to play with those still aim,
That do not understand the Game.
Love in your Heart as idly burns
As Fire in Antique *Roman* Urns,
To warm the *Dead*, and vainly light
Those only that see nothing by't.

Have

Have you not Pow'r to *entertain*,
And render *Love* for *Love* again;
As *no Man* can draw in his *Breath*
At once, and force out *Air* beneath?
Or do you love your ſelf ſo much,
To bear all *Rivals* elſe a Grutch?
What *Fate* can lay a greater Curſe
Than you upon your ſelf would force?
For *Wedlock* without *Love*, ſome ſay,
Is but a *Lock* without a *Key*.
It is a kind of *Rape* to *marry*
One that neglects, or cares not for ye:
For what does make it *Raviſhment*,
But b'ing againſt the *Mind's Conſent*?
A *Rape* that is the more inhumane,
For being acted by a *Woman*.
Why are you *fair*, but to entice us
To *Love* you, that you may deſpiſe us?
But though you cannot *Love*, you ſay,
Out of your own *Fanatick* way,
Why ſhou'd you not at leaſt allow
Thoſe that *Love* you, to do ſo too?
For, as you fly me, and purſue
Love more averſe, ſo I do you;
And am by your own *Doctrine* taught
To practiſe what you call a *Fault*.
Quoth ſhe, If what you ſay is true,
You muſt fly me, as I do you;
But 'tis not what we do, but ſay,
In *Love* and *Preaching*, that muſt ſway.
Quoth he, To bid me not to *Love*,
Is to forbid my *Pulſe* to move,
My *Beard* to grow, my *Ears* to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hickup:

Command me to piſs out the Moon,
And 'twill as eaſily be done.
Love's Pow'r's too great to be withſtood
By feeble Humane *Fleſh* and *Blood*.
'Twas he that brought upon his Knees
The *Heſp'ring* Kill-Cow *Hercules*;
Transform'd his *Leager-Lion*'s Skin
T' a *Petticoat*, and made him ſpin;
Seiz'd on his *Club*, and made it dwindle
T' a feeble *Diſtaff*, and a *Spindle*.
'Twas he that made *Emperors* Gallants
To their own *Siſters*, and their *Aunts*;
Set *Popes* and *Cardinals* agog,
To play with *Pages* at Leap-frog:
'Twas he that gave our *Senate* Purges,
And fluxt the *Houſe* of many a *Burgeſs*;
Made thoſe that repreſent the *Nation*
Submit, and ſuffer *Amputation*,
And all the *Grandees* of th' *Cabal*
Adjourn to *Tubs*, at *Spring* and *Fall*.
He mounted *Synod-Men*, and rode 'em
To *Dirty-Lane*, and *Little Sodom*;
Made 'em convert, like *Spaniſh* Jenets,
And take the Ring at Madam ----
'Twas he that made *Saint Francis* do
More than the Devil cou'd tempt him to;
In cold and froſty Weather grow
Enamour'd of a Wife of *Snow*;
And tho' ſhe were of *Rigid* Temper,
With melting *Flames* accoſt and tempt her;
Which after in *Enjoyment* quenching,
He hung a *Garland* on his *Engine*.
Quoth ſhe, if *Love* have theſe Effects,
Why is it not forbid our *Sex*?

Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted
For *Diabolical* and Wicked?
And ſung, as out of Tune, againſt,
As *Turk* and *Pope* are by the Saints?
I find I've greater Reaſon for it,
Than I believ'd before t'abhor it.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Theſe ſad Effects
Spring from your *Heathenish* neglects
Of *Love*'s great Pow'r, which he returns
Upon your ſelves with equal Scorns;
And thoſe, who worthy *Lovers* ſlight,
Plagues with prepoſt'rous Appetite:
This made the Beauteous *Queen* of *Crete*
To take a *Town-Bull* for her *Sweet*;
And from her Greatneſs ſtoop ſo low,
To be the Rival of a Cow:
Others to proſtitute their great *Hearts*,
To be *Baboons* and *Monkeys* Sweet-hearts.
Some with the Dev'l himſelf in League grow
By's Repreſentative a *Negro*.
'Twas this made *Veſtal*-Maids love-ſick,
And venture to be bury'd Quick.
Some by their *Fathers*, and their *Brothers*,
To be made *Miſtreſſes* and *Mothers*:
'Tis this that proudeſt *Dames* enamours
On Lacquies, and *Valets des Chambers*;
Their haughty *Stomachs* overcomes,
And makes 'em ſtoop to dirty *Grooms*;
To ſlight the *World*, and to diſparage
Claps, *Iſſue*, *Infamy*, and *Marriage*.
Quoth ſhe, Theſe Judgments are ſevere,
Yet ſuch as I ſhould rather bear,
Than truſt Men with their *Oaths*, or prove
Their *Faith* and *Secreſie* in *Love*.

Says he, There is a weighty Reaſon
For *Secreſie* in *Love*, as *Treaſon*.
Love is a *Burglarer*, a *Felon*,
That at the *Window-Eye* does ſteal in
To rob the *Heart*, and with his Prey
Steals out again a cloſer way,
Which whoſoever can diſcover,
He's ſure (as he deſerves) to ſuffer.
Love is a Fire, that burns and ſparkles
In *Men* as nat'rally as in *Charcoals*
Which ſooty *Chymiſts* ſtop in Holes,
When out of Wood they extract Coals;
So *Lovers* ſhould their *Paſſions* choak,
That tho' they burn, they may not ſmoak.
'Tis like that ſturdy *Thief* that ſtole
And dragg'd *Beaſts* backwards into's Hole:
So *Love* does *Lovers*, and us Men
Draws by the Tails into his Den;
That no *Impreſſion* may diſcover,
And trace t' his *Cave* the wary *Lover*.
But if you doubt I ſhould reveal
What you entruſt me under Seal,
I'll prove my ſelf as cloſe and vertuous
As your own *Secretary*, *Albertus*.
Quoth ſhe, I grant you may be cloſe
In hiding what your Aims propoſe:
Love-Paſſions are like *Parables*,
By which Men ſtill mean ſomething elſe:
Tho' *Love* be all the World's Pretence,
Mony's the *Mythologick* Senſe,
The real Subſtance of the Shadow,
Which all Addreſs and Courtſhip's made to.
Thought he, I underſtand your *Play*,
And how to quit you your own way;

He that win will his *Dame* muſt do
As *Love* does, when he bends his *Bow*,
With one Hand thruſt the *Lady* from,
And with the other pull *her* Home.
I grant, quoth he, *Wealth* is a great
Provocative to am'rous Heat;
It is all *Philters*, and high Diet,
That makes *Love* rampant, and to fly out:
'Tis Beauty always in the Flower,
That Buds and Bloſſoms at Fourſcore:
'Tis that by which the *Sun* and *Moon*
At their own Weapons are out-done:
That makes *Knights-Errant* fall in Trances,
And lay about 'em in *Romances*:
'Tis *Virtue*, *Wit*, and *Worth*, and all
That Men *Divine* and *Sacred* call;
For what is *Worth* in any Thing,
But ſo much *Mony* as 'twill bring?
Or what but *Riches* is there known,
Which Man can ſolely call his own;
In which no Creature goes his half,
Unleſs it be to *ſquint* and *laugh*?
I do confeſs, with *Goods* and *Land*
I'd have a Wife at ſecond hand;
And ſuch you are: Nor is't your Perſon
My Stomach's ſet ſo *ſharp* and *fierce* on;
But 'tis (your better Part) your *Riches*,
That my enamour'd Heart bewitches;
Let me your Fortunes but poſſeſs,
And ſettle your Perſon how you pleaſe,
Or make it o'er in *truſt* to th' *Devil*,
You'll find me *reaſonable* and *civil*.
Quoth ſhe, I like this Plainneſs better
Than falſe *Mock-Paſſion*, *Speech*, or *Letter*,

Or any Feat of *Qualm* or *Swooning*,
But *Hanging* of your ſelf, or *Drowning*;
Your only way with me to *break*
Your Mind, is *breaking* of your Neck;
For as when *Merchants* break, o'erthrown
Like *Nine-pins*, they ſtrike others down;
So that would break my *Heart*, which done,
My tempting *Fortune* is your own,
Theſe are but Trifles, ev'ry *Lover*
Will damn himſelf over and over,
And greater Matters undertake
For a leſs worthy *Miſtreſs* ſake:
Yet th' are the only ways to prove
Th' unfeign'd *Realities* of *Love*;
For he that hangs or beats out's Brains,
The *Devil*'s in him if he feigns.
Quoth *Hudibras*, This way's too rough
For mere *Experiment*, and *Proof*;
It is no jeſting, trivial Matter,
To ſwing i' th' Air, or douce in Water,
And, like a Water-witch, try *Love*;
That's to deſtroy, and not to prove:
As if a Man ſhould be diſſected,
To find what Part is diſaffected;
Your beter way is to make over
In *truſt*, your Fortune to your *Lover*;
Truſt is *a Tryal*, if it break,
'Tis not ſo deſp'rate as a *Neck*;
Beſide, th' *Experiment*'s more certain,
Men venture *Necks* to gain a Fortune;
The Soldier does it ev'ry Day
(Eight to the Week) for Six-pence Pay:
Your Pettifoggers damn their Souls,
To ſhare with Knaves in cheating Fools:

And Merchants, vent'ring thro' the Main,
Slight Pyrates, Rocks, and Horns, for Gain;
This is the way I'dviſe you to,
Truſt me, and ſee what I will do.
Quoth ſhe, I ſhould be loath to run
My ſelf all th' Hazard, and you none,
Which muſt be done, unleſs ſome *Deed*
Of yours aforeſaid do precede;
Give but your ſelf one gentle *Swing*
For Trial, and I'll cut the *String*:
Or give that rev'rend *Head* a mall,
Or two, or three, againſt a Wall;
To ſhew you are a Man of Mettle,
And I'll engage my ſelf to *ſettle*.
Quoth he, My *Head*'s not made of *Braſs*,
As Friar *Bacon*'s Noddle was;
Nor (like the *Indian*'s Skull) ſo tough,
That, *Authors* ſay, 'twas *Muſquet-proof*:
As it had need to be, to enter
As yet on any new *Adventure*:
You ſee what *Bangs* it has endur'd,
That wou'd before new *Feats* be cur'd:
But if that's all you ſtand upon,
Here, ſtrike my *Luck*, it ſhall be done.
Quoth ſhe, The Matter's not ſo far gone
As you ſuppoſe, *Two Words t' a Bargain*,
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright Proof;
And yet 'tis no *Fantaſtick* Pique
I have to *Love*, nor coy *diſlike*;
'Tis no implicit, nice *Averſion*
T' your *Converſation*, *Mein* or *Perſon*,
But a juſt Fear, leſt you ſhou'd prove
False and perfidious in *Love*:

For if I thought you could be true,
I could *love* twice as much as you.
Quoth he, My Faith as *Adamantine*,
As Chains of *Deſtiny*, I'll maintain;
True as *Apollo* ever ſpoke,
Or *Oracle* from Heart of *Oak*;
And if you'll give my *Flame* but vent,
Now in cloſe hugger-mugger pent,
And ſhine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other *Pigſneye*,
The *Sun* and *Day* ſhall ſooner part,
Than *Love*, or you, ſhake off my Heart;
The *Sun* that ſhall no more diſpence
His own, but *your* bright Influence;
I'll carve your Name on *Barks of Trees*,
With *True-love-knots*, and *Flouriſhes*;
That ſhall infuſe Eternal *Spring*,
And everlaſting flouriſhing:
Drink ev'ry Letter on't in *Stum*,
And make it brisk *Champaigne* become:
Where-e'er you tread, your Foot ſhall ſet
The *Primroſe* and the *Violet*;
All *Spices*, *Perfumes*, and *ſweet Powders*,
Shall borrow from your Breath their *Odours*;
Nature her *Charter* ſhall renew,
And take all *Lives* of Things from you;
The *World* depend upon your *Eye*,
And when you frown upon it, die.
Only our *Loves* ſhall ſtill ſurvive,
New Worlds, and Natures to out-live;
And, like to *Heraulds* Moons, remain
All *Creſcents*, without *Change* or *Wane*.
Hold, hold, quoth ſhe, no more of this,
Sir *Knight*, you take your aim amiſs;

For you will find it a hard *Chapter*
To catch me with *Poetick Rapture*,
In which your *Maſtery* of *Art*
Doth ſhew it ſelf, and not your *Heart*:
Nor will you raiſe in mine *Combuſtion*,
By dint of high *Heroick* Fuſtion:
She that with *Poetry* is won,
Is but a *Deſk* to write upon;
And what Men ſay of her, they mean
No more than on the Thing they *lean*.
Some with *Arabian Spices* ſtrive
T'Embalm her cruelly alive;
Or *Seaſon* her, as *French* Cooks uſe
Their *Haut-gouſts*, *Buellies*, or *Ragouſts*;
Uſe her ſo barbarouſly ill,
To grind her Lips upon a *Mill*,
Until the *Facet Doublet* doth
Fit their *Rhimes* rather than her Mouth;
Her Mouth compar'd t'an *Oyſter's*, with
A Row of *Pearl* in't ſtead of *Teeth*;
Others make *Poſies* of her *Cheeks*,
Where *Red and Whiteſt* Colours mix;
In which the *Lilly*, and the *Roſe*,
For *Indian* Lake, and Ceruſe goes.
The *Sun* and *Moon* by her bright Eyes
Eclips'd, and darken'd in the *Skies*,
Are but *black Patches* that ſhe wears,
Cut into *Suns*, and *Moons*, and *Stars*:
By which *Aſtrologers*, as well
As thoſe in *Heav'n* above, can tell
What ſtrange Events they do foreſhow
Unto her Under-World below.
Her Voice, the *Muſick* of the *Spheres*,
So loud, it deafens Mortal Ears;

As wiſe *Philoſophers* have thought,
And that's the Cauſe we hear it not.
This has been done by ſome, who thoſe
Th' ador'd in *Rhime* wou'd kick in *Proſe*;
And in thoſe *Ribbons* would have hung,
Of which melodiouſly they ſung:
That have the hard *Fate* to write beſt
Of thoſe ſtill that deſerve it leaſt;
It matters not how *falſe*, or *forc'd*,
So the *beſt* Things be ſaid o' th' *Worſt*;
It goes for nothing when 'tis ſaid,
Only the *Arrow*'s drawn to th' Head,
Whether it be a *Swan* or *Gooſe*
They level at: So *Shepherds* uſe
To ſet the ſame *Mark* on the *Hip*
Both of their *ſound* and *rotten Sheep*:
For *Wits* that carry *low* or *wide*,
Muſt be aim'd *higher*, or *beſide*
The *Mark*, which elſe they ne'er come nigh
But when they take their Aim *awry*.
But I do wonder you ſhou'd chuſe
This way t' attack me with your *Muſe*,
As one cut out to paſs your Tricks on,
With *Fulhams* of *Poetick Fiction*:
I rather hop'd, I ſhou'd no more
Hear from you o' th' *Gallanting* Score:
For hard *Dry-Baſtings* us'd to prove
The readieſt Remedies of *Love*;
Next a *Dry-Diet*: But if thoſe fail,
Yet this uneaſie Loop-hol'd *Gaol*,
In which y' are *hamper'd* by the *Fet-lock*;
Cannot but put y' in mind of *Wedlock*;
Wedlock that's worſe than any Hole here,
If that may ſerve you for a *Cooler*;

T' allay your *Mettle*, all a-gog
Upon a *Wife*, the heavi'r Clog;
Nor rather thank your gentler *Fate*,
That, for a bruis'd or broken *Pate*,
Has free'd you from thoſe *Knobs* that grow
Much harder on the marry'd *Brow*:
But if no Dread can cool your Courage,
From vent'ring on that *Dragon*, Marriage;
Yet give me *Quarter*, and advance
To nobler Aims your Puiſſance:
Level at *Beauty*, and at *Wit*,
The faireſt *Mark* is eaſieſt hit.
Quoth *Hudibras*, I'm before-hand
In that already, with your Command:
For where does *Beauty* and high *Wit*,
But in your *Conſtellation* meet?
Quoth ſhe, What does a *Match* imply,
But *Likeneſs* and *Equality*?
I know you cannot think me fit,
To be th' *Yoke-Fellow* of your *Wit*:
Nor take one of ſo mean *Deſerts*,
To be the *Part'ner* of your *Parts*;
A *Grace*, which if I cou'd believe,
I've not the Conſcience to receive.
That *Conſcience*, quoth *Hudibras*,
Is miſ-inform'd; I'll ſtate the *Caſe*:
A Man may be a *Legal Donor*
Of any Thing whereof he's *Owner*:
And may confer it where he liſts,
I'th' Judgment of all *Caſuiſts*:
Then *Wit*, and *Parts*, and *Valour* may
Be ali'nate, and made away
By thoſe that are *Proprietors*,
As I may give, or ſell my *Horſe*.

Quoth ſhe, I grant the *Caſe* is true,
And proper 'twixt your *Horſe* and you;
But whether I may *take*, as well
As you may give *away*, or ſell?
Buyers you know are bid beware;
And worſe than Thieves *Receivers* are.
How ſhall I anſwer *Hue* and *Cry*,
For a *Roan-Gelding* twelve Hands high,
And ſpurr'd and ſwitch'd, a *Lock* on's Hoof,
A *ſorrel Mane?* Can I bring Proof,
Where, when, by whom, and what y'were ſold for,
And in the open *Market* Tol'd for?
Or ſhould I take you for a Stray,
You muſt be kept a Year and Day,
(E'er I can own you) here i' th' Pound,
Where, if y' are ſought, you may be found:
And in the mean time I muſt pay
For all your *Provender* and *Hay*.
Quoth he, It ſtands me much upon
T' *enervate* this *Objection*,
And prove my ſelf, by *Topick* clear,
No *Gelding*, as you wou'd infer.
Loſs of *Virility*'s averr'd
To be the Cauſe of loſs of *Beard*,
That does (like *Embryo* in the Womb)
Abortive on the *Chin* become.
This firſt a *Woman* did invent,
In Envy of *Man*'s Ornament.
Semiramis of *Babylon*,
Who firſt of all cut Men o' th' *Stone*,
To mar their *Beards*, and laid Foundation
Of *Sow-Geldering* Operation:
Look on this *Beard*, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear ſuch, or *Geldings* either?

Next it appears, I am no *Horſe*,
That I can argue and diſcourſe;
Have but two *Legs*, and ne'er a *Tail:*
Quoth ſhe, That nothing will avail;
For ſome *Philoſophers* of late here
Write, Men have four Legs by *Nature*,
And that 'tis *Cuſtom* makes them go
Erron'ouſly upon but two;
As 'twas in *Germany* made good
B' a Boy that loſt himſelf in a *Wood*;
And growing down t' a Man, was wont
With *Wolves* upon all four to hunt.
As for your Reaſons drawn from *Tails*,
We cannot ſay they're true or falſe,
Till you explain your ſelf, and ſhow
B' Experiment 'tis ſo or no.
Quoth he, If you'll join Iſſue on't,
I'll give you ſatisfact'ry Account;
So you will promiſe, if you loſe,
To ſettle all, and be my *Spouſe*.
What never ſhall be done (quoth ſhe)
To one that wants a *Tail*, by me:
For *Tails* by Nature ſure were meant,
As well as *Beards*, for Ornament;
And tho' the *Vulgar* count them homely,
In *Man* or *Beaſt* they are ſo comely,
So *Jantee*, *Alamode*, and Handſome,
I'll never marry *Man* that wants one:
And till you can demonſtrate plain,
You have one equal to your *Mane*,
I'll be torn Piece-meal by a *Horſe*,
E'er I'll take you *for better or worſe*.
The *Prince* of *Cambay*'s daily Food
Is *Aſpe*, and *Baſilisk*, and *Toad*;

Which makes him have ſo ſtrong a Breath,
Each Night he ſtinks a *Queen* to Death;
Yet I ſhall rather lye in's *Arms*
Than yours, on any other *Terms*.
Quoth he, What *Nature* can afford
I ſhall produce, upon my Word;
And if ſhe ever gave that *Boon*
To Man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean, by *poſtulate Illation*,
When you ſhall offer juſt Occaſion;
But ſince y' have yet deny'd to give
My *Heart*, your *Pris'ner*, a Reprieve,
But made it ſink down to my Heel,
Let that at leaſt your Pity feel;
And for the Sufferings of your *Martyr*,
Give its poor Entertainer *Quarter*;
And by *Diſcharge*, or *Main-Prize* grant
Deliv'ry from this baſe *Reſtraint*.
Quoth ſhe, I grieve to ſee your *Leg*
Stuck in a Hole here like a *Peg*,
And if I knew which way to do't,
(Your *Honour* ſafe) I'd let you out.
That *Dames* by *Goal-Delivery*
Of *Errant Knights* have been ſet free,
When by *Enchantment* they have been,
And ſometimes for it too, laid in;
Is that which *Knights* are bound to do
By *Order*, *Oath*, and *Honour* too:
For what are they *renown'd* and *fam'us* elſe,
But aiding of diſtreſſed *Damoſels*?
But for a *Lady*, no ways *Errant*,
To free a *Knight*, we have no Warrant
In any Authentical *Romance*,
Or *Claſſick Author* yet of *France*:

And I'd be loath to have you break
An Ancient *Cuſtom* for a Freak,
Or *Innovation* introduce
In Place of Things of *Antique* Uſe;
To free your Heels by any Courſe,
That might b' unwholeſome to your *Spurs*:
Which if I ſhould conſent unto,
It is not in my Pow'r to do;
For 'tis a Service muſt be done ye,
With ſolemn previous Ceremony;
Which always has been us'd to untie,
The *Charms* of thoſe who here do lye;
For as the *Ancients* heretofore
To *Honour*'s *Temple* had no Door,
But that which thorough *Virtue*'s lay;
So from this *Dungeon* there's no way
To *honour'd Freedom*, but by paſſing,
That other *virtuous* School of *Laſhing*,
Where *Knights* are kept in narrow Liſts,
With wooden *Lockets* 'bout their Wriſts;
In which they for a while are *Tenants*,
And for their *Ladies* ſuffer *Penance*;
Whipping, that's *Virtue*'s Governeſs,
Tutreſs of *Arts* and *Sciences*;
That mends the groſs Miſtakes of *Nature*,
And puts new Life into dull Matter;
That lays Foundation for *Renown*,
And all the *Honours* of the *Gown*:
This ſuffer'd, they are ſet at large,
And *freed* with hon'rable Diſcharge:
Then in their *Robes*, the *Penitentials*
Are ſtreight preſented with *Credentials*,
And in their way attended on
By *Magiſtrates* of ev'ry Town:

And all Reſpect and Charges paid,
They're to their ancient *Seats* convey'd.
Now if you'll venture, for my Sake,
To try the Toughneſs of your *Back*,
And ſuffer (as the reſt have done)
The laying of a *Whipping* on;
(And may you proſper in your Suit,
As you with equal Vigour do't)
I here engage my ſelf to looſe ye,
And free your *Heels* from *Caperdewſie*.
But ſince our *Sex*'s Modeſty
Will not allow I ſhould be by,
Bring me on *Oath*, a fair Account,
And *Honour* too, when you have don't;
And I'll admit you to the Place
You claim as *due* in my good Grace.
If *Matrimony* and *Hanging* go
By *Deſt'ny*, why not *Whipping* too?
What Med'cine elſe can cure the *Fits*.
Of *Lovers*, when they loſe their *Wits*?
Love is a *Boy* by *Poets* ſtil'd,
Then *Spare the Rod, and ſpoil the Child.*
A *Perſian* Emp'ror whipp'd his Grannam
The Sea, his Mother *Venus* came on;
And hence ſome Rev'rend Men approve
Of *Roſemary* in making *Love*.
As skilful *Cooper's* hoop their Tubs
With *Lydian* and with *Phrygian* Dubs;
Why may not *Whipping* have as good
A Grace, perform'd in Time and Mood,
With comely Movement, and by *Art*,
Raiſe Paſſion in a *Lady*'s Heart:
It is an eaſier Way to make
Love by, than that which many take.

Who would not rather ſuffer *Whipping*,
Than ſwallow *Toaſts* of Bits of *Ribbon*?
Make wicked *Verſes*, *Treats*, and *Faces*,
And ſpell Names over with *Beer-Glaſſes*?
Be under Vows to *hang* and *die*
Love's Sacrifice, and all a *Lie*?
With *China-Oranges*, and *Tarts*,
And whining *Plays*, lay Baits for Hearts?
Bribe *Chamber-Maids* with *Love* and *Mony*,
To break no Roguiſh *Jeſts* upon ye?
For Lillies limn'd on *Cheeks*, and Roſes,
With painted Perfumes, hazard Noſes?
Or vent'ring to be briſk and wanton,
Do Penance in a *Paper Lanthorn*?
All this you may compound for now,
By ſuffering what I offer you,
Which is no more than has been done,
By *Knights* for *Ladies* long agone:
Did not the Great *La Mancha* do ſo,
For the *Infanta Del Toboſo*?
Did not th' Illuſtrious *Baſſa* make
Himſelf a *Slave* for *Miſſe*'s ſake?
And with Bull's-Pizzle, for her *Love*,
Was taw'd as gentle as a Glove?
Was not young *Florio* ſent (to cool
His Flame for *Biancaſore*) to School,
Where *Pedant* made his *Pathick* Bum
For her ſake ſuffer *Martyrdom*?
Did not a certain *Lady* whip
Of late her Husband's own Lordſhip?
And tho' a Grandee of the *Houſe*,
Claw'd him with *Fundamental* Blows;
Ty'd him ſtark-naked to a Bed-poſt;
And firk'd his Hide as if ſh' had rid Poſt;

And after in the *Seſſions-Court*,
Where *Whipping*'s judg'd, had *Honour* for't?
This *ſwear* you will perform, and then
I'll free you from th' Inchanted *Den*,
And the *Magician* Circle clear.
Quoth he, I do *profeſs* and *ſwear*,
And will perform what you enjoin,
Or may I never ſee you *mine*.
Amen, (quoth ſhe) Then turn'd about,
And bid her *Squire* let him out.
But e'er an *Artiſt* cou'd be found
T' undo the *Charms*, another bound;
The *Sun* grew low, and left the Skies,
Put down (ſome write) by *Ladies* Eyes;
The *Moon* pull'd off her Veil of Light,
That hides her Face by Day from Sight,
(Myſterious Veil, of Brightneſs made,
That's both her Luſtre, and her Shade)
And in the Lanthorn of the Night,
With ſhining Horns hung out her Light:
For Darkneſs is the proper Sphere,
Where all falſe Glories uſe t' appear.
The twinkling *Stars* began to muſter,
And glitter with their borrow'd Luſtre:
While Sleep the weary'd *World* reliev'd,
By counterfeiting *Death* reviv'd.
Our *Vot'ry* thought it beſt t'adjourn
His *whipping* Penance till the Morn,
And not to carry on a *Work*
Of ſuch *Importance* in the Dark,
With erring Haſte, but rather ſtay,
And do't in th'open Face of *Day*;
And in the mean Time, go in queſt
Of next *Retreat* to take his Reſt.

The ARGUMENT of The SECOND *CANTO*.

The Knight *and* Squire *in hot Diſpute,*
Within an Ace of falling out,
Are parted with a ſudden Fright
Of ſtrange Alarm, and ſtranger Sight;
With which adventuring to ſtickle,
They're ſent away in naſty Pickle.

CANTO II.

'TIS ſtrange how ſome Mens Tempers ſuit
(Like *Bawd* and *Brandee*) with Diſpute,
That for their own *Opinions* ſtand faſt,
Only to have them claw'd and canvaſt;
That keep their *Conſciences* in Caſes,
As *Fidlers* do their *Crowds* and *Baſes*,
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
To play a Fit for *Argument*.
Make *true* and *falſe*, *unjuſt* and *juſt*,
Of no Uſe but to be diſcuſt,
Diſpute and ſet a *Paradox*,
Like a ſtrait Boot upon the Stocks,

And ſtretch it more unmercifully,
Than *Helmont*, *Mountaign*, *White*, or *Tully*.
So th' Ancient *Stoicks* in their Porch,
With fierce Diſpute maintain'd their *Church*,
Beat out their Brains in Fight and Study,
To prove that *Virtue* is a *Body*;
That *Bonum* is an *Animal*,
Made good with ſtout *Polemick* Braul:
In which, ſome Hundreds on the Place
Were ſlain out-right, and many a Face
Retrench'd of *Noſe*, and *Eyes*, and *Beard*,
To maintain what their *Sect* averr'd.
All which the *Knight* and *Squire* in Wrath
Had like t'have ſuffer'd for their Faith;
Each ſtriving to make good his own,
As by the *Sequel* ſhall be ſhown.
The Sun had long ſince in the Lap
Of *Thetis* taken out his *Nap*,
And like a *Lobſter* boil'd, the *Morn*
From *Black* to *Red* began to turn:
When *Hudibras*, whom Thoughts and Aking
'Twixt ſleeping kept all Night, and waking,
Began to rub his drowſie Eyes,
And from his Couch prepar'd to riſe;
Reſolving to diſpatch the Deed
He vow'd to do with truſty Speed,
But firſt, with knocking loud and bauling,
He rouz'd the *Squire*, in *Truckle* lolling;
And, after many Circumſtances,
Which vulgar *Authors* in *Romances*
Do uſe to ſpend their *Time* and *Wits* on,
To make impertinent Deſcription,
They got (with much ado) to *Horſe*,
And to the *Caſtle* bent their Courſe,

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In which, he to the *Dame* before
To ſuffer *Whipping* duly ſwore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharneſt,
To carry on the Work in earneſt,
He ſtopt, and paus'd upon the ſudden,
And with a ſerious Forehead plodding,
Sprung a new Scruple in his Head,
Which firſt he ſcratch'd, and after ſaid;
Whether it be direct *infringing*
An *Oath*, if I ſhou'd wave this *ſwinging*,
And what I've ſworn to bear, forbear,
And ſo b' *Equivocation* ſwear;
Or whether 't be a leſſer *Sin*
To be forſworn, than act the Thing,
Are deep and ſubtil *Points*, which muſt,
T'inform my Conſcience, be diſcuſt;
In which to *err* a Tittle may
To *Errors* infinite make way:
And therefore I deſire to know
Thy *Judgment*, e'er we farther go.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Since you do injoin't,
I ſhall enlarge upon the *Point*;
And, for my own Part, do not doubt,
Th' *Affirmative* may be made out.
But firſt, to *ſtate* the *Caſe* aright,
For beſt advantage of our Light;
And thus 'tis: Whether 't be a Sin
To *claw* and *curry* your own *Skin*,
Greater, or leſs, than to forbear,
And that you are forſworn, forſwear.
But firſt, o'th' firſt: The *Inward Man*,
And *Outward*, like a *Clan* and *Clan*,
Have always been at Daggers-drawing,
And one another Clapper-clawing:

Not that they really Cuff, or Fence,
But in a Spiritual *Myſtick* Senſe;
Which to miſtake, and make 'em ſquabble,
In literal Fray's abominable:
'Tis Heathenish, in frequent uſe
With *Pagans*, and *Apoſtate Jews*,
To offer Sacrifice of *Bridewells*;
Like Modern *Indians* to their *Idols*,
And mungril *Chriſtians* of our Times,
That exp'ate leſs with greater *Crimes*;
And call the foul *Abomination*
Contrition, and *Mortification*.
Is't not enough we're bruis'd and kicked
With ſinful Members of the Wicked;
Our Veſſels, that are *ſanctify'd*,
Profan'd and *curry'd*, back and ſide;
But we muſt claw our ſelves with ſhameful
And Heathen Stripes, by their Example?
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is *Impious*, becauſe they did it.
This therefore may be juſtly reckon'd
A *Heinous* Sin. Now to the ſecond,
That *Saints* may claim a *Diſpenſation*
To *ſwear* and *forſwear*, on Occaſion,
I doubt not, but it will appear
With pregnant Light. The *Point* is clear;
Oaths are but *Words*, and *Words* but *Wind*;
Too feeble Implements to *bind*;
And hold with *Deeds* Proportion, ſo
As *Shadows* to a *Subſtance* do.
Then when they ſtrive for *Place*, 'tis fit
The *weaker Veſſel* ſhou'd ſubmit:
Altho' your *Church* be oppoſite
To ours, as *Black Friars* are to *White*,

In *Rule* and *Order*; yet I grant
You are a *Reformado Saint*;
And what the *Saints* do claim as due,
You may pretend a Title to:
But *Saints*, whom *Oaths* or *Vows* oblige,
Know little of their *Privilege*;
Farther (I mean) than carrying on
Some Self-advantage of their own:
For if the *Dev'l*, to ſerve his turn,
Can tell *Truth*, why the *Saints* ſhou'd ſcorn,
When it ſerves theirs, to *ſwear* and *lie*,
I think there's little Reaſon why:
Elſe h' has a greater Pow'r than they,
Which 'twere Impiety to ſay;
W'are not commanded to forbear
Indef'nitely at all to *ſwear*;
But to *ſwear* idly, and in vain,
Without Self-Intereſt or Gain;
For breaking of an *Oath*, and *Lying*,
Is but a kind of *Self-denying*,
A *Saint-like Virtue*, and from hence
Some have broke *Oaths* by *Providence:*
Some, to the *Glory of the Lord*,
Perjur'd themſelves, and broke their Word:
And this the conſtant *Rule* and *Practice*
Of all our late *Apoſtles Acts* is.
Was not the *Cauſe* at firſt begun
With *Perjury*, and carry'd on?
Was there an *Oath* the *Godly* took,
But in due Time and Place they broke?
Did we not bring our *Oaths* in firſt,
Before our *Plate*, to have them burſt,
And caſt in fitter *Models* for
The preſent uſe of *Church* and *War*?

Did not our *Worthies* of the *Houſe*,
Before they broke the *Peace*, break *Vows*?
For having freed us, firſt from both
Th' *Allegiance* and *Supremac'-Oath*:
Did they not next compel the *Nation*,
To take and break the *Proteſtation*?
To *ſwear*, and after to *recant*
The *Solemn League and Covenant*?
To take th' *Engagement*, and diſclaim it,
Enforc'd by thoſe who firſt did frame it?
Did they not ſwear at firſt to *fight*
For the KING's *Safety*, and His *Right*;
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with *Horſe* and *Foot*;
But yet ſtill had the Confidence
To ſwear, it was in his *Defence*?
Did they not ſwear to *live* and *die*
With *Eſſex*, and ſtraight laid him by?
If that were all, for ſome have ſwore
As falſe as they, if th' did no more.
Did they not ſwear to maintain *Law*,
In which that *ſwearing* made a *Flaw*?
For *Proteſtant Religion* Vow,
That did that *Vowing* diſallow?
For *Privilege* of *Parliament*,
In which that *ſwearing* made a *Rent*?
And ſince of all the *three*, not one
Is left in Being, 'tis well known.
Did they not *ſwear*, in expreſs Words,
To prop and back the *Houſe of Lords*!
And after-turn'd out the whole *Houſe-full*
Of *Peers*, as dang'rous, and unuſeful?
So *Cromwell*, with deep *Oaths* and *Vows*,
Swore all the *Commons* out o' th' *Houſe*,

Vow'd that the *Red-Coats* wou'd disband,
Ay marry wou'd he, at their Command.
And troll'd them on, and *ſwore*, and *ſwore*,
Till th' *Army* turn'd 'em out of *Door*:
This tells us plainly what they thought,
That *Oaths* and *Swearing* go for nought,
And that by them th' were only meant
To ſerve for an *Expedient*:
What was the *Publick Faith* found out for;
But to flur Men of what they fought for?
The *Publick Faith*, which ev'ry one
Is bound t' obſerve, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why
Should *Private Faith* have ſuch a Tie?
Oaths were not purpos'd, more than *Laws*
To keep the *Good* and *Juſt* in awe,
But to confine the *Bad* and *Sinful*,
Like Moral *Cattle* in a *Pinfold*.
A *Saint*'s o' th' Heav'nly Realm a *Peer*,
And as no *Peer* is bound to *ſwear*,
But on the *Goſpel* of his *Honour*,
Of which he may diſpoſe, as *Owner*;
It follows, tho' the thing be *Forg'ry*,
And falſe, th' affirm, it is no *Perj'ry*,
But a meer *Cer'mony*; and breach
Of nothing, but a Form of Speech;
And goes for no more when 'tis took,
Than meer *ſaluting* of the *Book*.
Suppoſe the *Scriptures* are of Force,
They're but *Commiſſions* of Courſe,
And *Saints* have freedom to digreſs,
And vary from 'em as they pleaſe,
Or miſ-interpret them by *private*
Inſtruction, to all *Aims* they drive at:

Then why ſhould we our ſelves *abridge*,
And *curtail* our own *Privilege*?
Quakers (that, like to *Lanthorns*, bear
Their Light within 'em) will not *ſwear*.
Their *Goſpel* is an *Accidence*,
By which they conſtrue *Conſcience*,
And hold no *Sin* ſo deeply *red*,
As that of breaking *Priſcian*'s Head,
(The *Head* and *Founder* of their *Order*,
That ſtirring *Hats* held worſe than Murder.)
Theſe thinking th' are oblig'd to *Troth*
In *ſwearing*, will not take an *Oath*:
Like Mules, who if th' have not their Will
To keep their own Pace, ſtand ſtock-ſtill;
But they are weak, and little know
What Free-born *Conſciences* may do.
'Tis the *Temptation* of the Devil,
That makes all human Actions evil:
For *Saints* may do the ſame things by
The *Spirit*, in Sincerity,
Which other Men are tempted to,
And at the Devil's inſtance do;
And yet the Actions be contrary,
Juſt as the *Saints* and *Wicked* vary.
For as on Land there is no *Beaſt*,
But in ſome *Fiſh* at Sea's expreſt;
So in the *Wicked* there's no *Vice*,
Of which the *Saints* have not a Spice;
And yet that thing that's *pious* in
The one, in t' other is a *Sin*.
Is't not *Ridiculous* and *Nonſence*,
A *Saint* ſhou'd be a Slave to *Conſcience*?
That ought to be above ſuch Fancies,
As far as above *Ordinances*?

She's of the *Wicked*, as I gueſs,
B' her *Looks*, her *Language*, and her *Dreſs*;
And tho', like *Conſtables*, we ſearch
For falſe Wares one another's *Church*;
Yet all of us hold this for true,
No Faith is to the Wicked due;
For *Truth* is *Precious* and *Divine*,
Too rich a *Pearl* for *Carnal Swine*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, All this is true,
Yet 'tis not fit that all Men knew
Theſe *Myſteries* and *Revelations*;
And therefore *Topical* Evaſions
Of ſubtle *Turns* and *Shifts* of Senſe,
Serve beſt with th' *Wicked* for Pretence,
Such as the Learned *Jeſuits* uſe,
And *Preſbyterians*, for Excuſe,
Againſt the *Proteſtants*, when th' happen
To find their *Churches* taken napping:
As thus: A breach of *Oaths* is *Duple*,
And either way admits a *Scruple*,
And may be *ex parte* o' th' *Maker*,
More Criminal than th' injur'd *Taker*.
For he that ſtrains too far a *Vow*,
Will break it, like an o'er-bent *Bow*:
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it.
Not he that for Convenience took it:
A brok'n Oath is, *quat'nus Oath*,
As ſound t' all purpoſes of *Troth*,
As broken *Laws* are ne'er the worſe,
Nay, till th' are broken have no force.
What's *Juſtice* to a Man of *Laws*,
That never comes within their Claws;
They have no Pow'r, but to admoniſh,
Cannnot controul, coerce, or puniſh,

Until they're broken, and then touch
Thoſe only that do make 'em ſuch.
Beſide, n' *Engagement* is allow'd
By Men in *Priſon* made for Good;
For when they're ſet at *Liberty*,
They're from th' *Engagement* too ſet free:
The *Rabbins* write, when any *Jew*
Did make to *God* or *Man* a *Vow*,
Which afterward he found untoward,
And ſtubborn to be kept, or too hard:
Any three other *Jews* o' th' *Nation*,
Might free him from the *Obligation*:
And have not two *Saints* pow'r to uſe
A greater *Privilege* than three *Jews*!
The *Court* of *Conſcience*, which in *Mat*
Should be *Supreme* and *Sovereign*,
Is't fit ſhould be *Subordinate*
To ev'ry petty *Court* i' th' State,
And have leſs Power than the *leſſer*,
To deal with *Perjury* at Pleaſure?
Have its Proceedings diſallow'd, or
Allow'd, at Fancy of *Py-Powder*?
Tell all it does or does not know,
For Swearing *ex Officio*?
Be forc'd t' impeach a broken Hedge,
And *Pigs* unring'd at *Viſ. Franc. Pledge*;
Diſcover *Thieves*, and *Bawds*, *Recuſants*,
Prieſts, *Witches*, *Eves-droppers*, and *Nuſance*;
Tell who did play at Games unlawful,
And who fill'd *Pots* of *Ale* but half-full;
And have no pow'r at all, nor ſhift,
To help it ſelf at a dead Lift?
Why ſhould not *Conſcience* have *Vacation*
As well as other Courts o' th' Nation;

Have equal Power to adjourn,
Appoint *Appearance* and *Return*;
And make as nice diſtinction ſerve
To ſplit a Caſe, as thoſe that carve,
Invoking Cuckolds Names, hit Joints?
Why ſhou'd not Tricks as Slight do Points?
Is not th' *High-Court* of *Juſtice* ſworn
To Judge that Law that ſerves their *turn?*
Make their own Jealouſies High-Treaſon,
And fix 'em whomſoe'er they pleaſe on?
Cannot the *Learned Council* there
Make Laws in any Shape appear?
Mold 'em as *Witches* do their Clay,
When they make *Pictures* to deſtroy?
And vex 'em into any Form
That fits their purpoſe to do harm?
Rack 'em until they do confeſs,
Impeach of Treaſon whom they pleaſe,
And moſt perfidiouſly condemn
Thoſe that engag'd their *Lives* for them?
And yet do nothing in their own Senſe,
But what they ought by *Oath* and *Conſcience.*
Can they not juggle, and with ſlight
Conveyance play with *Wrong* and *Right*;
And ſell their Blaſts of *Wind* as dear
As *Lapland Witches* bottled *Air*?
Will not *Fear*, *Favour*, *Bribe*, and *Grudge*,
The ſame Caſe ſev'ral ways adjudge?
As Seaman with the ſelf-ſame *Gale*,
Will ſev'ral diff'rent Courſes ſail;
As when the *Sea* breaks o'er its Bounds,
And overflows the level Grounds,
Thoſe *Banks* and *Damms*, that like a *Skreen*
Did keep it out, now keep it in:

So when *Tyrannick Uſurpation*
Invades the Freedom of a *Nation*,
The *Laws* o' th' Land, that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it.
Does not in *Chanc'ry* ev'ry Man *ſwear*
What makes beſt for him in his Anſwer?
Is not the winding up *Witneſſes*
A nicking more than half the Bus'neſs?
For *Witneſſes*, like *Watches* go
Juſt as they're ſet, too faſt or ſlow,
And where in *Conſcience* th' are ſtreight lac'd.
'Tis ten to one that Side is caſt.
Do not your *Juries* give their *Verdict*
As if they felt the *Cauſe*, not heard it?
And as they pleaſe, *Make Matter of Fact*
Run all on one ſide, as t h' are pack't?
Nature has made Man's Breaſt no *Windores*,
To publiſh what he does within Doors;
Nor what dark Secrets there inhabit,
Unleſs his own raſh Folly blab it.
If *Oaths* can do a Man no good
In his own Bus'neſs, why they ſhou'd
In other matters do him hurt,
I think there's little Reaſon for't.
He that impoſes an *Oath*, makes it;
Not he that for Convenience takes it;
Then how can any Man be ſaid,
To break an *Oath* he never made?
Theſe *Reaſons* may perhaps look odly
To th' *Wicked*, tho' th' evince the *Godly*;
But if they will not ſerve to clear
My *Honour*, I am ne'er the near.
Honour is like a glaſſy Bubble,
That finds *Philoſophers* ſuch trouble,

Whoſe leaſt part crack'd, the whole does fly,
And *Wits* are crack'd to find out why.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Honour's but a Word
To Swear by only in a *Lord*:
In other Men 'tis but a Huff,
To vapour with inſtead of Proof;
That like a *Wen*, looks big and ſwells,
Is ſenſeleſs, and juſt nothing elſe.
Let it (quoth he) be what it will,
It has the *World*'s Opinion ſtill.
But as Men are not *Wiſe* that run
The ſlighteſt *Hazard* they may ſhun;
There may a *Medium* be found out
To clear to all the *World* the Doubt;
And that is, if a Man may do't,
By *Proxy* whipt, or Subſtitute.
Tho' nice and dark the Point appear,
(Quoth *Ralph*) it may hold up and clear.
That *Sinners* may ſupply the Place,
Of Suff'ring *Saints*, is a plain *Caſe*.
Juſtice gives Sentence many times
On one Man for another's *Crimes*.
Our *Brethren* of *New-England* uſe
Choice *Malefactors* to excuſe,
And *Hang* the *Guiltleſs* in their ſtead,
Of whom the *Churches* have leſs need:
As lately 't happen'd in a Town,
There liv'd a *Cobler*, and but one,
That out of *Doctrine* could cut *Uſe*,
And mend Mens *Lives* as well as *Shoes*.
This precious *Brother* having ſlain,
In times of *Peace*, an *Indian*,
(Not out of *Malice*, but meer *Zeal*,
Becauſe he was an *Infidel*)

The mighty *Tottipottymoy*
Sent to our *Elders* an *Envoy*;
Complaining ſorely of the *Breach*
Of *League*, held forth by Brother *Patch*,
Againſt the *Articles* in force
Between both *Churches*, his and ours,
For which he crav'd the *Saints* to render
Into his Hands, or hang th' *Offender*:
But they maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' th' Trade,
(A Man that ſerv'd them in a double
Capacity, to *Teach* and *Cobble*,)
Reſolv'd to ſpare him; yet to do
The *Indian Hoghgan Moghgan* too
Impartial Juſtice, in his ſtead did
Hang an old *Weaver* that was Bed-rid.
Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd,
And in your room another *whipp'd*?
For all *Philoſophers*, but the *Sceptick*,
Hold *Whipping* may be *Sympathetick*.
It is enough, quoth *Hudibras*,
Thou haſt reſolv'd, and clear'd the *Caſe*;
And canſt in *Conſcience* not refuſe
From thy own *Doctrine* to raiſe *Uſe*:
I know thou wilt not (for my ſake)
Be tender-conſcienc'd of thy Back;
Then ſtrip thee of thy Carnal *Jerkin*,
And give thy *outward-fellow* a Ferking;
For when thy *Veſſel* is new *hoop'd*,
All Leaks of *ſinning* will be ſtop'd.
Quoth *Ralpho*, You miſtake the matter:
For in all *Scruples* of this Nature,
No Man includes himſelf, nor turns
The *Point* upon his own Concerns.

As no Man of his own ſelf catches
The *Itch*, or amorous *French-aches:*
So no Man does himſelf convince,
By his own Doctrine, of his *Sins:*
And tho' all cry down Self, none means
His own ſelf in a *lit'ral Senſe:*
Beſide, it is not only *Foppiſh*,
But *Vile*, *Idolatrous* and *Popiſh*;
For one Man out of his own Skin,
To ferk and whip another's *Sin:*
As *Pedants* out of *School-Boys* Breeches
Do claw and curry their own Itches.
But in this Caſe it is Prophane,
And Sinful too, becauſe in vain:
For we muſt take our *Oaths* upon it,
You did the *Deed*, when I have done it.
Quoth *Hudibras*, That's anſwer'd ſoon;
Give us the *Whip*, we'll lay it on.
Quoth *Ralpho*, That we may ſwear true,
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you:
For when with your Conſent 'tis done,
The *Act* is really your own.
Quoth *Hudibras*, It is in vain
(I ſee) to argue 'gainſt the grain;
Or, like the Stars, incline Men to
What they're averſe themſelves to do:
For when *Diſputes* are weary'd out,
'Tis *Int'reſt* that reſolves the Doubt:
But ſince no Reaſon can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your *Duty*;
For ſo it is, howe'er you mince it,
As e'er we part I ſhall evince it;
And *Curry* (if you ſtand out) whether
You will or no, your *ſtubborn Leather*.

Canſt thou refuſe to bear thy part,
I'th' publick *Work*, baſe as thou art?
To higgle thus for a few Blows,
To gain thy *Knight* an op'lent *Spouſe*;
Whoſe *Wealth* his *Bowels* yearn to purchaſe,
Meerly for th' Int'reſt of the *Churches*?
And when he has it in his Claws,
Will not be hide-bound to the *Cauſe*;
Nor ſhalt thou find him a *Curmudgin*,
If thou diſpatch it without grudging:
If not, reſolve before we go,
That you and I muſt pull a Crow.
Y' had beſt (quoth *Ralpho*) as the *Ancients*
Say wiſely, *Have a care o' th' main Chance*,
And look before you e'er you leap;
For as you Sow, y' are like to Reap:
And were y' as good as *George-a-Green*,
I ſhall make bold to turn agen;
Nor am I doubtful of the Iſſue
In a juſt *Quarrel*; and mine is ſo.
Is't fitting for a Man of *Honour*
To whip the *Saints*, like *Biſhop Bonner*?
A *Knight* t' uſurp the *Beadle*'s Office,
For which y' are like to raiſe brave *Trophies*:
But I adviſe you (not for Fear,
But for your own ſake) to forbear;
And for the *Church*'s, which may chance
From hence to ſpring a Variance;
And raiſe among themſelves new *Scruples*,
Whom common *Danger* hardly couples.
Remember how, in *Arms* and *Politicks*,
We ſtill have worſted all your Holy Tricks;
Trepann'd your Party with *Intrigue*,
And took your *Grandees* down a Peg;

New modell'd th' *Army*, and *Caſhier'd*
All that to *Legion SMEC* adher'd;
Made a meer Utenſil of your *Church*,
And after left it in the Lurch,
A Scaffold to build up our own,
And when w' had done with't pull'd it down;
Capoch'd your *Rabbins* of the *Synod*,
And ſnap'd their *Canons* with a *Why-not*.
(Grave *Synod-Men*, that were rever'd
For ſolid Face and depth of *Beard*)
Their *Claſſick Model* prov'd a Maggot,
Their *Direct'ry* an *Indian Pagod*,
And drown'd their *Diſc'pline* like a Kitten,
On which th' had been ſo long a Sitting:
Decry'd it as a *Holy Cheat*,
Grown out of Date, and obſolete,
And all the *Saints* of the firſt Graſs,
As Caſtling *Foals* of *Bal'am's Aſs*.
At this the *Knight* grew high in Chafe,
And ſtaring fur'ouſly on *Ralph*,
He trembled, and look'd pale with Ire,
Like Aſhes firſt, then Red as Fire.
Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in Fight,
And for ſo many *Moons* lain by't;
And when all other means did fail,
Have been exchang'd for *Tubs* of *Ale*?
Not but they thought me worth a *Ranſome*,
Much more conſid'rable and handſome,
But for their own ſakes, and for fear
They were not ſafe when I was there;
Now to be baffled by a *Scoundrel*,
An upſtart *Sect'ry*, and a *Mungrel*;
Such as breed out of peccant Humours
Of our own *Church*, like Wens, or Tumours

And like a *Maggot* in a *Sore*,
Wou'd that which gave it Life devour;
It never ſhall be done or ſaid:
With that he ſeiz'd upon his *Blade*;
And *Ralpho* too, as quick and bold,
Upon his *Basket-hilt* laid hold,
With equal Readineſs prepar'd
To draw, and ſtand upon his Guard:
When both were parted on the ſudden,
With hideous *Clamour*, and a loud one,
As if all ſorts of *Noiſe* had bin
Contracted into one loud *Din*;
Or that ſome Member to be choſen,
Had got the *odds* above a *Thouſand*;
And by the greatneſs of his Noiſe
Prov'd fitteſt for his *Country*'s Choice:
This ſtrange Surprizal put the *Knight*
And wrathful *Squire* into a Fright;
And tho' they ſtood prepar'd, with fatal,
Impetuous Rancour to join *Battel*;
Both thought it was the wiſeſt Courſe
To wave the Fight, and mount to *Horſe*;
And to ſecure, by ſwift retreating,
Themſelves from danger of worſe *beating*.
Yet neither of them wou'd diſparage,
By utt'ring of his Mind, his Courage,
Which made 'em ſtoutly keep their Ground,
With Horror and Diſdain wind-bound.
And now the Cauſe of all their *Fear*
By ſlow degrees approach'd ſo near,
They might diſtinguiſh diff'rent Noiſe
Of *Horns*, and *Pans*, and *Dogs*, and *Boys*,
And *Kettle-Drums*, whoſe ſullen Dub
Sounds like the hooping of a Tub:

But when the Sight appe
They found it was an A
A *Triumph*, that for Pon
Did proudeſt *Romans* em
For as the *Aldermen* of
Their Foes at Training
And not enlarging *Terri*
(As ſome miſtaken writ
Being mounted in their
Upon a *Carre*, and who
And follow'd with a W
That merry *Ditties* troll'
Did ride with many a G
Crying, *hey for our Tow*
So when this *Triumph* d
They might Particulars
They never ſaw two Th
In all reſpects, as This
Firſt, He that led the C
Wore a Sow-gelder's F
On which he blew as ſt
As well-fee'd *Lawyer* on
When over one another
They charge (three Ra
Next *Pans*, and *Kettles*
From *Trebles* down to
And after them, upon
That might paſs for a
A *Cornet* rode, and on h
A Smock diſplay'd did
Then *Bagpipes* of the lo
With ſnuffling broken-w
Whoſe blaſts of Air in
Sound filthier than from

ght appear'd in view,
was an Antick Show:
for Pomp and State,
mans emulate;
ermen of *Rome*,
raining overcome,
ing *Territory*,
ken write in *Story*)
in their best Array,
nd who but they?
ith a World of Tall-*Lads*;
ies troll'd, and *Ballads*,
any a Good-morrow,
our Town, thro' the *Borough*;
riumph drew so nigh,
ticulars descry,
two Things so pat,
as This and That.
ed the *Cavalcade*,
lder's *Flagellet*,
ew as strong a *Levet*,
wyer on his *Breviate*;
another's Heads
hree Ranks at once) like *Sweeds*,
Kettles of all Keys,
wn to *double Base*.
upon a *Nag*,
s for a forehand Stag,
nd on his Staff
y'd did proudly wave;
f the loudest Drones,
roken-winded Tones;
f Air in Pockets shut,
an from the Gut,

And made a viler Noiſe than *Swine*
In windy Wheather when they whine.
Next, one upon a pair of *Panniers*,
Full fraught with that which for good Manners
Shall here be nameleſs, mixt with *Grains*,
Which he diſpens'd amongſt the *Swains*,
And buſily upon the Crowd
At random round about beſtow'd.
Then mounted on a horned *Horſe*,
One bore a *Gauntlet* and *Gilt Spurs*,
Ty'd to the *Pummel* of a long *Sword*
He held reverſt, the Point turn'd downward.
Next after, on a raw-bon'd Steed,
The Conqu'ror's *Standard-bearer* rid,
And bore aloft before the *Champion*
A *Petticoat* diſplay'd, and rampant;
Near whom the *Amazon* triumphant
Beſtrid her *Beaſt*, and on the *Rump* on't
Set *Face* to *Tail*, and *Bum* to *Bum*,
The *Warrior* whilome overcome;
Arm'd with a *Spindle* and a *Diſtaff*,
Which as he rode ſhe made him twiſt off;
And when he loiter'd, o'er her Shoulder
Chaſtiz'd the *Reformado* Soldier.
Before the Dame, and round about,
March'd *Whifflers*, and *Staffiers* on foot,
With *Lackies*, *Grooms*, *Valets* and *Pages*,
In fit and proper Equipages;
Of whom, ſome Torches bore, ſome Links,
Before the proud *Virago-Minx*,
That was both *Madam*, and a *Don*,
Like *Nero*'s *Sporus*, or *Pope Joan*;
And at fit Periods the whole Rout
Set up their Throats with clam'rous Shout.

The *Knight* tranſported, and the *Squire*,
Put up their Weapons and their Ire;
And *Hudibras*, who us'd to ponder
On ſuch Sights, with judicious Wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His *An'madverſions*, for his Heart.
Quoth he, In all my Life till now
I ne'er ſaw ſo Prophane a *Show*,
It is a *Paganiſh* Invention,
Which *Heathen* Writers often mention:
And he who made it had read *Goodwin*,
Or *Roſs*, or *Cælius Rodigine*:
With all the *Grecians*, *Speeds* and *Stows*,
That beſt deſcribe thoſe Ancient Shows;
And has obſerv'd all fit *Decorums*
We find deſcrib'd by old *Hiſtor'ans*:
For as the *Roman Conqueror*,
That put an end to Foreign *War*,
Ent'ring the *Town* in Triumph for it,
Bore a Slave with him in his Char'ot:
So this inſulting *Female Brave*
Carries behind her here a *Slave*;
And as the *Ancients* long ago,
When they in Field defy'd the Foe,
Hung out their *Mantles Della Guerre*;
So her proud *Standard-Bearer* here
Waves on his Spear, in dreadful manner,
A *Tyrian-Petticoat* for *Banner*:
Next Links, and Torches, heretofore
Still born before the *Emperour*:
And as in *Antick Triumphs*, *Eggs*
Were born for myſtical Intrigues;
There's one with Truncheon, like a Ladle,
That carries *Eggs* too, freſh or addle;

And ſtill at random, as he goes,
Among the Rabble-rout beſtows.
Quoth *Ralpho*, You miſtake the matter;
For all th' *Antiquity* you ſmatter,
Is but a *Riding*, us'd of Courſe,
When the *Grey Mare's the better Horſe*;
When o'er the Breeches greedy *Women*
Fight, to extend their vaſt *Dominion*;
And in the Cauſe Impatient *Grizel*
Has drubb'd her Husband with *Bull's Pizzle*,
And brought him under *Covert-Baron*,
To turn her *Vaſſal* with a *Murrain*;
When Wives their Sexes ſhift, like *Hares*,
And ride their Husbands, like *Night-Mares*,
And they in mortal *Battle* vanquiſh'd,
Are of their *Charter* diſ-enfranchis'd,
And by the right of War, like *Gills*,
Condemn'd to *Diſtaff*, *Horns* and *Wheels*;
For when Men by their Wives are cow'd,
Their *Horns* of courſe are underſtood.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou ſtill giv'ſt Sentence
Impertinently, and againſt Sence:
'Tis not the leaſt diſparagement,
To be defeated by th' event
Nor to be beaten by main *force*,
That does not make a *Man* the worſe,
Altho' his Shoulders with *Battoon*
Be claw'd and cudgel'd to ſome tune;
A *Taylor's* Prentice has no hard
Meaſure, that's bang'd with a true Yard;
But to turn *Tail*, or run away,
And without Blows give up the Day;
Or to ſurrender e'er th' *Aſſault*,
That's no Man's Fortune, but his Fault;

And renders Men of *Honour* leſs
Than all th'*Adverſ'ty* of Succeſs;
And only unto ſuch this Shew
Of *Horns* and *Pettiſoats* is due.
There is a leſſer *Profanation*,
Like that the *Romans* call'd *Ovation*:
For as *Ovation* was allow'd
For *Conqueſt*, purchas'd without Blood;
So Men decree thoſe leſſer Shows,
For *Victʼry* gotten without Blows,
By dint of ſharp hard *Words*, which ſome
Give *Battel* with, and overcome;
Theſe mounted in a *Chair Curule*,
Which *Moderns* call a *Cucking-ſtool*,
March proudly to the River's ſide,
And o'er the *Waves*, in *Triumph* ride;
Like Dukes of *Venice*, who are ſed
The *Adriatick Sea* to wed;
And have a gentler *Wife* than thoſe
For whom the *State* decrees thoſe Shows.
But both are *Heatheniſh*, and come
From th' Whores of *Babylon*, and *Rome*;
And by the *Saints* ſhould be withſtood,
As *Antichriſtian* and *Lewd*,
And we as ſuch, ſhould now contribute
Our utmoſt *ſtrugling* to prohibit.
This ſaid, they both advanc'd, and *rode*
A *Dog-Trot* through the bawling Crowd,
T' attack the *Leader*, and ſtill preſt,
Till they approach'd him *breaſt* to *breaſt*:
Then *Hudibras*, with Face and Hand,
Made ſigns for *Silence*; which obtain'd,
What means (quoth he) this Dev'l's *Proceſſion*
With Men of *Orthodox* Profeſſion?

'Tis *Ethnick* and *Idolatrous*,
From *Heathenism* deriv'd to us.
Does not the Whore of *Bab'lon* ride
Upon her *Horned Beast* aſtride,
Like this proud *Dame*, who either is
A Type of her, or ſhe of this?
Are things of Superſtitious *Function*
Fit to be us'd in *Goſpel-Sun-ſhine?*
It is an *Antichriſtian Opera*,
Much us'd in Midnight times of *Popery*;
A running after Self-Inventions
Of wicked and prophane *Intentions*;
To ſcandalize that *Sex*, for ſcolding,
To whom the *Saints* are ſo beholden.
Women, who were our firſt *Apoſtles*,
Without-whoſe aid w' had all been loſt elſe;
Women, that left no Stone unturn'd,
In which the *Cauſe* might be concern'd,
Brought in their Childrens *Spoons* and *Whiſtles*,
To purchaſe *Swords*, *Carbines*, and *Piſtols:*
Their Husbands, *Cullies*, and *Sweet-hearts*,
To take the *Saints* and *Church*'s Parts;
Drew ſev'ral gifted *Brethren* in,
That for the *Biſhops* wou'd have been,
And fix'd 'em conſtant to the *Party*,
With Motives *powerful* and *hearty:*
Their Husbands robb'd, and made hard ſhifts
T' adminiſter unto their *Gifts*
All they cou'd rap and rend, and pilfer,
To Scraps and Ends of Gold and Silver;
Rubb'd down the *Teachers*, tir'd and ſpent
With holding forth for *Parl'ament*;
Pamper'd and edify'd their *Zeal*
With *Marrow-puddings* many a Meal;

Enabled them with ſtore of Meat,
On controverted *Points* to eat;
And cramm'd 'em till their *Guts* did ake,
With *Cawdle*, *Cuſtard*, and *Plumb-cake*.
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the *Cauſe* at *London?*
March'd Rank and File, with *Drum* and *Enſign*,
T' entrench the *City* for Defence in?
Rais'd *Rampiers* with their own ſoft Hands,
To put the Enemy to ſtands;
From *Ladies* down to *Oyſter-Wenches*
Labour'd like *Pioneers* in *Trenches*,
Fell to their *Pick-Axes* and *Tools*,
And help'd the Men to dig like *Moles?*
Have not the *Handmaids* of the *City*
Choſe of their Members a *Committee*,
For raiſing of a *Common Purſe*
Out of their Wages to raiſe *Horſe?*
And do they not as *Triers* ſit,
To judge what *Officers* are fit?
Have they——? At that an *Egg* let fly
Hit him directly o'er the Eye,
And running down his Cheek, beſmear'd
With Orange tawny-ſlime his *Beard*;
But *Beard* and Slime b'ing of one Hue,
The *Wound* the leſs appear'd in view.
Then he that on the *Panniers* rode,
Let fly on t' other ſide a Load;
And quickly charg'd again, gave fully
In *Ralpho*'s Face another *Volley*.
The *Knight* was ſtartled with the Smell,
And for his *Sword* began to feel:
And *Ralpho*, ſmother'd with the Stink,
Graſp'd his; when one that bore a *Link*,

O' th' ſudden clap'd his flaming Cudgel,
Like *Linſtock*, to the Horſe's *touch-hole*;
And ſtreight another with his *Flambeaux*,
Gave *Ralpho* o'er the Eyes a damn'd blow.
The *Beaſts* began to kick and fling,
And forc'd the Rout to make a Ring;
Thro' which they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off from farther Fray.
And tho' diſorder'd in Retreat,
Each of them ſtoutly kept his Seat:
For quitting both their *Swords* and *Reins*,
They graſp'd with all their ſtrength the *Mane*
And to avoid the *Foe*'s purſuit,
With ſpurring put their Cattle to't;
And till all Four were out of Wind,
And Danger too, ne'er look'd behind.
After th' had paus'd a while, ſupplying
Their *Spirits*, ſpent with Fight and Flying,
And *Hudibras* recruited force
Of Lungs for *Action*, or *Diſcourſe*.
Quoth he, That Man is ſure to loſe,
That fouls his *Hands* with durty Foes:
For where no *Honour*'s to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in b'ing maintain'd.
'Twas ill for us, we had to do
With ſo diſhon'rable a Foe:
For tho' the *Law of Arms* doth bar
The uſe of venom'd Shot in *War*;
Yet by the nauſeous Smell, and noiſome,
Their *Caſe-ſhot* ſavours ſtrong of *Poiſon*;
And doubtleſs has been chew'd with Teeth
Of ſome that had a *ſtinking Breath*:
Elſe when we put it to the puſh,
They had not giv'n us ſuch a Bruſh.

But as thoſe *Pultroons* that fling Durt,
Do but defile, but cannot hurt;
So all the *Honour* they have won,
Or we have loſt, is much at one.
'Twas well we made ſo reſolute,
A brave Retreat, without Purſuit;
For if we had not, we had ſped
Much worſe, to be in Triumph led;
Than which the *Ancients* held no ſtate
Of Man's Life more unfortunate.
But if this bold *Adventure* e'er
Do chance to reach the *Widow*'s Ear,
It may, b'ing deſtin'd to aſſert
Her *Sex's Honour*, reach her Heart.
And as ſuch homely Treats (they ſay)
Portend good *Fortune*, ſo this may.
Veſpaſian being dawb'd with Durt,
Was deſtin'd to the Empire for't;
And from a Scavinger did come
To be a mighty Prince in *Rome:*
And why may not this foul Addreſs
Preſage in Love the ſame Succeſs?
Then let us ſtraight, to cleanſe our Wounds,
Advance in queſt of neareſt *Ponds*;
And after (as we firſt *deſign'd*)
Swear I've perform'd what ſhe enjoin'd.

The Argument of The THIRD *CANTO.*

The Knight, *with various Doubts poſſeſt,*
To win the Lady *goes in Queſt*
Of Sidrophel, *the* Roſy-Crucian,
To know the Deſt'nies Reſolution;
With whom being met, they both chop Lo-
About the Science Aſtrologick; [gick,
Till falling from Diſpute to Fight,
The Conj'rer's *worſted by the* Knight.

CANTO III.

DOubtleſs the Pleaſure is as great
Of being *cheated*, as to *cheat*;
As Lookers on feel moſt Delight,
That leaſt perceive a *Jugler*'s Slight;
And ſtill the leſs they underſtand,
The more th' admire his Slight of Hand.
Some with a Noiſe, and greaſie Light,
Are ſnapt, as Men catch *Larks* by Night;
Enſnar'd and hamper'd by the *Soul*,
As Nooſes by the *Legs* catch *Fowl*.

Some with a *Med'cine*, and *Receipt*,
Are drawn to nibble at the *Bait*;
And tho' it be a two-foot *Trout*,
'Tis with a ſingle Hair pull'd out.
Others believe no Voice t'an *Organ*
So ſweet as *Lawyer*'s in his *Bar-gown*;
Until with ſubtle Cobweb-cheats,
Th' are catch'd in knotted *Law*, like *Nets*:
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they ſtir the more they're tangled;
And while their *Purſes* can diſpute,
There's no End of th' immortal Suit.
Others ſtill gape t' anticipate
The Cabinet-Deſigns of *Fate*,
Apply to *Wizards*, to fore-ſee
What ſhall, and what ſhall never be.
And as thoſe *Vultures* do forebode,
Believe Events prove *bad* or *good*.
A ſlam more ſenſeleſs than th' Rog'ry
Of old *Aruſpicy* and *Aug'ry*,
That out of *Garbages* of *Cattle*,
Preſag'd th'Events of *Truce*, or *Battle*
From flight of *Birds*, or *Cickens pecking*,
Succeſs of great'ſt *Attempts* wou'd reckon;
Tho' *Cheats*, yet more intelligible,
Than thoſe that with the *Stars* do fribble.
This *Hudibras* by Proof found true,
As in due Time and Place we'll ſhew:
For he with *Beard* and *Face* made clean,
B'ing mounted on his *Steed* again;
(And *Ralpho* got a Cock-Horſe too
Upon his *Beaſt*, with much ado,)
Advanc'd on for the *Widow*'s Houſe,
T' acquit himſelf, and pay his *Vows*;

When various *Thoughts* began to buſtle,
And with his inward Man to juſtle.
He thought what *Danger* might accrue,
If ſhe ſhou'd find he *ſwore* untrue:
Or, if his *Squire* or he ſhou'd fail,
And not be punctual in their *Tale*;
It might at once the Ruin prove
Both of his *Honour*, *Faith*, and *Love*.
But if he ſhou'd forbear to go,
She might conclude h' had broke his *Vow*?
And that he durſt not now for Shame
Appear in *Court*, to try his *Claim*.
This was the Pen'worth of his *Thought*,
To paſs *Time* and uneaſie *Trot*.
Quoth he, in all my paſt *Adventures*,
I ne'er was ſet ſo on the Tenters;
Or taken tardy with *Dilemma*,
That ev'ry way I turn does hem me;
And with inextricable Doubt,
Beſets my puzzled *Wits* about:
For tho' the *Dame* has been my Bail,
To free me from enchanted *Goal*,
Yet as a *Dog*, committed cloſe
For ſome Offence, by chance breaks looſe,
And quits his *Clog*; but all in vain,
He ſtill draws after him his *Chain*;
So tho' my *Ankle* ſhe has quitted,
My *Heart* continues ſtill committed;
And like a *bail'd* and *main-priz'd Lover*,
Altho' at large, I am bound over.
And when I ſhall appear in *Court*
To plead my *Cauſe*, and anſwer for't,
Unleſs the Judge do partial prove,
What will become of *Me* and *Love*?

For

For if in our Account we vary,
Or but in Circumſtance miſcarry;
Or if ſhe put me to ſtrict Proof,
And make me pull my *Doublet* off,
To ſhew, by evident Record
Writ on my Skin, I've kept my Word,
How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurr'd unto her Favour;
But *Faith*, and *Love*, and *Honour* loſt,
Shall be reduc'd t' a *Knight o' th' Poſt*?
Beſide, that *ſtripping* may prevent
What I'm to prove by *Argument*;
And juſtify I have a *Tail*,
And that way too, my *Proof* may fail.
Oh! that I cou'd enucleate,
And ſolve the *Problems* of my *Fate*;
Or find by *Necromantick Art*,
How far the *Deſtinies* take my Part;
For if I were not more than certain
To *win*, and *wear* her, and her *Fortune*,
I'd go no farther in this *Courtſhip*,
To hazard *Soul*, *Eſtate*, and *Worſhip*;
For tho' an *Oath* obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got,
(As thou haſt prov'd,) yet 'tis *profane*,
And *ſinful*, when Men *ſwear* in *vain*.
Quoth *Ralph*, Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning Man, hight *Sidrophel*,
That deals in *Deſtinies* dark *Counſels*,
And ſage *Opinions* of the *Moon* ſells;
To whom all *People* far and near,
On deep Importances repair;
When *Braſs* and *Pewter* hap to ſtray,
And *Linnen* ſlinks out of theway:

When *Geese* and *Pullen* are seduc'd,
And *Sows* of sucking *Pigs* are chous'd;
When *Cattle* feel Indisposition,
And need th' Opinion of *Physician*;
When *Murrain* reigns in *Hogs* or *Sheep*,
And *Chickens* languish of the *Pip*;
When *Yeast* and outward Means do *fail*,
And have no Pow'r to work on *Ale*;
When *Butter* does refuse to come,
And *Love* proves *cross* and *humoursome*;
To him with *Questions*, and with *Urine*,
They for Discov'ry flock, or *Curing*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sidrophel*
I've heard of, and shou'd like it well;
If thou can'st prove the *Saints* have freedom
To go to *Sorc'rers* when they need 'em.
Says *Ralpho*, There's no doubt of that;
Those *Principles* I quoted late,
Prove that the *Godly* may alledge
For any thing their *Privilege*;
And to the Dev'l himself may go,
If they have *Motives* thereunto.
For as there is a *War* between
The *Dev'l* and *them*, it is no *Sin*,
If they by subtil Stratagem
Make use of *him*, as he does *them*.
Has not this present *Parl'ament*
A *Ledger* to the *Devil* sent,
Fully empower'd to treat about
Finding revolted *Witches* out?
And has not he, within a Year,
Hang'd threescore of 'em in one *Shire*?
Some only for not being *drown'd*,
And some for sitting above Ground

Whole *Days* and *Nights*, upon their *Breeches*,
And feeling Pain, were hang'd for *Witches*.
And ſome for putting *Knaviſh* Tricks
Upon *Green Geeſe*, and *Turky-Chicks*,
Or *Pigs*, that ſuddenly deceaſt
Of Griefs unnat'ral, as he gueſt;
Who after prov'd himſelf a *Witch*,
And made a Rod for his own *Breech*.
Did not the Devil appear to *Martin*
Luther in *Germany*, for certain?
And wou'd have gull'd him with a Trick,
But *Mart.* was too too *Politick?*
Did he not help the *Dutch* to purge
At *Antwerp* their *Cathedral* Church?
Sing Catches to the *Saints* at *Maſcon*,
And tell them all they came to ask him?
Appear in divers Shapes to *Kelly?*
And ſpeak i' th' *Nun* at *Loudon*'s Belly?
Meet with the *Parliament*'s *Committee*
At *Woodſtock* on a Pers'nal Treaty?
At *Sarum* take a *Cavalier*
I' th' *Cauſe*'s Service *Priſoner*?
As *Withers* in immortal Rhime
Has regiſter'd to after-time:
Do not our great *Reformers* uſe
This *Sidrophel* to fore-bode *News*?
To write of *Victories* next Year,
And *Caſtles* taken yet in th' *Air?*
Of Battels fought at *Sea*, and Ships
Sunk two Years hence, the laſt Eclipſe?
A total Overthrow giv'n the *King*
In *Cornwal*, *Horſe* and *Foot*, next Spring?
And has not he Point-blank foretold
Whats'e'er the cloſe *Committee* wou'd?

Made *Mars* and *Saturn* for the *Cauſe*,
The *Moon* for fundamental *Laws*:
The *Ram*, and *Bull*, and *Goat* declare
Againſt the Book of *Common-Pray'r*?
The *Scorpion* take the *Proteſtation*,
And *Bear* engage for *Reformation*;
Made all the *Royal Stars* recant,
Compound and take the *Covenant*?
Quoth *Hudibras*, The Caſe is clear,
The *Saints* may imploy a *Conjurer*;
As thou haſt prov'd it by their *Practice*,
No Argument like Matter of Fact is,
And we are beſt of all led to
Mens *Principles* by what they do;
Then let us ſtraight advance in queſt
Of this profound *Gymnoſophiſt*,
And as the *Fates* and *he* adviſe,
Purſue, or wave this *Enterprize*.
This ſaid, he turn'd about his Steed,
And eftſoons on th' Adventure rid;
Where leave we *Him* and *Ralph* a-while,
And to th' *Conjurer* turn our Stile,
To let our *Reader* underſtand
What's uſeful of him, before-hand.
He had been long t'wards *Mathematicks*,
Opticks, *Philoſophy*, and *Statick*s,
Magick, *Horoſcopy*, *Aſtrology*,
And was *old Dog* at *Phiſiology*;
But, as a *Dog* that turns the Spit,
Beſtirs himſelf, and plies his Feet
To climb the *Wheel*, but all in vain,
His own Weight brings him down again:
And ſtill he's in the ſelf-ſame Place
Where at his ſetting out he was.

So in the *Circle* of the *Arts*,
Did he advance his Nat'ral Parts;
Till falling back ſtill for Retreat,
He fell to *Juggle*, *Cant*, and *Cheat*:
For as thoſe *Fowls* that live in Water
Are never wet, he did but ſmatter;
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His Underſtanding ſtill was clear.
Yet none a deeper Knowledge boaſted,
Since old *Hodg-Bacon*, and *Bob Groſted*.
Th' *Intelligible World* he knew,
And all Men dream on't, to be true:
That in this *World* there's not a *Wart*
That has not there a Counterpart;
Nor can there on the *Face* of Ground
An individual *Beard* be found,
That has not in that Foreign *Nation*
A Fellow of the ſelf-ſame Faſhion;
So *cut*, ſo *colour'd*, and ſo *curl'd*,
As thoſe are in th' *Inferior World*.
H' had read *Dee*'s Prefaces before,
The *Dev'l* and *Euclid* o'er and o'er;
And all th' *Intrigue* 'twixt him and *Kelly*,
Leſcus and th' *Emperor* wou'd tell ye;
But with the *Moon* was more familiar
Than e'er was *Almanack* well-willer.
Her Secrets underſtood ſo clear,
That ſome believ'd he had been there;
Knew when ſhe was in fitteſt Mood,
For cutting *Corns*, or letting *Blood*;
When for anointing *Scabs* or *Itches*,
Or to the *Bum* applying *Leeches*;
When *Sows* and *Bitches* may be ſpay'd,
And in what Sign beſt *Cyder*'s made;

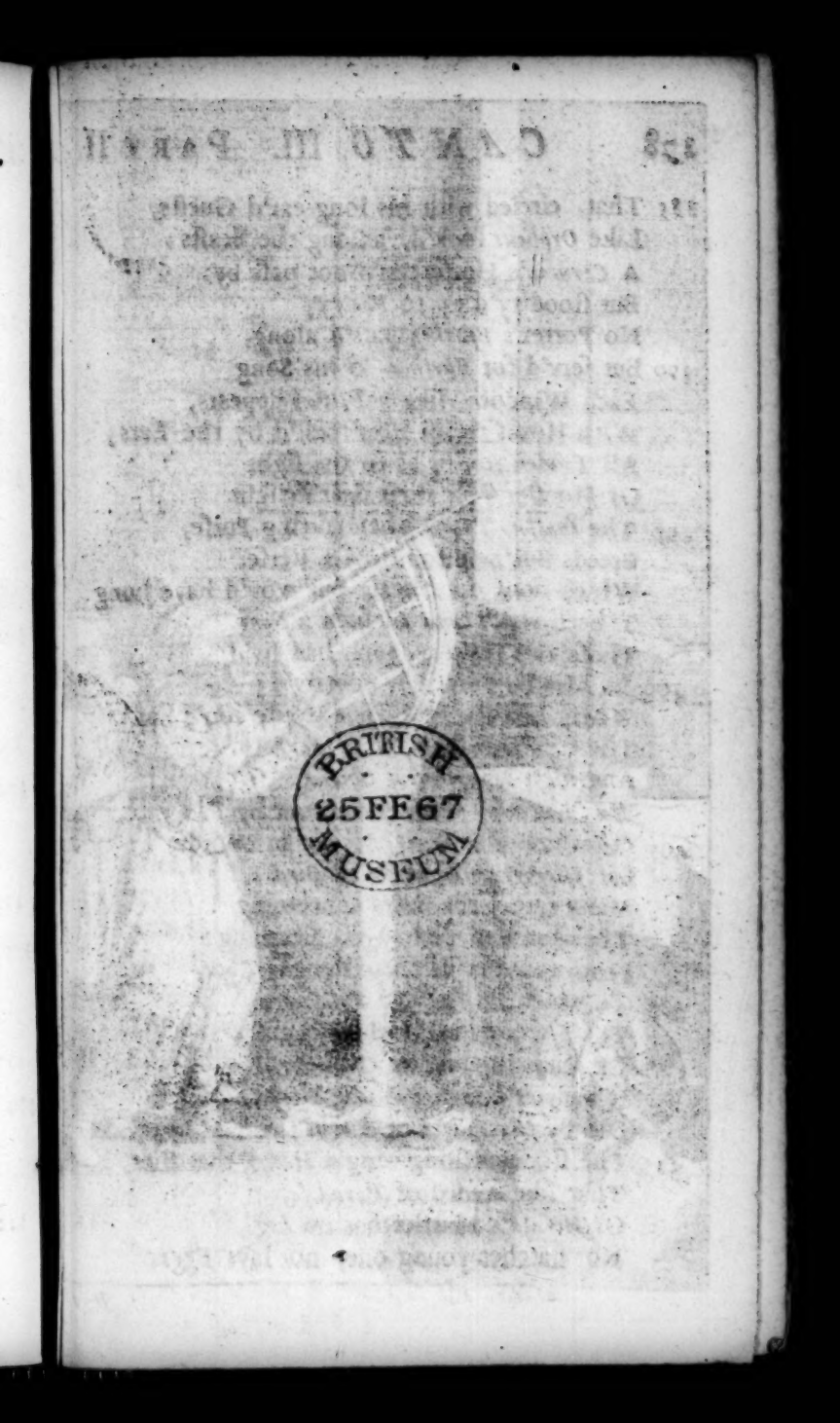
Whether the *Wane* be, or *Increaſe*,
Beſt to ſet *Garlick*, or ſow *Peaſe*.
Who firſt found out the *Man i'th' Moon*,
That to the *Ancients* was unknown;
How many *Dukes*, and *Earls*, and *Peers*,
Are in the *Planetary Spheres*;
Their *Airy Empire*, and Command,
Their ſev'ral Strengths by Sea and Land;
What Factions th' have, and what they drive at
In publick Vogue, or what in private;
With what Deſigns and Intereſts
Each *Party* manages Conteſts.
He made an *Inſtrument* to know,
If the *Moon* ſhine at Full or no;
That wou'd, as ſoon as e'er ſhe ſhone ſtraight,
Whether 'twere Day or Night demonſtrate;
Tell what her *D'ameter* t' an Inch is,
And prove ſhe is not made of *Green-Cheeſe*.
It wou'd demonſtrate, that the *Man in*
The Moon's a *Sea Mediterranean*.
And that it is no *Dog* or *Bitch*,
That ſtands behind him at his Breech;
But a huge *Caſpian Sea*, or *Lake*
With *Arms*, which Men for *Legs* miſtake;
How large a *Gulph* his Tail compoſes,
And what a goodly *Bay* his Noſe is;
How many *German* Leagues by th' Scale
Cape-Snout's from *Promontory Tail*.
He made a *Planetary Gin*,
Which *Rats* wou'd run their own Heads in,
And come on purpoſe to be taken,
Without th' Expence of Cheeſe or Bacon;
With *Lute-ſtrings* he wou'd counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on Diſh or Meat;

Quote Moles and Spots on any Place
O'th' Body, by the *Index Face*:
Detect loſt *Maiden-Heads*, by ſneezing,
Or breaking Wind of *Dames*, or Piſſing.
Cure *Warts* and *Corns*, with application
Of *Med'cines* to th' *Imagination*;
Fright *Agues* into *Dogs*, and ſcare
With *Rhimes* the *Tooth-ach* and *Catarrh*,
Chaſe evil *Spirits* away by dint
Of *Cickle Horſe-ſhoe*, *Hollow-ſtint*,
Spit Fire out of a *Wallnut-ſhell*,
Which made the *Roman* Slaves rebel;
And fire a Mine in *China* here,
With Sympathetick *Gun-powder*.
He knew whats'ever's to be known,
But much more than he knew wou'd own.
What *Med'cine* 'twas that *Paracelſus*
Cou'd make a Man with, as he tells us;
What figur'd *Slates* are beſt to make
On watry Surface *Duck* or *Drake*.
What *Bowling-ſtones* in running Race
Upon a *Board* have ſwifteſt Pace.
Whether a *Pulſe* beat in the black
Liſt of a dapled *Louſe*'s Back:
If *Syſtole* or *Diaſtole* move
Quickeſt when he's in Wrath or Love:
When two of them do run a Race,
Whether they *Gallop*, *Trot*, or *Pace*.
How many Scores a *Flea* will jump,
Of his own Length, from Head to Rump;
Which *Socrates* and *Charephon*
In vain aſſay'd ſo long agon;
Whether his *Snout* a perfect *Noſe* is,
And not an Elephant's *Proboſcis*;

How many different *Species*
Of Maggots breed in rotten Cheeſe;
And which are next of Kin to thoſe
Engender'd in a *Chandler*'s Noſe;
Or thoſe not ſeen, but underſtood,
That live in *Vinegar* and *Wood*.
A paltry Wretch he had half-ſtarv'd,
That him in place of *Zany* ſerv'd;
Hight *Whachum*, bred to daſh and draw,
Not *Wine*, but more unwholſome *Law*:
To make 'twixt Words and Lines huge Gaps,
Wide as *Meridians* in Maps.
To ſquander Paper, and ſpare Ink,
Or cheat Men of their Words ſome think;
From this, by merited Degrees,
He'd to more high Advancement riſe:
To be an under-*Conjurer*,
Or Journey-man *Aſtrologer*;
His Bus'neſs was to pump and wheedle,
And Men with their own Keys unriddle.
To make them to themſelves give Anſwers,
For which they pay the *Necromancers*.
To fetch and carry *Intelligence*,
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence;
And all *Diſcoveries* diſperſe,
Among th' whole *pack* of *Conjurers*;
What *Cut-Purſes* have left with them,
For the right Owners to redeem;
And what they dare not vent, find out,
To gain themſelves and th' *Art* Repute;
Draw *Figures*, *Schemes*, and *Horoſcopes*,
Of *Newgate*, *Bridewel*, *Brokers* Shops;
Of Thieves *aſcendant* in the *Cart*,
And find out all by Rules of *Art*.

Which way a Serving man that's run
With Cloaths or Mony, away is gone;
Who pick'd a *Fob* at *Holding-forth*,
And where a *Watch*, for half the worth
May be redeem'd; or ſtolen Plate
Reſtor'd at conſcionable Rate.
Beſide all this, he ſerv'd his *Maſter*,
In Quality of *Poetaſter*:
And *Rhimes* appropriate cou'd make,
To ev'ry Month i' th' *Almanack*;
When *Terms* begin and end cou'd tell,
With their *Returns* in *Doggerel*.
When the *Exchequer* opes and ſhuts,
And *Sowgelder* with Safety cuts.
When Men may eat and drink their fill,
And when be temp'rate if they will.
When uſe, and when abſtain from Vice,
Figs, *Grapes*, *Phlebotomy*, and *Spice*,
And as in *Priſons* mean Rogues beat
Hemp for the Service of the *Great*;
So *Whachum* beat his dirty Brains
T' advance his Maſter's Fame and Gains;
And like the Devil's *Oracles*,
Put into *Dogg'rel-Rhimes* his *Spells*,
Which over ev'ry Month's Blank-page
I' th' *Almanack* ſtrange *Bilks* preſage.
He wou'd an *Elegy* compoſe
On Maggots ſqueez'd out of his Noſe;
In *Lyrick* Numbers write an *Ode* on
His Miſtreſs, eating a Black-pudden:
And when impriſon'd Air eſcap'd her,
It puſt him with *Poetick Rapture*.
His *Sonnets* charm'd th' attentive Crowd,
By wide-mouth'd Mortal troll'd aloud,

That, circled with his long-ear'd Gueſts,
Like *Orpheus* look'd, among the Beaſts;
A *Carman*'s Horſe cou'd not paſs by,
But ſtood ty'd up to *Poetry*;
No Porter's *Burthen* paſs'd along,
But ſerv'd for *Burthen* to his Song.
Each Window, like a *Pill'ry* appears,
With Heads thruſt thro' nail'd by the Ears;
All Trades run in as to the ſight
Of Monſters, or their dear delight
The *Gallow-Tree*, when cutting Purſe,
Breeds Buſ'neſs for *Heroick* Verſe,
Which none does hear, but wou'd have hung
T'been the *Theme* of ſuch a *Song*.
Thoſe two together long had liv'd,
In *Manſion* prudently contriv'd;
Where neither Tree, nor Houſe cou'd bar
The free Detection of a *Star*;
And nigh an *Ancient Obelisk*
Was rais'd by him, found out by *Fisk*,
On which was written, not in Words,
But *Hieroglyphick* Mute of *Birds*,
Many rare pithy Saws concerning
The worth of *Aſtrologick* Learning:
From top of this there hung a *Rope*,
To which he faſt'ned *Teleſcope*;
The *Spectacles* with which the *Stars*
He reads in ſmalleſt *Characters*.
It happen'd as a *Boy* one Night,
Did fly his *Tarſel* of a *Kite*;
The ſtrangeſt long-wing'd *Hawk* that flies,
That like a Bird of *Paradiſe*,
Or *Herald*'s Martlet has no *Legs*,
Nor hatches young one, nor lays *Eggs*: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His *Train* was ſix Yards long, Milk-white,
At th'end of which there hung a *Light*,
Enclos'd in *Lanthorn* made of *Paper*,
That far off like a *Star* did appear.
This *Sidrophel* by chance eſpy'd,
And with Amaſement ſtaring wide,
Bleſs us, quoth he! What dreadful Wonder
Is that appears in *Heaven* yonder?
A *Comet*, and without a *Beard*,
Or *Star* that ne'er before appear'd?
I'm certain 'tis not in the *Scrowl*
Of all thoſe Beaſts, and Fiſh, and Fowl,
With which, like *Indian Plantations*,
The learned Stock the *Conſtellations*;
Nor thoſe that drawn for *Signs* have been,
To th' *Houſes* where the *Planets* Inn.
It muſt be ſupernatural,
Unleſs it be the Cannon-Ball,
That ſhot i' th' Air point-blank upright,
Was born to that prodigious height,
That learn'd *Philoſophers* maintain,
It ne'er came backwards down again;
But in the *Airy Region* yet
Hangs like the Body of *Mahomet*:
For if it be above the Shade,
That by the *Earth*'s round Bulk is made,
'Tis probable it may from far
Appear no Bullet, but a Star.
This ſaid, he to his Engine flew,
Plac'd near at hand in open view,
And rais'd it till it levell'd right
Againſt the *Glow-worm* Tail of *Kite*.
Then peeping thro' (*Bleſs* us, quoth he)
It is a *Planet* now I ſee:

And if I err not, by this proper
Figure, that's like *Tobacco-ſtopper*,
It ſhould be *Saturn*; yes, 'tis clear
'Tis *Saturn*; But what makes him there?
He's got between the *Dragon*'s Tail,
And farther Leg behind o' th' *Whale*;
Pray *Heaven* divert the fatal Omen,
For 'tis a *Prodigy* not common;
And can no leſs than the *World*'s End,
Or *Nature*'s Funeral portend.
With that he fell again to pry,
Thro' *Perſpective* more wiſtfully,
When by miſchance the fatal String,
That kept the *Tow'ring-Fowl* on Wing,
Breaking, down fell the Star: Well ſhot,
Quoth *Whachum*, who right wiſely thought
H' had levell'd at a Star, and hit it:
But *Sidrophel*, more ſubtil-witted,
Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful
Portent is this, to ſee a Star fall;
It threatens *Nature*, and the Doom
Will not be long before it come!
When Stars do fall, 'tis plain enough,
The *Day of Judgment*'s not far off:
As lately 'twas reveal'd to *Sedgwick*,
And ſome of us find out by *Magick*.
Then ſince the time we have to live
In this World's ſhorten'd, let us ſtrive
To make our beſt Advantage of it,
And pay our Loſſes with our Profit.
This Feat fell out not long before
The *Knight*, upon the fore-nam'd ſcore,
In queſt of *Sidrophel* advancing,
Was now in Proſpect of the *Manſion*:

Whom he diſcov'ring, turn'd his *Glaſs*,
And found far off 'twas *Hudibras*.
Whachum (quoth he) look yonder, ſome
To try or uſe our Art are come:
The one's the learned *Knight*; ſeek out,
And pump 'em what they come about.
Whachum advanc'd with all ſubmiſſneſs
T' accoſt 'em, but much more their Bus'neſs;
He held a Stirrup while the *Knight*
From *Leathern Bare-Bones* did alight,
And taking from his Hand the Bridle,
Approach'd the dark *Squire* to unriddle;
He gave him firſt the time o' th' Day,
And welcom'd him, *as he might ſay*:
He ask'd him whence they came. and whither
Their Bus'neſs lay? Quoth *Ralpho*, hither;
Did you not loſe?----Quoth *Ralpho*, nay;
Quoth *Whachum*, Sir, I meant your *Way*?
Your *Knight*----Quoth *Ralpho* is a *Lover*,
And Pains intol'rable doth ſuffer:
For *Lovers* Hearts are not their own Hearts,
Nor Lights, nor Lungs, and ſo forth downwards.
What time?----Quoth *Ralpho*, Sir, too long,
Three Years it off and on has hung----
Quoth he, I mean what time o' th' Day 'tis;
Quoth *Ralpho*, between ſeven and eight 'tis.
Why then (quoth *Whachum*) my ſmall *Art*
Tells me the *Dame* has a hard *Heart*,
Or great *Eſtate*----Quoth *Ralph*, a *Jointure*,
Which makes him have ſo hot a Mind t' her.
Mean while the Knight was making Water,
Before he fell upon the Matter;
Which having done, the *Wizard* ſteps in,
To give him ſuitable Reception;

But kept his Bus'neſs at a *Bay*,
Till *Whachum* put him in the way;
Who having now, by *Ralpho*'s Light,
Expounded th' Errand of the *Knight*;
And what he came to know, drew near,
To whiſper in the *Conj'rer*'s Ear,
Which he prevented thus: What was't
Quoth he, that I was ſaying laſt,
Before theſe *Gentlemen* arriv'd?
Quoth *Whachum*, *Venus* you retriev'd,
In Oppoſition with *Mars*,
And no benign friendly Stars
T' allay th' Effect. Quoth *Wizard*, So!
In *Virgo*? Ha? quoth *Whachum*, No:
Has *Saturn* nothing to do in it?
One tenth of's Circle to a Minute.
'Tis well, quoth he----Sir, you'll excuſe
This Rudeneſs I am forc'd to uſe;
It is a *Scheme* and *Face* of *Heaven*,
As th' *Aſpects* are diſpoſed this *Even*,
I was contemplating upon
When you arriv'd, but now I've done.
Quoth *Hudibras*, If I appear
Unſeaſonable in coming here
At ſuch a time, to interrupt
Your *Speculations*, which I hop'd
Aſſiſtance from, and come to uſe,
'Tis fit that I ask your Excuſe.
By no means, Sir, quoth *Sidrophel*,
The Stars your coming did foretel;
I did expect you here, and knew
Before you ſpake your Bus'neſs too.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Make that appear,
And I ſhall credit whatſoe'er

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You tell me after on your Word,
Howe'er unlikely, or abſurd.
You are in *Love*, Sir, with a *Widow*,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
And for three Years has rid your *Wit*
And *Paſſion*, without drawing *Bit*:
And now your Buſ'neſs is to know
If you ſhall carry her or no.
Quoth *Hudibras*, You're in the right,
But how the *Devil* you came by't
I can't imagine; for the *Stars*
I am ſure can tell no more than *Horſe*;
Nor can their Aſpects (tho' you pore
Your Eyes out on 'em) tell you more
Than th' *Oracle* of *Sieve* and *Shears*;
That turns as certain as the *Spheres*;
But if the *Devil*'s of your Council,
Much may be done, my noble *Donzel*;
And 'tis on his Account I come
To know from you my fatal Doom.
Quoth *Sidrophel*, If you ſuppoſe,
Sir *Knight*, that I am one of thoſe,
I might ſuſpect, and take th' *Alarm*,
Your Buſ'neſs is but to inform;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a *wrong Sow by the Ear*;
For I aſſure you, for my part,
I only deal by *Rules of Art*;
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Conluſions of *Aſtrology*:
But for the *Dev'l*, know nothing by him,
But only this, that I defie him.
Quoth he, whatever others deem ye,
I underſtand your *Metonymie*;

Your Words of ſecond-hand Intention,
When things by *wrongful Names* you mention;
The myſtick Senſe of all your *Terms*,
That are indeed but *Magick Charms*,
To raiſe the Devil, and mean one thing,
And that is down-right *Conjuring*:
And in its ſelf more warrantable
Than *Cheat*, or *Canting* to a *Rabble*,
Or putting *Tricks* upon the *Moon*,
Which by Confed'racy are done.
Your ancient *Conjurers* were wont
To make her from her Sphere diſmount,
And to their *Incantations* ſtoop;
They ſcorn'd to pore thro' *Teleſcope*,
Or idly play at Bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy or fair Weather,
Which ev'ry *Almanack* can tell
Perhaps as learnedly and well
As you your ſelf--- Then, Friend, I doubt
You go the fartheſt way about;
Your Modern *Indian Magician*
Makes but a Hole in th' Earth to piſs in,
And ſtraight reſolves all Queſtions by't,
And ſeldom fails to be i' th' right.
The *Roſy-crucian* Way's more ſure
To bring the Devil to the Lure;
Each of 'em has a ſev'ral Gin,
To catch *Intelligences* in.
Some by the *Noſe* with Fumes trappan 'em,
As *Dunſtan* did the *Devil*'s *Grannam*;
Others with *Characters* and *Words*
Catch 'em, as Men in *Nets* do *Birds*;
And ſome with *Symbols*, *Signs*, and *Tricks*,
Engrav'd in *Planetary* Nicks,

With their own Infl'ences will fetch 'em
Down from their Orbs, arreſt, and catch 'em;
Make 'em depoſe, and anſwer to
All *Queſtions*, e'er they let them go.
Bumbaſtus kept a *Devil's Bird*
Shut in the Pummel of his Sword,
That taught him all the cunning Pranks,
Of paſt and future *Mountebanks*.
Kelly did all his Feats upon
The *Devil's Looking-Glaſs*, a *Stone*,
Where playing with him at *Bo-peep*,
He ſolv'd all *Problems* ne'er ſo deep.
Agrippa kept a *Stygian Pug*
I'th' Garb and Habit of a *Dog*,
That was his *Tutor*, and the *Cur*
Read to th' occult *Philoſopher*,
And taught him ſubt'ly to maintain
All other *Sciences are vain*.
To this, quoth *Sidrophel*, Oh! Sir,
Agrippa was no *Conjurer*,
Nor *Paracelſus*, no nor *Behmen*;
Nor was the Dog a *Cacodæmon*,
But a true Dog that wou'd ſhew Tricks
For th' *Emperor*, and leap o'er Sticks;
Would *fetch* and *carry*, was more civil
Than other Dogs, but yet no Devil:
And whatſoe'er he's ſaid to do,
He went the ſelf-ſame way we go.
As for the *Roſie-Croſs Philoſophers*,
Whom you will have to be but *Sorc'rers*,
What they pretend to, is no more
Than *Triſmegiſtus* did before,
Pythagoras, old *Zoroaſter*,
And *Apollonius* their Maſter:

To whom they do confeſs they owe
All that they do, and all they know.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Alas! what is't t' us,
Whether 'twere ſaid by *Triſmegiſtus*,
If it be *Nonſenſe*, *falſe*, or *myſtick*,
Or not *intelligible*, or *ſophiſtick*?
'Tis not *Antiquity*, nor *Author*,
That makes *Truth Truth*, altho' *Time*'s *Daughter*;
'Twas he that put her in the *Pit*,
Before he pull'd her out of it;
And as he eats his *Sons*, juſt ſo
He feeds upon his Daughters too:
Nor does it follow, 'cauſe a *Herald*
Can make a Gentleman, ſcarce a Year old,
To be deſcended of a Race
Of ancient *Kings*, in a ſmall ſpace;
That we ſhou'd all Opinion hold
Authentick, that we can make old.
Quoth *Sidrophel*, It is no part
Of Prudence to cry down an *Art*;
And what it may perform, deny,
Becauſe you underſtand not why.
(As *Averrhois* play'd but a mean Trick,
To damn our whole *Art for Excentrick*)
For who knows all that Knowledge contains?
Men dwell not on the *Tops of Mountains*,
But on their Side, or riſing's Seat;
So 'tis with Knowledge's vaſt Height.
Do not the *Hiſt'ries* of all *Ages*
Relate miraculous Preſages
Of ſtrange Turns in the *World*'s Affairs,
Forſeen b' *Aſtrologers*, *Southſayers*.
Chaldeans, learn'd *Genethliacks*,
And ſome that have writ *Almanacks*?

The *Medean* Emp'ror dreamt his Daughter
Had pist all *Asia* under Water,
And that a *Vine*, sprung from her *Hanches*,
O'er-spread his *Empire* with its Branches;
And did not *Soothsayers* expound it,
As after by th' Event he found it?
When *Cæsar* in the Senate fell,
Did not the Sun eclips'd foretel,
And, in Resentment of his Slaughter,
Look pale for almost a Year after?
Augustus having b' Oversight
Put on his left Shoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been slain that Day
By *Soldiers* mutin'ing for Pay.
Are there not Myraids of this sort,
Which Stories of all Times report?
Is it not om'nous in all *Countries*,
When *Crows* and *Ravens* croak upon Trees?
The *Roman Senate*, when within
The City-Walls an *Owl* was seen,
Did cause their *Clergy*, with *Lustrations*,
(Our *Synod* calls *Humiliations*)
The round-fac'd *Prodigy* t'avert,
From doing *Town* and *Country* hurt.
And if an *Owl* have so much Pow'r,
Why shou'd not *Planets* have much more,
That in a *Region* far above
Inferior Fowls of th' *Air* move,
And shou'd see farther, and foreknow
More than their *Augury* below?
Though that once serv'd the *Polity*
Of mighty States to govern by;
And this is what we take in hand,
By pow'rful *Art* to understand;

Which, how we have perform'd, all Ages
Can ſpeak th' *Events* of our Preſages;
Have we not lately, in the *Moon*,
Found a *New World*, to th' *Old* unknown?
Diſcover'd *Sea* and *Land*, *Columbus*
And *Magellan* could never compaſs?
Made Mountains with our *Tubes* appear,
And Cattle grazing on 'em there?
Quoth *Hudibras*, You lye ſo ope,
That I, without a *Teleſcope*,
Can find your Tricks out, and deſcry
Where you tell Truth, and where you Lie;
For *Anaxagoras* long agone
Saw *Hills*, as well as you, i'th' *Moon*;
And held the *Sun* was but a piece
Of *Red-hot-Iron*, as big as *Greece*;
Believ'd the Heavens were made of *Stone*,
Becauſe the *Sun* had voided one;
And, rather than he would recant
Th' *Opinion*, ſuffer'd Baniſhment.
But what, alas! is it to us,
Whether i'th' *Moon* Men thus or thus
Do eat their *Porridge*, cut their Corns,
Or whether they have Tails or Horns?
What *Trade* from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from *France*?
What can our *Travellers* bring home,
That is not to be learnt at *Rome*?
What *Politicks*, or ſtrange *Opinions*,
That are not in our own *Dominions*?
What *Science* can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What Revelations, or Religions,
That are not in our Native *Regions*?

Are ſweating *Lanthorns*, or *Screen-Fans*,
Made better there, than th'are in *France*?
Or do they teach to *ſing* and *play*
On th'*Gittar* there a newer way?
Can they make *Plays* there that ſhall fit
The *publick Honour*, with leſs *Wit*?
Write *wittier Dances*, quainter Shows,
Or fight with more ingenious *Blows*?
Or does the *Man* i'th' *Moon* look big,
And wear a hugher *Perriwig*,
Shew in his Gate, or Face, more Tricks
Than our own *Native Lunaticks*?
But if w'out-do him here at home,
What Good of your Deſign can come?
As *Wind* i'th' *Hypochondres* pent,
Is but a Blaſt if downward ſent;
But if it upward chance to flie,
Becomes new *Light* and *Propheſie*:
So when your Speculations tend
Above their juſt and uſeful End,
Altho' they promiſe ſtrange and great
Diſcoveries of Things far ſet,
They are but idle *Dreams* and *Fancies*,
And ſavour ſtrongly of the *Ganzas*.
Tell me but what's the nat'ral Cauſe,
Why on a *Sign* no *Painter* draws
The *Full Moon* ever, but the *Half*;
Reſolve that with your *Jacob's-Staff*;
Or why *Wolves* raiſe a Hubbub at her,
And *Dogs* howl when ſhe ſhines in Water,
And I ſhall freely give my Vote,
You may know ſomething more remote?
At this, deep *Sidrophel* look'd wiſe,
And ſtaring round with *Owl-like* Eyes,

He put his Face into a Posture
Of *Sapience*, and began to bluster:
For having three times shook his Head
To stir his Wit up, thus he said:
Art has no mortal Enemies
Next *Ignorance*, but *Owls* and *Geese*;
Those consecrated Geese in Orders,
That to the *Capitol* were *Warders*;
And being then upon *Patrole*,
With Noise alone beat off the *Gaul*.
Or those *Athenian Sceptick Owls*,
That will not credit their own *Souls*;
Or any *Science* understand,
Beyond the reach of Eye or Hand:
But meas'ring all Things by their own
Knowledge, hold Nothing's to be known:
Those Whole-sale *Criticks*, that in *Coffee-Houses* cry down all *Philosophy*,
And will not know upon what Ground
In *Nature* we our *Doctrine* found,
Altho' with pregnant Evidence
We can demonstrate it to Sense,
As I just now have done to you,
Foretelling what you came to know.
Were the *Stars* only made to light
Robbers and Burglarers by Night?
To wait on *Drunkards*, *Thieves*, *Gold-finders*,
And *Lovers* solacing behind Doors,
Or giving one another Pledges
Of *Matrimony* under *Hedges*?
Or Witches *simpling*, and on *Gibbets*
Cutting from *Malefactors* Snippets;
Or from the *Pill'ry* Tips of Ears
Of Rebel-Saints and Perjurers?

Only to ſtand by, and look on,
But not know what is ſaid or done?
Is there a *Conſtellation* there,
That was not born and bred up here?
And therefore cannot be to learn,
In any inferiour Concern.
Were they not, during all their Lives,
Moſt of 'em Pirates, Whores and Thieves?
And is it like they have not ſtill
In their old *Practices* ſome Skill?
Is there a *Planet* that by *Birth*
Does not derive its *Houſe* from *Earth*?
And therefore probably muſt know
What is, and hath been done below;
Who made the *Balances*, or whence came
The *Bull*, the *Lion*, and the *Ram*?
Did not we here the *Argo* rig,
Make *Berenice*'s *Perriwig*?
Whoſe *Liv'ry* does the *Coachman* wear?
Or who made *Caſſiopeia*'s Chair?
And therefore as they came from hence,
With us may hold *Intelligence*.
Plato deny'd, The World can be
Govern'd without *Geometry*;
(For Money b'ing the common Scale
Of Things by Meaſure, Weight and Tale;
In all th' Affairs of *Church* and *State*,
'Tis both the *Balance* and the *Weight*:)
Then much leſs can it be without
Divine Aſtrology made out;
That puts the other down in Worth,
As far as *Heaven*'s above the *Earth*.
These Reaſons (quoth the *Knight*) I grant
Are ſomething more ſignificant

Than any that the Learned uſe
Upon this *Subject* to produce;
And yet th' are far from ſatisfactory,
T' eſtabliſh, and keep up your *Factory*.
Th' *Egyptians* ſay, The Sun has twice
Shifted his *Setting* and his *Riſe*;
Twice has he riſen in the *Weſt*,
As many times ſet in the *Eaſt*;
But whether that be true or no,
The *Devil* any of you know.
Some hold the *Heavens*, like a *Top*,
Are kept by *Circulation* up;
And were't not for their wheeling round,
They'd inſtantly fall to the Ground:
As ſage *Empedocles* of old,
And from him *Modern* Authors hold,
Plato believ'd the *Sun* and *Moon*,
Below all other *Planets* run.
Some *Mercury*, ſome *Venus* ſeat,
Above the *Sun* himſelf in height,
The learned *Scaliger* complain'd
'Gainſt what *Copernicus* maintain'd,
That in twelve Hundred Years and odd,
The *Sun* had left its ancient Road,
And nearer to the Earth is come
'Bove Fifty Thouſand Miles from home:
Swore 'twas a moſt notorious Flam,
And he that had ſo little Shame
To vent ſuch *Fopperies* abroad,
Deſerv'd to have his Rump well claw'd:
Which *Monſieur Bodin* hearing, ſwore
That he deſerv'd the *Rod* much more,
That durſt upon a *Truth* give doom,
He knew leſs than the *Pope* of *Rome*.

Cardan

Cardan believ'd great States depend
Upon the Tip o'th' *Bear*'s Tail's End;
That as ſhe it whisk'd t'wards the Sun,
Strow'd mighty *Empires* up and down:
Which others ſay muſt needs be falſe,
Becauſe your true *Bears* have no Tails,
Some ſay the *Zodiack Conſtellations*
Have long ſince chang'd their antique Stations
Above a *Sign*, and prove the ſame
In *Taurus* now, once in the *Ram*:
Affirm the *Trigons* chop'd and chang'd,
The *Watry* with the *Fiery* rang'd;
Then how can their *Effects* ſtill hold
To be the ſame they were of old?
This, tho' the *Art* were true, would make
Our Modern *Soothſayers* miſtake;
And is one cauſe they tell more Lies,
In *Figures* and *Nativities*,
Than th' old *Chaldean* Conjurers,
In ſo many Hundred Thouſand Years;
Beſide their Nonſenſe in Tranſlating,
For want of *Accidence* and *Latin*,
Like *Idus* and *Calendæ*, Engliſht
The *Quarter-Days* by skilful Linguiſt:
And yet with *Canting*, *Slight*, and *Cheat*,
'Twill ſerve their turn to do the Feat:
Make *Fools* believe in their foreſeeing
Of things before they are in Being;
To ſwallow *Gudgeons* e'er th' are catch'd
And count their *Chickens*, e'er th' are hatch'd;
Make them the *Conſtellations* prompt,
And give 'em back their own Accompt;

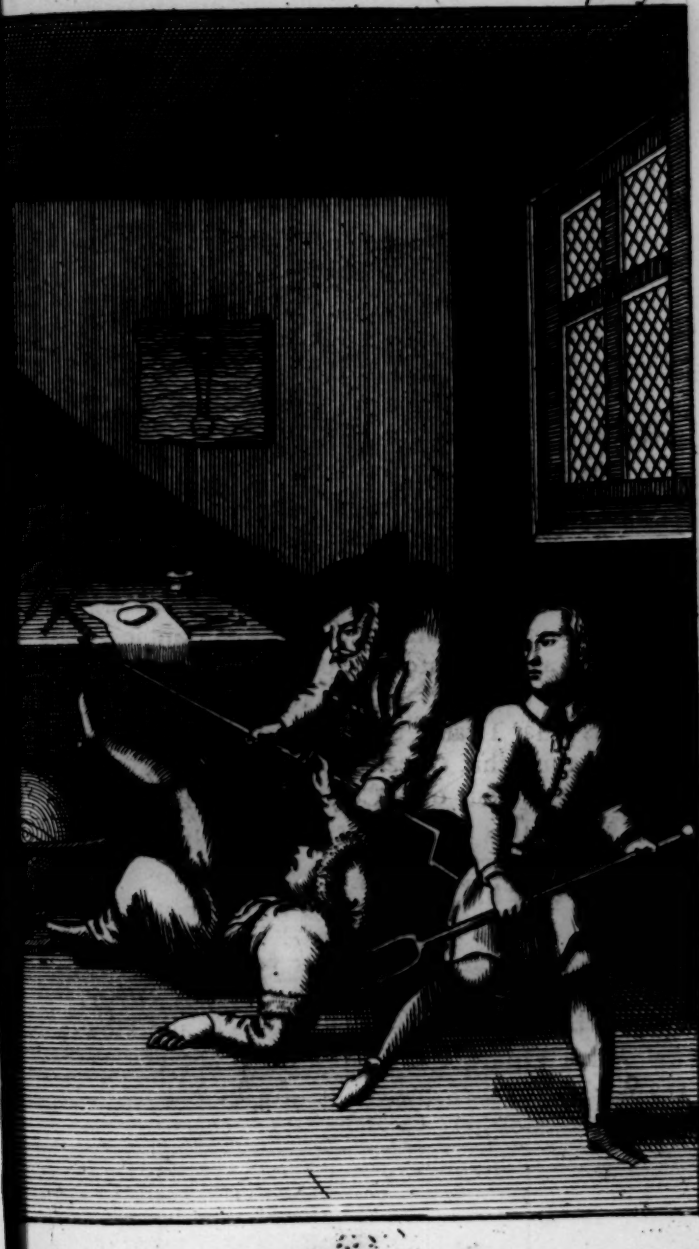
But ſtill the beſt to him that gives
The beſt Price for't, or beſt believes.
Some *Towns* and *Cities*, ſome for Brevity,
Have caſt the 'verſal World's *Nativity*;
And made the Infant-Stars confeſs,
Like Fools or Children, what they pleaſe:
Some calculate the hidden Fates
Of *Monkeys*, *Puppy-Dogs*, and *Cats*:
Some *Running-Nags*, and *Fighting-Cocks*,
Some *Love*, *Trade*, *Law-Suits*, and the *Pox*;
Some take a Meaſure of the Lives
Of Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives;
Make *Oppoſition*, *Trine*, and *Quartile*,
Tell who is Barren, and who Fertile:
As if the *Planet*'s firſt Aſpect
The tender Infant did infect
In *Soul* and *Body*, and inſtil
All future Good, and future Ill:
Which in their dark Fatal'ties lurking,
At deſtin'd Periods fall a working;
And break out, like the hidden Seeds
Of long Diſeaſes, into Deeds,
In Friendſhips, Enmities, and Strife,
And all th' Emergencies of Life:
No ſooner does he peep into
The *World*, but he has done his doe,
Catch'd all Diſeaſes, took all *Phyſick*
That cures or kills a Man that is ſick;
Marry'd his punctual Doſe of Wives,
Is Cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
There's but the twinkling of a *Star*
Between a Man of *Peace* and *War*;

A *Thief* and *Juſtice*, *Fool* and *Knave*,
A huffing *Officer*, and a *Slave*.
A crafty *Lawyer* and *Pick-pocket*,
A great *Philoſopher*, and a *Block-head*;
A formal *Preacher* and a *Player*,
A Learn'd *Phyſician*, and *Man-ſlayer*,
As if Men from the Stars did ſuck
Old-Age, *Diſeaſes*, and *Ill-luck*,
Wit, *Folly*, *Honour*, *Virtue*, *Vice*,
Trade, *Travel*, *Women*, *Claps*, and *Dice*;
And draw with the firſt Air they breath
Battel, and *Murther*, *ſudden Death*.
Are not theſe fine Commodities,
To be imported from the Skies,
And vended here among the Rabble,
For Staple Goods and warrantable;
Like Mony by the *Druids* borrow'd,
In t' other *World* to be reſtor'd?
Quoth *Sidrophel*, To let you know
You wrong the *Art*, and *Artiſts* too,
Since Arguments are loſt on thoſe
That do our *Principles* oppoſe;
I will (although I've don't before)
Demonſtrate to your Senſe once more,
And draw a *Figure* that ſhall tell you,
What you perhaps forget, befel you,
By way of *Horary* Inſpection,
Which ſome account our worſt Erection.
With that he *Circles* draws, and *Squares*,
With *Cyphers*, *Aſtral Characters*;
Then looks 'em o'er to underſtand 'em,
Although ſet down *Hab-nab*, at random.

Quoth he, This *Scheme* o' th' Heavens ſet,
Diſcovers how in fight you met
At *Kingſton* with a *May-Pole Idol*,
And that y' were bang'd both Back and Side well,
And though you overcame the *Bear*,
The *Dogs* beat you at *Brentford* Fair;
Where ſturdy *Butchers* broke your Noddle,
And handled you like a *Fop-doodle*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, I now perceive
You are no *Conj'rer*, by your leave;
That *Palt'ry Story* is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat ſuch *Gulls* as you.
Not true, Quoth he? Howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear;
Whachum ſhall juſtifie 't t' your Face,
And prove he was upon the Place:
He play'd the *Saltinbancho*'s Part,
Transform'd t' a *Frenchman* by my *Art*;
He ſtole your Cloak, and pick'd your Pocket,
Chows'd and Caldes'd ye like a Blockhead,
And what you loſt I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' th' Houſe.
Quoth *Hudibras*, I do believe
That Argument's *Demonſtrative*;
Ralpho, bear Witneſs, and go fetch us
A *Conſtable* to ſeize the Wretches;
For tho' th' are both falſe *Knaves* and *Cheats*,
Impoſtors, *Jugglers*, *Counterfeits*,
I'll make them ſerve for Perpendic'lars,
As true as e'er were us'd by *Bricklayers*;
They're guilty by their own Confeſſions
Of *Felony*, and at the *Seſſions*

Upon the Bench I will ſo handle 'em,
That the *Vibration* of this *Pendulum*
Shall make all *Taylor*'s Yards of one
Unanimous Opinion:
A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now ſhall make it out by Proof.
Quoth *Sidrophel*, I do not doubt
To find Friends that will bear me out:
Nor have I hazarded my *Art*,
And Neck, ſo long on the *State*'s Part,
To be expos'd i' th' End to ſuffer,
By ſuch a *Braggadocio* Huffer.
Huffer! quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sword*
Shall down thy falſe Throat cram that Word;
Ralpho, make haſte, and call an Officer,
To apprehend this *Stygian* Sophiſter;
Mean while I'll hold 'em at a *Bay*,
Leſt he and *Whachum* run away.
But *Sidrophel*, who from th' *Aſpect*
Of *Hudibras* did now erect
A *Figure*, worſe portending far
Than that of moſt malignant Star,
Believ'd it now the fitteſt Moment
To ſhun the Danger that might come on't,
While *Hudibras* was all alone
And he and *Whachum*, two to one;
This b'ing reſolv'd, He ſpy'd by chance,
Behind the Door an Iron Lance,
That many a ſturdy Limb had gor'd,
And Legs, and Loins, and Shoulders bor'd;
He ſnatch'd it up, and made a Paſs,
To make his way through *Hudibras*;

Whachum had got a Fire-Fork,
With which he vow'd to do his Work;
But *Hudibras* was well prepar'd,
And ſtoutly ſtood upon his Guard:
He put by *Sidrophelo*'s Thruſt,
And in right manfully he ruſht;
The Weapon from his Gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the Earth along.
Whachum, his Sea-Coal-Prong threw by,
And baſely turn'd his Back to flie;
But *Hudibras* gave him a Twitch
As quick as Lightning in the Breech,
Juſt in the Place where *Honour*'s Lodg'd,
As wiſe *Philoſophers* have judg'd,
Becauſe a Kick in that Part, more
Hurts *Honour*, than deep Wounds before.
Quoth *Hudibras*, The Stars determine
You are my Priſoners, baſe Vermine:
Could they not tell you ſo, as well
As what I came to know foretel?
By this what Cheats you are we find,
That in your own Concerns are blind;
Your Lives are now at my Diſpoſe,
To be redeem'd by Fine, or Blows:
But who his Honour would defile,
To take, or ſell, two Lives ſo vile?
I'll give you *Quarter*; but your *Pillage*,
The Conqu'ring Warrior's *Crop* and *Tillage*,
Which with his Sword he Reaps and Plows;
That's mine, the *Law of Arms* allows.
This ſaid in haſte, in haſte he fell
To rummaging of *Sidrophel*;



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First, he expounded both his Pockets,
And found a *Watch*, with *Rings*, and *Lockets*,
Which had been left with him t' erect
A *Figure* for, and ſo detect;
A *Copper-Plate*, with *Almanacks*
Engrav'd upon't, with other Knacks,
Of *Booker*'s, *Lilly*'s, *Sarah Jimmers*,
And *Blank-Schemes*, to diſcover *Nimmers*;
A *Moon Dial*, with *Napier*'s Bones,
And ſeveral *Conſtellation*-Stones,
Engrav'd in' *Planetary Hours*,
That over *Mortals* had ſtrange Pow'rs,
To make 'em thrive in *Law* or *Trade*,
And Stab or Poiſon to evade;
In *Wit* or *Wiſdom* to improve,
And be Victorious in *Love*.
Whacum had neither *Croſs* nor *Pile*,
His *Plunder* was not worth the while:
All which the *Conqu'ror* did diſcompt,
To pay for curing of his Rump.
But *Sidrophel*, as full of Tricks
As *Rota-men* of Politicks,
Streight caſt about to over-reach
Th' unwary Conq'ror with a Fetch,
And make him glad (at leaſt) to quit
His *Victory*, and flie the *Pit*,
Before the *ſecular Prince of Darkneſs*
Arriv'd to ſeize upon his Carcaſs:
And, as a *Fox* with hot Purſuit
Chac'd thro' a *Warren*, caſt about
To ſave his Credit, and among
Dead *Vermin* on a *Gallows* hung;

And while the *Dogs* run underneath,
Eſcap'd (by counterfeiting Death)
Not out of cunning, but a *Train*
Of *Atoms* juſtling in his Brain,
As Learn'd *Philoſophers* give out:
So *Sidrophelo* caſt about,
And fell to's wonted *Trade* again,
To feign himſelf in earneſt ſlain:
Firſt ſtretch'd out one Leg, then another,
And ſeeming in his Breaſt to ſmother,
A broken Sigh; Quoth he, where am I,
Alive, or Dead; or which way came I
Through ſo immenſe a Space ſo ſoon?
But now I thought my ſelf i' th' *Moon*;
And that a *Monſter*, with huge *Whiskers*,
More formidable than a *Switzer's*,
My Body through and through had drill'd,
And *Whachum* by my Side had kill'd,
Had croſs-examin'd both our Hoſe,
And plunder'd all we had to loſe;
Look, there he is, I ſee him now,
And feel the Place I am run through:
And there lies *Whachum* by my Side
Stone-dead, and in his own Blood dy'd;
Oh! Oh! With that he fetch'd a *Groan*,
And fell again into a Swoon,
Shut both his Eyes, and ſtopp'd his Breath,
And to the *Life* out-acted *Death*;
That *Hudibras*, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as *Herring*.
He held it now no longer ſafe,
To tarry the Return of *Ralph*,

But rather leave him in the *Lurch*;
Thought he, he has abus'd our *Church*,
Refus'd to give himſelf one Firk,
To carry on the *Publick Work*;
Deſpis'd our *Synod-Men* like Dirt,
And made their *Diſcipline* his Sport;
Divulg'd the Secrets of their *Claſſes*,
And their *Conventions* prov'd *high Places*;
Diſparag'd their *Tythe-Pigs* as *Pagan*,
And ſet at nought their *Cheeſe* and *Bacon*;
Rail'd at their *Covenant*, and jear'd
Their Rev'rend Parſons, to my *Beard*;
For all which *Scandals*, to be quit
At once this *Juncture* falls out fit.
I'll make him henceforth to beware,
And tempt my Fury if he dare:
He muſt at leaſt hold up his Hand,
By twelve *Free-holders* to be ſcann'd;
Who by their Skill in *Palmeſtry*,
Will quickly read his *Deſtiny*;
And make him glad to read his *Leſſon*,
Or take a Turn for't at the *Seſſion*:
Unleſs his *Light* and *Gifts* prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm ſure;
For if he 'ſcape with whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do:
And that will diſengage my *Conſcience*
O'th' *Obligation*, in his own Senſe:
I'll make him now by force abide
What he by gentle Means deny'd,
To give my *Honour* Satisfaction,
And right the *Brethren* in the *Action*.

This b'ing reſolv'd, with equal Speed
And *Conduct*, he approach'd his *Steed*,
And with *Activity* unwont,
Aſſay'd the lofty *Beaſt* to mount;
Which once atchiev'd, he ſpurr'd his *Palfry*,
To get from th' *Enemy*, and *Ralph*, free:
Left Danger, Fears, and Foes behind,
And beat, at leaſt three lengths, the Wind.

An Heroical
EPISTLE
OF
Hudibras to *Sidrophel.*

Ecce iterum Criſpinus ——

WELL, *Sidrophel*! tho' 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy Brain,
Without Trepanning of your Skull
As often as the *Moon*'s at *Full*;
'Tis not amiſs, e'er y' are giv'n o'er,
To try one deſp'rate Med'cine more;
For where your Caſe can be no worſe,
The deſp'rat'ſt is the wiſeſt Courſe.
Is't poſſible that you, whoſe Ears
Are of the Tribe of *Iſſachar*'s,
And might (with equal Reaſon) either
For Merit or Extent of Leather,
With *William Pryn*'s, before they were
Retrench'd, and crucify'd, compare,

Should yet be deaf againſt a Noiſe
So roaring as the Publick Voice?
That ſpeaks your Virtues free and loud,
And openly in ev'ry Crowd,
As loud as one that ſings his Part
T' a Wheel-Barrow, or Turnip-Cart,
Or your new Nicknam'd old Invention
To cry Green-Haſtings with an Engine;
(As if the Vehemence had ſtunn'd,
And torn your Drum-Heads with the Sound)
And 'cauſe your Folly's now no News
But overgrown, and out of Uſe,
Perſwade your ſelf there's no ſuch Matter,
But that 'tis vaniſh'd out of Nature;
When Folly, as it grows in Years,
The more extravagant appears;
For who but you cou'd be poſſeſt,
With ſo much Ignorance, and Beaſt,
That neither all Mens Scorn, and Hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd ſo often in a Mortar,
Can teach you wholeſome Senſe and Nurture;
But (like a Reprobate) what Courſe
Soever's us'd, grow worſe and worſe?
Can no transfuſion of the Blood,
That makes Fools Cattle, do you good;
Nor putting Pigs t' a Bitch to Nurſe,
To turn 'em into Mungrel-Curs,
Put you into a way, at leaſt,
To make your ſelf a better Beaſt?
Can all your critical Intreigues,
Of trying ſound from rotten Eggs;
Your ſeveral new-found Remedies
Of curing Wounds and Scabs in Trees;

Your Arts of *Fluxing* them for *Claps*,
And purging their infected *Saps*;
Recov'ring Shankers, Cryſtallines,
And Nodes and Botches in the Rinds,
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller Block, your Pate?
But ſtill it muſt be lewdly bent
To tempt your own due Puniſhment;
And, like your whimſi'd Chariots, draw
The Boys to courſe you without Law;
As if the Art you have ſo long
Profeſt, of making old *Dogs* young,
In you, had Virtue to renew
Not only Youth, but Childhood too.
Can you, that underſtand all Books,
By judging only with your Looks,
Reſolve all Problems with your Face,
As others do with *B's* and *A's*;
Unriddle all that Mankind knows
With ſolid bending of your Brows;
All Arts and Sciences advance,
With ſcrewing of your Countenance;
And with a penetrating Eye,
Into th' abſtruſeſt Learning pry:
Know more of any Trade b' a Hint,
Than thoſe that have been bred up in't;
And yet have, no Art, true or falſe,
To help your own bad Naturals?
But ſtill the more you ſtrive t' appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder;
For Fools are known by looking Wiſe,
As Men find Woodcocks by their Eyes.
Hence 'tis that 'cauſe y' 'ave gain'd o' th' *College*,
A Quarter-ſhare (at moſt) of Knowledge,

And brought in none, but ſpent Repute,
Y' aſſume a Pow'r as Abſolute,
To Judge, and Cenſure, and Control,
As if you were the ſole Sir *Poll*;
And ſaucily pretend to know
More than your Dividend comes to;
You'll find the thing will not be done
With Ignorance, and Face alone:
No, tho' y' have purchas'd to your Name
In Hiſtory ſo great a Fame,
That now your Talent's ſo well known,
For having all Belief out-grown,
That ev'ry ſtrange Prodigious Tale
Is meaſur'd by your *German* Scale——
By which the *Virtuoſi* try
The Magnitude of ev'ry Lye,
Caſt up to what it does amount,
And place the bigg'ſt to your Account.
That all thoſe Stories that are laid
Too truly to you, and thoſe made,
Are now ſtill charg'd upon your Score,
And leſſer Authors nam'd no more.
Alas! that Faculty deſtroys
Thoſe ſooneſt it deſigns to raiſe;
And all your vain Renown will ſpoil,
As Guns o'er-charg'd the more recoil;
Tho' he that has but Impudence
To all things has a fair Pretence;
And put among his Wants but Shame,
To all the World may lay his Claim:
Tho' you have try'd that nothing's born
With greater eaſe than Publick Scorn;
That all Affronts do ſtill give Place
To your impenetrable Face;

That makes your Way through all Affairs,
As Pigs through Hedges creep with theirs.
Yet as 'tis Counterfeit, and Braſs,
You muſt not think 'twill always paſs;
For all Impoſtors, when they're known,
Are paſt their Labour, and undone.
And all the beſt that can befal
An Artificial Natural,
Is that which Mad-men find, as ſoon
As once th' are broke looſe from the *Moon*,
And proof againſt her Influence,
Relapſe to e'er ſo little Senſe,
To turn ſtark Fools, and Subjects fit
For Sport of Boys, and Rabble-wit.

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HUDIBRAS.

The Third and Laſt PART.

By the Author of the FIRST and SECOND.

Corrected and Amended:

WITH

ANNOTATIONS

Never before Printed.

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HUDIBRAS.

The Third and Laſt PART.

The ARGUMENT of The FIRST *CANTO.*

The Knight and Squire reſolve at once,
The one the other to renounce.
They both approach the Lady's Bower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to woo
She treats them with a Maſquerade, [*her.*
By Furies and Hobgoblins made:
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And ſteals him, from himſelf, by Night.

CANTO I.

'TIS true, no Lover has that Pow'r
T' enforce a deſperate Amour,
As he that has two *Strings* to's *Bow*,
And burns for *Love* and *Mony* too;
For then he's Brave and Reſolute,
Diſdains to render in his Suit,

Has all his *Flames* and *Raptures* double,
And *hangs* or *drowns* with half the trouble;
While thoſe who ſillily purſue
The ſimple, downright Way and true,
Make as unlucky Applications,
And ſteer againſt the Streams their Paſſions.
Some forge their *Miſtreſſes* of *Stars*:
And when the Ladies prove averſe,
And more untoward to be won,
Than by *Caligula* the *Moon*,
Cry out upon the Stars for doing
Ill Offices, to croſs their *wooing*;
When only by themſelves they're hindred,
For truſting *thoſe they made her Kindred*:
And ſtill, the harſher and hide-bounder
The Dam'ſels prove, become the fonder.
For what mad Lover ever dy'd,
To gain a ſoft and gentle *Bride*?
Or for a Lady tender-hearted,
In *purling Streams* or *Hemp* departed?
Leap'd headlong int' *Elyzium*,
Thro' th' Windows of a *dazling Room*?
But for ſome croſs ill-natur'd Dame,
The am'rous Fly burnt in his *Flame*.
This to the *Knight* cou'd be no *News*,
With all Mankind ſo much in uſe;
Who therefore took the wiſer Courſe,
To make the moſt of his *Amours*,
Reſolv'd to try all ſorts of Ways,
As follows in due *Time* and *Place*.
No ſooner was the Bloody Fight
Between the *Wizzard* and the *Knight*,
With all th' Appurtenances, over,
But he relaps'd again t' a *Lover*:

As he was always wont to do
When h' had diſcomfited a Foe,
And us'd the only *Antique Philters*
Deriv'd from old *Heroick Tilters.*
But now Triumphant and Victorious,
He held th' Atchievement was too glorious
For ſuch a Conqueror, to meddle
With *Petty Conſtable*, or *Beadle*;
Or fly for Refuge to the *Hoſteſs*
Of th' Inns of Court and Chanc'ry, *Juſtice*;
Who might, perhaps, reduce his Cauſe
To th' *Ordeal Trial* of the Laws;
Where none eſcape, but ſuch as branded
With red-hot Irons have paſt *bare-handed*;
And if they cannot read one *Verſe*
I' th' Pſalms, muſt ſing it, and that's worſe.
He therefore judging it below him,
To tempt a Shame the *Devil might owe him*,
Reſolv'd to leave the Squire for *Bail*
And *Mainprize* for him, to the *Goal*,
To anſwer, with his Veſſel, all
That might diſaſtrouſly befal.
And thought it now the fitteſt Juncture
To give the Lady a Rencounter,
T' acquaint her with his Expedition,
And Conqueſt o'er the *fierce Magician*;
Deſcribe the manner of the Fray.
And ſhew the Spoils he brought away;
His bloody *Scourging* aggravate,
The Number of the Blows and Weight;
All which might probably ſucceed,
And gain Belief h' had done the Deed.
Which he reſolv'd t' enforce, and ſpare
No pawning of his Soul to ſwear;

But, rather than produce his Back,
To ſet his Conſcience on the Rack:
And in purſuance of his urging
Of Articles perform'd, and Scourging,
And all Things elſe, upon his Part,
Demand Deliv'ry of her Heart,
Her Goods, and Chattels, and good Graces,
And Perſon, up to his Embraces.
Thought he, the ancient *Errant Knights*
Won all their Ladies Hearts in *Fights*;
And cut whole Giants into Fritters,
To put them into amorous Twitters;
Whoſe ſtubborn Bowels ſcorn'd to yield,
Until their *Gallants* were half kill'd:
But when their Bones were drub'd ſo ſore,
They durſt not *woo one Combat* more,
The Ladies Hearts began to melt,
Subdu'd with Blows their Lovers felt.
So *Spaniſh Heroes* with their Lances,
At once wound *Bulls* and *Ladies Fancies*:
And he acquires the nobleſt Spouſe
That widows greateſt Herds of Cows;
Then what may I expect to do,
Who've quell'd ſo vaſt a *Buffalo*?
Mean while the Squire was on his way,
The Knight's *late Orders* to obey;
Who ſent him for a *ſtrong Detachment*
Of *Beadle*, *Conſtable*, and *Watchmen*,
T' attack the *Cunning-man*, for Plunder
Committed falſly on his Lumber;
When he, who had ſo lately ſack'd
The Enemy, had done the Fact,
Had rifled all his Pokes and Fobs
Of *Gimcracks*, *Whims*, and *Jiggumbobs*,

Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
And for his own Inventions feather'd:
And when they ſhou'd, at *Gaol-Deliv'ry*,
Unriddle one another's Thievery,
Both might have evidence enough,
To render neither Halter-proof.
He thought it deſperate to tarry,
And venture to be *acceſſary*;
But rather wiſely ſlip his Fetters,
And leave them for the *Knight*, his *Betters*.
He call'd to Mind th' unjuſt foul Play
He wou'd have offer'd him that Day,
To make him curry his own Hide,
Which no Beaſt ever did beſide,
Without all poſſible Evaſion,
But of the *Riding Diſpenſation*.
And therefore much about the Hour,
The Knight (for Reaſons told before)
Reſolv'd to leave him to the Fury
Of *Juſtice*, and an *unpack'd Jury*,
The *Squire* concurr'd t' abandon him,
And ſerve him in the ſelf-ſame Trim;
T' acquaint the *Lady* what h' had done,
And what he meant to carry on;
What *Project* 'twas he went about,
When *Sidrophel* and he fell out:
His firm and ſtedfaſt Reſolution,
To ſwear her to an *Execution*:
To pawn his inward Ears to marry her,
And bribe the Devil himſelf to carry her.
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their *Party-Saints* to repreſent,
Who never fail'd, upon their ſharing,
In any proſperous *Arms-bearing*,

To lay themſelves out, to ſupplant
Each other *Couſin-German-Saint*.
But e'er the *Knight* could do his Part,
The *Squire* had got ſo much the ſtart,
H' had to the Lady done his Errand,
And told her all his Tricks afore-hand.
Juſt as he finiſh'd his Report,
The *Knight* alighted in the Court;
And having ty'd his Beaſt t' a Pale,
And taken time for both to Stale,
He put his Band and Beard in order,
The ſprucer to accoſt and board her,
And now began t' approach the Door;
When ſhe, wh' had ſpy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' *Informer* out of ſight,
And went to entertain the *Knight*;
With whom encountring *after Longees*,
Of *humble* and *ſubmiſſive Congees*,
And all *due Ceremonies* paid,
He ſtroak'd his Beard, and thus he ſaid:
Madam, I do, as is my Duty,
Honour the Shadow of your Shoe-tye:
And now am come, to bring your Ear
A Preſent you'll be glad to hear;
At leaſt I hope ſo. The Thing's done,
Or may I never ſee the Sun;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your gentle Hand:
And that you'ld pleaſe to do your Part,
As I have done mine, to my Smart.
With that, he ſhrugg'd his ſturdy Back,
As if he felt his Shoulders ake.
But ſhe, who well enough knew what
(Before he ſpoke) he would be at,

Pretended

Pretended not to apprehend
The Myſtery of what he mean'd:
And therefore wiſh'd him to expound
His dark Expreſſions *leſs profound.*
Madam, *quoth he*, I come to prove
How much I've ſuffer'd for your Love,
Which (like your Votary) to win,
I have not ſpar'd my tatter'd Skin:
And, for thoſe meritorious Laſhes,
To claim your Favour and good Graces.
Quoth ſhe, I do remember once
I freed you from th' inchanted Sconce;
And that you promis'd, for that Favour,
To bind your Back to 'ts good Behaviour,
And for my Sake and Service vow'd
To lay upon't a heavy Load,
And what 'twould bear t' a Scruple prove,
As other Knights do oft make Love.
Which, whether you have done or no,
Concerns your ſelf, not me, to know.
But if you have, I ſhall confeſs,
You're honeſter than I could gueſs.
Quoth he, If you ſuſpect my Troth,
I cannot prove it but by Oath;
And, if you make a Queſtion on't,
I'll pawn my Soul, that I have don't;
And, he that makes his Soul his Surety,
I think, does give the beſt Secur'ty.
Quoth ſhe, Some ſay, the Soul's ſecure
Againſt Diſtreſs and Forfeiture;
Is free from Action, and exempt
From Execution and Contempt;
And to be ſummon'd to appear
In th' other World, 's illegal here,

And therefore few make any account,
Int' what Incumbrances they run't.
For moſt Men carry things ſo even
Between this World, and Hell, and Heaven,
Without the leaſt Offence to either,
They freely deal in all together;
And equally abhor to quit
This World for both, or both for it,
And when they pawn and damn their Souls,
They are but Priſ'ners on Paroles.
For that, *quoth he*, 'tis rational,
They may be accountable in all.
For when there is that Intercourſe
Between Divine and Human Pow'rs,
That all that we determine here
Commands Obedience ev'ry where;
When Penalties may be commuted
For Fines, or Ears, and executed;
It follows, nothing binds ſo faſt
As Souls in Pawn, or Mortgage paſt:
For Oaths are th' only Teſts and Scales
Of Right and Wrong, and True and Falſe:
And there's another way to try
The Doubts of Law and Juſtice by.
Quoth ſhe, What is it you wou'd ſwear?
There's no believing till I hear:
For till they're underſtood, all Tales
(Like Nonſenſe) are not true nor falſe.
Quoth he, When I reſolv'd t' obey
What you commanded t' other Day,
And to perform my Exerciſe,
(As Schools are wont) for your fair Eyes:
T' avoid all Scruples in the Caſe,
I went to do't upon the Place.

But as the Caſtle is inchanted
By *Sidrophel* the Witch, and haunted
With evil Spirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two;
Before I'd hardly time to lay
My Weapons by, and diſarray,
I heard a formidable Noiſe
Loud as the Stentrophonick Voice,
That roar'd far off, Diſpatch and ſtrip,
I'm ready with th'Infernal Whip,
That ſhall diveſt thy Ribs of Skin,
To expiate thy ling'ring Sin.
Th' haſt broke perfidiouſly thy Oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted Troth;
But ſpar'd thy Renegado Back,
When th' hadſt ſo great a Price at Stake:
Which now the Fates have order'd me
For Penance and Revenge to flay,
Unleſs thou preſently make haſte.
Time is, Time was: And there it ceas'd.
With which, tho' ſtartled, I confeſs,
Yet th' Horror of the Thing was leſs
Than th' other diſmal Apprehenſion
Of Interruption or Prevention.
And therefore ſnatching up the Rod,
I laid upon my Back a load;
Reſolv'd to ſpare no Fleſh and Blood,
To make my Word and Honour good.
Till tir'd, and taking Truce at length,
For new Recruits of Breath and Strength,
I felt the Blows ſtill ply'd as faſt,
As if th' had been by Lovers plac'd,
In Raptures of Platonick Laſhing,
And chaſt contemplative Bardaſhing.

When facing haſtily about,
To ſtand upon my Guard and Scout,
I found th' Infernal Cunning-man,
And th' Under-Witch, his *Caliban*,
With Scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
That on my outward Quarters ſtorm'd.
In haſte I ſnatch'd my Weapon up,
And gave the Helliſh Rage a ſtop;
Call'd thrice upon your Name, and fell
Couragiouſly on *Sidrophel*:
Who now transform'd himſelf t' a Bear,
Began to roar aloud and tear;
When I as furiouſly preſs'd on,
My Weapon down his Throat to run,
Laid hold on him; but he broke looſe,
And turn'd himſelf into a Gooſe,
Div'd under Water in a Pond,
To hide himſelf from being found.
In vain I ſought him; but as ſoon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd with equal Haſte and Rage,
His Under-Sorcerer t' ingage.
But bravely ſcorning to defile
My Sword with feeble Blood and vile;
I judg'd it better from a Quick-
Set-Hedge to cut a knotted Stick,
With which I furiouſly laid on;
Till in a harſh and doleful Tone
It roar'd, Oh hold for pity, Sir:
I am too great a Sufferer,
Abus'd, as you have been, b'a Witch,
But conjur'd int' a worſe Caprich:
Who ſends me out on many a Jaunt,
Old Houſes in the Night to haunt,

For Opportunities t' improve
Deſigns of Thievery or Love;
With Drugs convey'd in Drink or Meat,
All Feats of Witches counterfeit,
Kill Pigs and Geeſe with pouder'd Glaſs
And make it for Inchantment paſs;
With Cow-Itch meazle like a Leper,
And choak with Fumes of Guiney-Pepper;
Make Leachers and their Punks with Dewtry
Commit phantaſtical Advowtry;
Bewitch Hermetick-Men to run
Stark ſtaring Mad with *Manicon*;
Believe Mechanick *Virtuoſi*
Can raiſe 'em Mountains in *Potoſi*;
And ſillier than the Antick Fools,
Take Treaſure for a Heap of Coals:
Seek out for Plants with Signatures,
To quack of Univerſal Cures;
With Figures ground on Panes of Glaſs,
Make People on their Heads to paſs;
And mighty Heaps of Coin increaſe,
Reflected from a ſingle Piece:
To draw in Fools, whoſe nat'ral Itches
Incline perpetually to Witches;
And keep me in continual Fears,
And Danger of my Neck and Ears:
When leſs Delinquents have been ſcourg'd,
And Hemp on wooden Anvils forg'd,
Which others for Cravats have worn
About their Necks, and took a Turn.
I pity'd the ſad Puniſhment
The *wretched Caitiff* underwent,
And held my Drubbing of his Bones
Too great an Honour for *Pultrones*;

For Knights are bound to feel no Blows
From paltry and unequal Foes,
Who when they ſlaſh, and cut to Pieces,
Do all with civilleſt Addreſſes:
Their Horſes never give a Blow,
But when they make a Leg and Bow.
I therefore ſpar'd his Fleſh, and preſt him
About the Witch with many a Queſtion.
Quoth he, For many Years he drove
A kind of Broking-Trade in Love,
Employ'd in all th' Intrigues and Truſt;
Of feeble Speculative Luſt;
Procuror to th' Extravagancy
And crazy Ribaldry of Fancy.
By thoſe the Devil had forſook,
As things below him, to provoke,
But b'ing a *Virtuoſo*, able
To ſmatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his Talent moſt *Adroit*
For any Myſtical Exploit;
As others of his Tribe had done,
And rais'd their Prices Three to One.
For one predicting Pimp has th' Odds
Of Chauldrons of plain downright Bawds.
But as an Elf (the Devil's *Valet*)
Is not ſo ſlight a thing to get;
For thoſe that do his Buſ'neſs beſt,
In Hell are us'd the ruggedeſt;
Before ſo meriting a Perſon
Could get a Grant, but in Reverſion,
He ſerv'd two Prentiſhips, and longer,
I' th' Myſt'ry of a Lady-Monger.
For (as ſome write) a Witch's Ghoſt,
As ſoon as from the Body loos'd,

Becomes a Puny-Imp it ſelf,
And is another Witch's Elf.
He after ſearching far and near,
At length found one in *Lancaſhire*,
With whom he bargain'd before-hand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd.
Since which h' has plaid a Thouſand Feats,
And practis'd all Mechanick Cheats:
Transform'd himſelf to th' ugly Shapes
Of Wolves, and Bears, Baboons, and Apes;
Which he has vary'd more than Witches,
Or *Pharaoh*'s Wizards cou'd their Switches;
And all with whom h' has had to do,
Turn'd to as monſtrous Figures too.
Witneſs my ſelf, whom h' has abus'd,
And to this beaſtly Shape reduc'd,
By feeding me on Beans and Peaſe,
He crams in naſty Creviſes,
And turns to Comfits by his Arts,
To make me reliſh for Diſſerts,
And one by one with Shame and Fear
Lick up the candy'd Provender.
Beſides-----But as h' was running on,
To tell what other Feats h' had done,
The Lady ſtopt his full Career,
And told him, now 'twas time to hear;
If half thoſe things (*ſaid ſhe*) be true,
(They're all (*quoth he*) I ſwear by you;)
Why then (*ſaid ſhe*) that *Sidrophel*
Has damn'd himſelf to th' Pit of Hell;
Who, mounted on a Broom, the Nag
And Hackney of a *Lapland* Hag,
In queſt of you came hither Poſt,
Within an Hour (I'm ſure) at moſt;

Who told me all you Swear and Say,
Quite contrary another way;
Vow'd that you came to him to know,
If you ſhould carry me or no;
And would have hir'd him and 's Imps
To be your Match-makers and Pimps,
T' ingage the Devil on your ſide,
And ſteal (like *Proſerpine*) your Bride.
But he diſdaining to embrace
So filthy a Deſign and baſe,
You fell to Vapouring and Huffing,
And drew upon him like a Ruffin;
Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before h' had time to mount his Guard;
And left him dead upon the Ground,
With many a Bruiſe and deſp'rate Wound:
Swore you had broke, and robb'd his Houſe;
And ſtole his *Taliſmanique* Louſe,
And all his New-found Old Inventions,
With flat Felonious Intentions;
Which he cou'd bring out, where he had,
And what he bought 'em for, and paid;
His Flea, his *Morpion*, and *Funeſe*,
H' had gotten for his proper Eaſe,
And all in perfect Minutes made,
By th' ableſt Artiſts of the Trade;
Which (he cou'd prove it) ſince he loſt,
He has been eaten up almoſt;
And all together might amount
To many Hundreds on account:
For which h' had got ſufficient Watrant
To ſeize the Malefactors Errant,
Without Capacity of Bail,
But of a Cart's or Horſe's Tail;

And did not doubt to bring the Wretches,
To ſerve for Pendulums to Watches;
Which modern Virtuoſo's ſay,
Incline to Hanging every way.
Beſides he ſwore, and ſwore 'twas true,
That e'er he went in queſt of you,
He ſet a Figure to diſcover
If you were fled to *Rye* or *Dover*;
And found it clear, that, to betray
Your ſelves and me, you fled this way;
And that he was upon purſuit,
To take you ſomewhere hereabout.
He vow'd h' had had Intelligence
Of all that paſt before and ſince:
And found, that e'er you came to him,
Y' had been engaging Life and Limb,
About a Caſe of tender Conſcience,
Where both abounded in your own Senſe;
Till *Ralpho*, by his Light and Grace,
Had clear'd *all Scruples* in the Caſe;
And prov'd that you might ſwear and own
Whatever's by the Wicked done.
For which, moſt blaſely to requite
The Service of his Gifts and Light,
You ſtrove t'oblige him by main force,
To ſcourge his Ribs inſtead of yours;
But that he ſtood upon his Guard,
And all your Vapouring out-dar'd;
For which, between you both, the Feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.
While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' Outſide of his Eyes to white,
(*As Men of Inward Light are wont*
To turn their Opticks in upon't.)

He wonder'd how ſhe came to know
What he had done, and meant to do:
Held up his *Affidavit Hand*,
As if h' had been to be Arraign'd:
Caſt tow'rds the Door a ghaſtly look,
In dread of *Sidrophel*, and ſpoke.
Madam, If but one Word be true
Of all the Wizard has told you,
Or but one ſingle Circumſtance
In all th'Apocryphal Romance,
May dreadful Earthquakes ſwallow down
This Veſſel, that is all your own;
Or may the Heavens fall, and cover
Theſe Reliques of your conſtant Lover.
You have provided well, *quoth ſhe*,
(I thank you) for your ſelf and me;
And ſhewn your *Presbyterian* Wits
Jump punctual with the *Jeſuits*.
A moſt compendious way and civil,
At once to cheat the World, the Devil,
And Heav'n and Hell, your Selves and Thoſe
On whom you vainly think t'impoſe.
Why then (*quoth he*) may Hell ſurprize.
That Trick (*ſaid ſhe*) will not paſs twice:
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning Oaths upon your Sleeve.
But there's a better way of clearing
What you would prove, than *downright Swearing*
For if you have perform'd the Feat,
The Blows are viſible as yet,
Enough to ſerve for Satisfaction
Of niceſt Scruples in the Action.
And if you can produce thoſe Knobs,
Altho' they're but the Witches Drubs,

I'll paſs them all upon Account,
As if your nat'ral Self had don't.
Provided that they paſs'd th'Opinion
Of able Juries of old Women,
Who, us'd to judge all matter of Facts
For Bellies, may do ſo for Backs.
Madam (*quoth he*) your Love's a Million,
To do is leſs than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my Pow'r
T'obey, what you command, and more.
But for performing what you bid,
I thank y'as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care
To keep my Wounds from taking Air:
For Wounds, in thoſe that are all Heart,
Are dangerous in any Part.
I find (*quoth ſhe*) my Goods and Chattels
Are like to prove but meer drawn Battels:
For ſtill the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the End.
But granting now we ſhould agree,
What is it you expect from me?
Your plighted Faith (*quoth he*) and Word
You paſt in Heaven on Record,
Where all Contracts, to have and t'hold,
Are everlaſtingly inroll'd.
And if 'tis counted Treaſon, here
To raze Records, 'tis much more there.
Quoth ſhe, There are no Bargains driv'n,
Nor Marriages clapp'd up in Heaven,
And that's the Reaſon, as ſome gueſs,
There is no Heav'n in Marriages;
Two Things that naturally preſs
Too narrowly, to be at eaſe.

Their Bus'nefs there is only Love,
Which Marriage is not like t'improve.
Love, that's too Gen'rous, to abide
To be againſt its Nature ty'd:
For where 'tis of it ſelf inclin'd,
It breaks looſe when it is confin'd;
And like the Soul, its Harbourer,
Debarr'd the Freedom of the Air,
Diſdains againſt its Will to ſtay,
But ſtruggles out, and flies away:
And therefore never can comply,
T'endure the Matrimonial Tye,
That binds the Female and the Male,
Where th' one is but the other's Bail;
Like *Roman* Gaolers, when they ſlept,
Chain'd to the Priſoners they kept:
Of which the True and Faithfull'ſt Lover
Gives beſt Security, to ſuffer.
Marriage is but a Beaſt, ſome ſay,
That carries double in foul way;
And therefore 'tis not to b'admir'd
It ſhould ſo ſuddenly be tir'd:
A Bargain at a venture made
Between two Partners in a Trade;
(For what's infer'd by T'have, and T'hold,
But ſomething paſt away, and ſold?)
That as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things elſe as low:
And at the beſt is but a Mart
Between the one and th' other part,
That on the Marriage-Day is paid,
Or Hour of Death, the Bet is laid;
And all the reſt of Better or Worſe,
Both are but Loſers out of Purſe.

For when upon their ungot Heirs
Th' entail themſelves, and all that's theirs,
What blinder Bargain e'er was driv'n,
Or Wager laid at ſix and ſeven;
To paſs themſelves away, and turn
Their Childrens Tenants e'er they're born?
Beg one another Idiot
To Guardians, e'er they're begot;
Or ever ſhall, perhaps, by th' one,
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
Though got b' implicite Generation,
And General Club of all the Nation:
For which ſhe's fortify'd no leſs,
Than all the Iſland, with four Seas:
Exacts the Tribute of her Dow'r,
In ready Inſolence and Pow'r:
And make him paſs away, to have
And hold, to her, himſelf, her Slave,
More wretched than an ancient Villain,
Condemn'd to Drudgery and Tilling;
While all he does upon the By,
She is not bound to Juſtifie,
Nor at her proper Coſt and Charge
Maintain the Feats he does at large.
Such hideous Sots were thoſe obedient
Old Vaſſals to their Ladies Regent;
To give the Cheats the eldeſt Hand
In foul Play, by the Laws o'th' Land;
For which ſo many a Legal Cuckold
Has been run down in Courts and truckl'd,
A Law that moſt unjuſtly yokes
All *Johns of Stiles* to *Joans of Noaks*,
Without diſtinction of Degree,
Condition, Age, or Quality;

Admits no Pow'r of Revocation,
Nor valuable Conſideration,
Nor Writ of Error, nor Reverſe
Of Judgment paſt for better or worſe;
Will not allow the Privileges
That Beggars challenge under Hedges,
Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead Horſes
Their Spiritual Judges of Divorces;
While nothing elſe but *Rem* in *Re*
Can ſet the proudeſt Wretches free;
A Slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring:
As Spiders never ſeek the Fly,
But leave him, of himſelf, t'apply;
So Men are by themſelves betray'd,
To quit the Freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their Necks into a Nooze,
They'd break 'em after, to break looſe.
As ſome, whom Death wou'd not depart,
Have done the Feat themſelves by Art.
Like *Indian*-Widows, gone to Bed
In flaming Curtains to the Dead:
And Men as often dangled for't,
And yet will never leave the Sport.
Nor do the Ladies want excuſe
For all the Stratagems they uſe,
To gain th'Advantage of the Set,
And lurch the Am'rous Rook and Cheat.
For as the *Pythagorean* Soul
Runs thro' all Beaſts, and Fiſh, and Fowl,
And has a Smack of ev'ry one:
So Love does, and has ever done.
And therefore, though 'tis ne'er ſo fond,
Takes ſtrangely to the Vagabond.

'Tis but an Ague that's reverſt,
Whoſe hot Fit takes the Patient firſt,
That after burns with Cold as much
As Ir'n in *Greenland* does the Touch;
Melts in the Furnace of Deſire,
Like Glaſs, that's but the Ice of Fire;
And when his Heat of Fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.
For when he's with Love-Powder laden,
And prim'd and cock'd by Miſs, or Madam,
The ſmalleſt Sparkle of an Eye
Gives Fire to his Artillery;
And off the loud Oaths go, but while
They're in the very Act recoil.
Hence 'tis, ſo few dare take their chance
Without a ſep'rate Maintenance:
And Widows, who have try'd one Lover,
Truſt none again, till th'have made over.
Or if they do, before they marry,
The Foxes weigh the Geeſe they carry:
And e'er they venture on a Stream,
Know how to ſize themſelves and them.
Whence witty'ſt Ladies always chooſe
To undertake the heavieſt Gooſe.
For now the World is grown ſo wary,
That few of either Sex dare marry,
But rather truſt on Tick t'Amours,
The Croſs and Pile for Bett'r or Worſe:
A Mode that is held Honourable
As well as *French* and Faſhionable.
For when it falls out for the beſt,
Where both are incommoded leaſt,
In Soul and Body two unite,
To make up one Hermaphrodite;

Still Am'rous, and Fond, and Billing,
Like *Philip* and *Mary* on a Shilling.
Th' have more Punctilio's and Capriches
Between the Petticoat and Breeches,
More petulant Extravagances,
Than Poets make 'em in Romances,
Tho', when their Heroes 'spouse the Dames,
We hear no more of Charms and Flames:
For then their late Attracts decline,
And turn as eager as prick'd Wine;
And all their Catterwauling Tricks,
In earnest to as jealous Piques:
Which th' Ancients wisely signify'd,
By th' Yellow Mantau's of the Bride;
For Jealousie is but a kind
Of Clap and Crincum of the Mind,
The natural Effect of Love,
As other Flames and Aches prove:
But all the Mischief is, the Doubt
On whose account they first broke out.
For though *Chineses* go to Bed,
And lie In in their Ladies stead,
And for the Pains they took before,
Are Nurs'd and Pamper'd to do more:
Our *Green*-Men do it worse, when th' hap
To fall in Labour of a Clap;
Both lay the Child to one another:
But who's the Father, who the Mother,
'Tis hard to say in Multitudes,
Or who imported the *French* Goods.
But Health and Sickness b'ing all one,
Which both before engag'd to own,
And are not with their Bodies bound
To Worship only when their Sound,

Both give and take their equal Shares
Of all they ſuffer by falſe Wares:
A Fate no Lover can divert
With all his Caution, Wit, and Art.
For 'tis in vain to think to gueſs
At Women by Appearances;
That paint and patch their Imperfections
Of Intellectual Complections;
And daub their Tempers o'er with Waſhes
As artificial as their Faces;
Wear under Vizard-Masks their Talents
And Mother Wits before their Gallants;
Until they're hamper'd in the Nooze,
Too faſt to dream of breaking looſe:
When all the Flaws they ſtrove to hide
Are made unready, with the Bride,
That with her Wedding Cloaths undreſſes
Her Complaiſance and Gentileſſes:
Tries all her Arts, to take upon her
The Government from th' eaſie Owner,
Until the Wretch is glad to wave
His lawful Right, and turn her Slave;
Finds all his Having and his Holding,
Reduc'd t' eternal Noiſe and Scolding;
The Conjugal Petard, that tears
Down all Portcullices of Ears,
And makes the Volly of one Tongue
For all their Leathern Shields too ſtrong;
When only arm'd with Noiſe and Nails,
The Female Silk-worms ride the Males,
Transform 'em into *Rams* and *Goats*,
Like *Sirens* with their charming Notes,
Sweet as a *Screech Owl*'s Serenade,
Or thoſe enchanting Murmurs made

By th' Husband *Mandrake* and the Wife,
Both Bury'd (like themſelves) Alive.
Quoth he, Theſe Reaſons are but Strains
Of wanton, over-heated Brains,
Which Ralliers in their Wit or Drink,
Do rather wheedle with, than think.
Man was not Man in *Paradiſe*,
Until he was created twice,
And had his better half, his Bride,
Carv'd from th' Original, his Side,
T' amend his natural Defects,
And perfect his recruited Sex;
Inlarge his Breed, at once, and leſſen
The Pains and Labour of Increaſing,
By changing them for other Cares,
As by his dry'd-up Paps appears;
His Body, that ſtupendious Frame,
Of all the World the Anagram,
Is of two equal Parts compact,
In Shape and Symetry exact.
Of which the Left and Female ſide
Is to the manly Right a Bride,
Both join'd together with ſuch Art,
That nothing elſe but Death can part.
Thoſe Heav'nly Attracts of yours, your Eyes,
And Face, that all the World ſurpriſe,
That dazle all that look upon ye,
And ſcorch all other Ladies Tawny;
Thoſe Raviſhing and Charming Graces,
Are all made up of two half Faces,
That in a Mathematick Line,
Like thoſe in other Heavens, join,
Of which if either grew alone,
'Twould fright as much to look upon:

And ſo wou'd that ſweet Bud your Lip,
Without the other's Fellowſhip.
Our Nobleſt Senſes act by Pairs,
Two Eyes to ſee, to hear two Ears;
Th' Intelligencers of the Mind,
To wait upon the Soul deſign'd;
But thoſe that ſerve the Body alone,
Are ſingle and confin'd to one.
The World is but two Parts, that meet,
And cloſe at th' Equinoctial, fit;
And ſo are all the Works of Nature,
Stamp'd with her Signature on Matter:
Which all her Creatures, to a Leaf,
Or ſmalleſt Blade of Graſs, receive.
All which ſufficiently declare
How 'ntirely Marriage is her Care,
The only Method that ſhe uſes,
In all the Wonders ſhe produces.
And thoſe that take their Rules from her,
Can never be deceiv'd nor err.
For what ſecures the Civil Life
But Pawns of Children, and a Wife;
That lye, like Hoſtages, at ſtake,
To pay for all Men undertake;
To whom it is as neceſſary,
As to be Born and Breath, to Marry.
So Univerſal, all Mankind
In nothing elſe is of one Mind.
For in what ſtupid Age, or Nation,
Was Marriage ever out of Faſhion?
Unleſs among the *Amazons*,
Or Veſtal *Friars*, and Cloiſter'd *Nuns*;
Or *Stoicks*, who, to bar the Freaks
And looſe Exceſſes of the Sex,

Prepost'rously wou'd have all Women
Turn'd up to all the World in common.
Tho' Men wou'd find such mortal Fewds
In sharing of their publick Goods,
'Twou'd put them to more Charge of Lives,
Than they're supply'd with now by Wives;
Until they graze, and wear their Cloaths,
As Beasts do, of their Native Growths:
For simple wearing of their Horns,
Will not suffice to serve their turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unless the Marriage-deed will bear it?
Cou'd claim no Right to Lands or Rents,
But for our Parents Settlements.
Had been but younger Sons o' th' Earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our Birth.
What Honours, or Estates of Peers
Cou'd be preserv'd, but by their Heirs?
And what Security maintains
Their Right and Title, but the Banes?
What Crowns cou'd be Hereditary,
If greatest Monarchs did not Marry,
And with their Consorts consummate
Their weightiest Interests of State?
For all th' Amours of Princes are
But Guarrantees of Peace or War.
Or what but Marriage has a Charm,
The Rage of Empires to disarm,
Make Blood and Desolation cease,
And Fire and Sword unite in Peace,
When all their fierce Contests for Forage
Conclude in Articles of Marriage?
Nor does the Genial Bed provide
Less for the Interests of the Bride;

Who elſe had not the leaſt pretence
T' as much as due Benevolence;
Could no more Title take upon her
To Virtue, Quality, and Honour,
Than Ladies Errant, unconfin'd,
And Feme-Coverts t' all Mankind.
All Women would be of one piece,
The Virtuous Matron, and the Miſs;
The Nymphs of Chaſte *Diana*'s Train,
The ſame with thoſe in *Lewkner*'s Lane;
But for the difference Marriage makes
'Twixt Wives, and Ladies of the Lakes.
Beſides, the Joys of Place and Birth,
The Sex's Paradiſe on Earth;
A Privilege ſo Sacred held,
That none will to their Mothers yield;
But rather than not go before,
Abandon Heaven at the Door.
And if th' indulgent Law allows
A greater Freedom to the Spouſe;
The Reaſon is, becauſe the Wife
Runs greater Hazards of her Life;
Is truſted with the Form and Matter
Of all Mankind, by careful Nature.
Where Man brings nothing but the Stuff,
She frames the wondrous Fabrick of:
Who therefore, in a ſtreight, may freely
Demand the Clergy of her Belly,
And make it ſave her, the ſame way,
It ſeldom miſſes to betray.
Unleſs both Parties wiſely enter
Into the Liturgy-Indenture.
And though ſome Fits of ſmall Conteſt
Sometimes fall out among the beſt,

That is no more than every Lover
Does from his Hackney-Lady ſuffer.
That makes no Breach of Faith and Love,
But rather (ſometimes) ſerves t' improve.
For, as in Running, ev'ry Pace
Is but between two Legs a Race,
In which both do their uttermoſt
To get before, and win the Poſt;
Yet when they're at their Race's Ends,
They're ſtill as kind and conſtant Friends,
And to relieve their Wearineſs,
By turns give one another Eaſe:
So all thoſe falſe Alarms of Strife,
Between the Husband and the Wife,
And little Quarrels, often prove
To be but new Recruits of Love.
When thoſe wh' are always kind or coy,
In Time muſt either tire or cloy.
Nor are their loudeſt Clamours more,
Than as they're reliſh'd, Sweet or Sour:
Like Muſick, that proves bad or good,
According as 'tis underſtood.
In all Amours a Lover burns,
With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by turns:
And Hearts have been as oft with Sullen,
As charming Looks, ſurpriz'd and ſtollen.
Then why ſhould more bewitching Clamour
Some Lovers not as much enamour?
For Diſcords make the ſweeteſt Airs,
And Curſes are a kind of Prayers:
Too ſlight Alloys for all thoſe grand
Felicities by Marriage gain'd.
For nothing elſe has Pow'r to ſettle
Th' Intereſts of Love perpetual.

An Act and Deed, that makes one Heart
Become another's Counter-part,
And passes Fines on Faith and Love,
Inroll'd and Register'd above,
To seal the slippery Knot of Vows,
Which nothing else but Death can loose.
And what Security's too strong,
To guard that gentle Heart from Wrong,
That to its Friend is glad to pass
It self away and all it has;
And like an Anchotite gives over,
This World, for th' Heaven of a Lover?
I grant (*quoth she*) there are some few,
Who take that course, and find it true:
But Millions, whom the same does Sentence
To Heaven b' another way, Repentance.
Love's Arrows are but shot at Rovers,
Tho' all they hit they turn to Lovers.
And all the weighty Consequents
Depend upon more blind Events,
Than Gamesters, when they play a Set
With greatest cunning at Piquet,
Put out with Caution, but take in
They know not what, Unsight, Unseen.
For what do Lovers, when they're fast
In one another's Arms embrac'd,
But strive to Plunder and Convey
Each other, like a Prize, away?
To change the Property of Selves,
As Sucking Children are by Elves?
And if they use their Persons so,
What will they to their Fortunes do?
Their Fortunes! the perpetual Aims
Of all their Ecstasies and Flames.

For when the Mony's on the Book,
And, *All my Worldly Goods* —— but ſpoke;
(The Formal Livery and Seiſin
That puts a Lover in Poſſeſſion)
To that alone the Bridegroom's wedded,
The Bride a Flam that's ſuperſeded.
To that their Faith is ſtill made good,
And all the Oaths to us they vow'd.
For when we once reſign our Pow'rs,
W' have nothing left we can call ours;
Our Money's now become the Miſs,
Of all your Lives and Services;
And we forſaken, and Poſt-pon'd,
But Bawds to what before we own'd;
Which as it made y' at firſt Gallant us,
So now hires others to ſupplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of Doors,
(As we had been) for new Amours.
For what did ever Heireſs yet
By being born to Lordſhips get?
When the more Lady ſh' is of Manors,
She's but expos'd to more Trepanners,
Pays for their Projects and Deſigns,
And for her own Deſtruction fines;
And does but tempt them with her Riches,
To uſe her as the Devil does Witches;
Who takes it for a ſpecial Grace,
To be their Cully for a Space,
That, when the time's expir'd, the Drazels
For ever may become his Vaſſals.
So ſhe, bewitch'd by Rooks and Spirits,
Betrays her ſelf, and all h' inherits;
Is bought and ſold, like ſtollen Goods,
By Pimps, and Match-makers, and Bawds,

Until

Until they force her to convey,
And steal the Thief himself away.
These are the everlasting Fruits
Of all your passionate Love-Suits,
Th' Effects of all your am'rous Fancies,
To Portions and Inheritances;
Your Love-sick Rapture, for Fruition
Of Dowry, Jointure, and Tuition;
To which you make Address and Courtship,
And with your Bodies strive to worship,
That th' Infant's Fortunes may partake
Of Love too, for the Mother's sake.
For these, you play at Purposes,
And love your Loves with *A's* and *B's*:
For these, at *Beste* and *L'Ombre* woo,
And play for Love and Mony too:
Strive who shall be the ablest Man
At right Gallanting of a Fan;
And who the most genteely bred
At sucking of a Vizard Bead;
How best t' accost us in all Quarters,
T' our Question-and-Command New Gatters;
And solidly Discourse upon
All sorts of Dresses *Pro* and *Con*,
For there's no Mystery nor Trade,
But in the Art of Love is made.
And when you have more Debts to pay
Than *Michaelmas* and *Lady-Day*,
And no way possible to do't
But Love and Oaths, and restless Suit,
To as y' apply, to pay the Scores
Of all your cully'd, past Amours;
Act o'er your Flames and Darts again,
And charge us with your Wounds and Pain,

Which others Influences long ſince
Have charm'd your Noſes with, and Shins;
For which the Surgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our Aid.
Lord! what an Am'rous thing is Want?
How Debts and Mortgages inchant!
What Graces muſt that Lady have,
That can from Execution ſave!
What Charms, that can reverſe Extent,
And null Decree and Exigent!
What Magical Attracts and Graces,
That can redeem from *Scire Facias*!
From Bonds and Statutes can diſcharge,
And from Contempts of Courts enlarge!
Theſe are the higheſt Excellencies
Of all our true or falſe Pretences.
And you would damn your ſelves, and ſwear
As much t' an Hoſteſs *Dowager*,
Grown fat and purſy by Retail
Of Pots of Beer, and Botled Ale;
And find her fitter for your Turn,
For Fat is wondrous apt to burn;
Who at your Flames wou'd ſoon take Fire,
Relent, and melt to your Deſire,
And, like a Candle in the Socket,
Diſſolve her Graces int' your Pocket.
By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When th' heard a knocking at the Gate,
Laid on in haſte with ſuch a Powder,
The Blows grew louder ſtill and louder.
Which *Hudibras*, as if th' had been
Beſtow'd as freely on his Skin,
Expounding by his inward Light,
Or rather more Prophetick Fright,

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To be the Wizard, come to ſearch,
And take him napping in the Lurch,
Turn'd pale as Aſhes, or a Clout;
But why, or wherefore, is a Doubt:
For Men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much, or too little Valour.
His Heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a Paſſage through his Side,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
But in a Fury to fly at 'em;
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a Cranny to creep out.
But ſhe, who ſaw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,
Know, I'm reſolv'd to break no Right
Of Hoſpitality t' a Stranger,
But to ſecure you out of Danger,
Will here my ſelf ſtand Centinel,
To guard this Paſs 'gainſt *Sidrophel*.
Women, you know, do ſeldom fail,
To make the ſtouteſt Men turn tail;
And bravely ſcorn to turn their Backs
Upon the deſp'rateſt Attacks,
At this the Knight grew reſolute
As *Ironſide*, or *Hardiknute*;
His Fortitude began to rally,
And out he cry'd aloud, to ſally.
But ſhe beſought him to convey
His Courage rather out o' th' way,
And lodge in Ambuſh on the Floor,
Or fortify'd behind a Door:
That if the Enemy ſhould enter,
He might relieve her in th' Adventure.

Mean while they knock'd againſt the Door,
As fierce as at the Gate before;
Which made the Renegado Knight
Relapſe again t' his former Fright.
He thought it deſperate to ſtay
Till th' Enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather poſt himſelf, to ſerve
The Lady for a freſh Reſerve.
His Duty was not to diſpute,
But what ſh' had order'd execute:
Which he reſolv'd in haſte t' obey,
And therefore ſtoutly march'd away;
And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
Though in the Dark, and all alone.
Till Fear, that braver Feats performs,
Than ever Courage dar'd in Arms,
Had drawn him up before a Paſs,
To ſtand upon his Guard, and face.
This he couragiouſly invaded,
And having enter'd, *Barricado'd*:
Inſconc'd himſelf as formidable
As cou'd be, underneath a Table;
Where he lay down in Ambuſh cloſe,
T' expect th' arrival of his Foes.
Few Minutes had he lain perdue,
To guard his deſp'rate Avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful Shout,
As loud as putting to the Rout;
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fancy'd th' Enemy had ſtorm'd,
And after entring, *Sidrophel*
Was fall'n upon the Guards pell-mell.
He therefore ſent out all his Senſes,
To bring him in Intelligences;

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Which Vulgars, out of Ignorance,
Miſtake, for falling in a Trance;
But thoſe that Trade in *Geomancy*
Affirm to be the ſtrength of Fancy:
In which the *Lapland Magi* deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Mean while the Foe beat up his Quarters,
And ſtorm'd the Outworks of his Fortreſs,
And as another of the ſame
Degree, and Party, in Arms and Fame,
That in the ſame Cauſe had engag'd,
And War with equal Conduct wag'd,
By vent'ring only but to thruſt
His Head a Span beyond his Poſt,
B' a *Gen'ral* of the *Cavaliers*
Was dragg'd through a Window by th' Ears;
So he was ſerv'd in his Redoubt,
And by the other end pull'd out.
Soon as they had him at their Mercy,
They put him to the Cudgel fiercely,
As if they'd ſcorn'd to trade and barter,
By giving or by taking Quarter:
They ſtoutly on his Quarters laid,
Until his Scouts came int' his Aid.
For when a *Man is paſt his Senſe*,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' *Ears* and *Noſe*,
Or laying on of *heavy Blows*:
And if that will not do the Deed,
To burning with *Hot Ir'ns* proceed.
No ſooner was he come t' himſelf,
But on his Neck a ſturdy Elf
Clapp'd in a Trice his Cloven Hoof,
And thus attack'd him with Reproof:

Mortal, Thou art betray'd to us
B' our Friend, thy *Evil Genius*,
Who for thy horrid Perjuries,
Thy Breach of Faith, and turning Lyes,
The Brethrens Privilege (againſt
The Wicked) on themſelves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched Carcaſs ſent,
For juſt Revenge and Puniſhment;
Which thou haſt now no way to leſſen,
But by an open free Confeſſion;
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy Bones.
What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Lady's Heart away?
To ſpirit her to Matrimony?----
That which contracts all Matches, *Mony*.
It was th' Inchantment of her Riches,
That made m' apply t' your Croney Witches;
That in return wou'd pay th' Expence,
The Wear-and-Tear of Conſcience;
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd
For th' Hundredth Part of what I earn'd.
Didſt thou not love her then? Speak true.
No more (*quoth he*) than I love you.
How wou'dſt th' have us'd her and her Mony?
Firſt turn'd her up to Alimony;
And laid her Dowry out in Law,
To null her Jointure with a Flaw,
Which I before-hand had agreed
T' have put, on purpoſe, in the Deed;
And bar her Widow's making over
T' a Friend in Truſt, or private Lover.
What made thee pick and chuſe her out,
T' employ their Sorceries about?

That which makes Gameſters play with thoſe
Who have leaſt Wit, and moſt to loſe.
But didſt thou ſcourge thy Veſſel thus,
As thou haſt damn'd thy ſelf to us?
I ſee you take me for an Aſs:
'Tis true, I thought the Trick wou'd paſs,
Upon a Woman, well enough,
As t' has been often found by Proof;
Whoſe Humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon.
For Love approves of all they do
That ſtand for Candidates, and woo.
Why didſt thou forge thoſe ſhameful Lies,
Of Bears and Witches in Diſguiſe?
That is no more than Authors give
The Rabble Credit to believe;
A Trick of following their Leaders,
To entertain their gentle Readers.
And we have now no other way
Of paſſing all we do or ſay;
Which when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd b' a very few.
Beſide the Danger of Offence,
The fatal Enemy of Senſe.
Why didſt thou chuſe that curſed Sin,
Hypocriſie, to ſet up in? ------
Becauſe it is the thriving'ſt Calling,
The only Saints-Bell that rings all in;
In which all Churches are concern'd,
And is the eaſieſt to be learn'd:
For no Degrees, unleſs th' employ 't,
Can ever gain much or enjoy 't.
A Gift that is not only able
To domineer among the Rabble,

But by the Laws empowr'd to rout,
And awe the Greateſt that ſtand out.
Which few hold forth againſt, for fear
Their Hands ſhou'd ſlip, and come too near.
For no Sin elſe among the Saints
Is taught ſo tenderly againſt
That made thee break thy plighted Vows?
That which makes others break a Houſe,
And hang, and ſcorn ye all, before
Endure the Plague of being Poor.
Quoth he, I ſee you have more Tricks
Than all our doting Politicks,
That are grown old, and out of Faſhion,
Compar'd with your *New Reformation*?
That we muſt come to School to you,
To learn your more Refin'd, and New.
Quoth he, If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You'd find your ſelf an arrant Chouſe,
If y' were but at a Meeting-Houſe.
'Tis true, *quoth he*, we ne'er come there,
Becauſe w' have let 'em out by th' Year.
Truly, *quoth he*, you can't imagine,
What wondrous things they will engage in:
That as your Fellow-Fiends in Hell
Were Angels all before they fell;
So are you like to be again,
Compar'd with th' Angels of us Men.
Quoth he, I am reſolv'd to be
Thy Scholar in this Myſtery;
And therefore firſt deſire to know
Some Principles on which you go.
What makes a Knave a Child of God,
And one of us? —— *A Livelyhood.*

What renders beating out of Brains
And Murther, Godliness? —— *Great Gains.*
What's tender Conscience? —— 'Tis a Botch
That will not bear the gentlest Touch;
But breaking out, dispatches more
Than th' Epidemical'st Plague-Sore.
What makes y' encroach upon our Trade,
And damn all others? —— *To be paid.*
What's Orthodox and true believing
Against a Conscience? —— *A good Living.*
What makes Rebelling against Kings
A *Good Old Cause?* —— *Administrings.*
What makes all Doctrines plain and clear?
About Two Hundred Pounds a Year.
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again? —— *Two hundred more.*
What makes the breaking of all Oaths
A holy Duty? —— *Food and Cloaths.*
What Laws and Freedom, Persecution? ——
B'ing out of Pow'r, and Contribution.
What makes a Church a Den of Thieves? ——
A Dean and Chapter, and white Sleeves.
And what wou'd serve, if those were gone,
To make it Orthodox? —— Our own.
What makes Morality a Crime,
The most notorious of the Time?
Morality, which both the Saints
And Wicked too cry out against?
'Cause Grace and Virtue are within
Prohibited Degrees of Kin:
And therefore no true Saint allows
They shall be suffer'd to espouse.
For Saints can need no Conscience,
That with Morality dispense;

As Vertue's impious, when 'tis rooted,
In Nature onl', and not imputed;
But why the Wicked ſhould do ſo,
We neither know, or care to do.
What's Liberty of Conſcience,
I' th' Natural and Genuine Senſe?
'Tis to reſtore, with more Security,
Rebellion to its ancient Purity;
And Chriſtian Liberty reduce
To th' elder Practice of the *Jews*.
For a large Conſcience is all one,
And ſignifies the ſame with *None*.
It is enough (*quoth he*) for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit Bones;
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a Trick,
(Tho' he gives Name to our *Old Nick*)
But was below the leaſt of theſe,
That paſs i' th' World for Holineſs.
This ſaid, the Furies and the Light
In th' Inſtant vaniſh'd out of ſight;
And left him in the Dark alone,
With ſtinks of Brimſtone and his own.
The *Queen of Night*, whoſe large Command
Rules all the Sea, and half the Land,
And over moiſt and crazy Brains,
In high Spring-Tides, at Midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the Weſt,
To go to Bed, and take her reſt.
When *Hudibras*, whoſe ſtubborn Blows
Deny'd his Bones that ſoft Repoſe,
Lay ſtill expecting worſe and more,
Stretcht out at length upon the Floor:
And though he ſhut his Eyes as faſt,
As if h' had been to ſleep his laſt,

Saw all the Shapes that Fear or Wizards
Do make the Devil wear for Vizards.
And pricking up his Ears, to hearк
If he cou'd hear too in the Dark;
Was firſt invaded with a Groan,
And after in a feeble Tone,
Theſe trembling Words; *Unhappy Wretch,*
What haſt thou gotten by this Fetch?
Or all thy Tricks in this New Trade,
The holy Brotherhood o' th' Blade?
By ſauntring ſtill on ſome Adventure,
And growing to thy Horſe a Centaur,
To ſtuff thy Skin with ſwelling Knobs
Of Cruel and hard-wooded Drubs?
For ſtill th' haſt had the worſt on't yet;
As well in Conqueſt as Defeat.
Night is the Sabbath of Mankind,
To reſt the Body and the Mind;
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd Corps with Sleep.
The Knight, who heard the Words explain'd
As meant to him this Reprimand,
Becauſe the Character did hit
Point-blank upon his Caſe ſo fit;
Believ'd it was ſome drolling Sprite
That ſtaid upon the Guard that Night,
And one of thoſe h' had ſeen, and felt
The Drubs he had ſo freely dealt.
When, after a ſhort Pauſe or Groan,
The doleful Spirit thus went on;
This 'tis t' ingage with Dogs and Bears
Pelmell together by the Ears,
And after painful Bangs and Knocks,
To lie in Limbo in the Stocks,

And from the Pinacle of Glory,
Fall headlong into Purgatory:
(Thought he, this Devil's full of Malice,
That on my late Diſaſters rallies.)
Condemn'd to Whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more Heroick-minded;
And at a Riding handled worſe,
With Treats more ſlovenly and coarſe;
Ingag'd with Friends in ſtubborn Wars,
And hot Diſputes with Conjurers;
And when th' hadſt bravely won the Day,
Waſt fain to ſteal thy ſelf away.
(I ſee, thought he, this ſhameleſs Elf
Wou'd fain ſteal me too from my ſelf,
That impudently dares to own
What I have ſuffer'd for and done.)
And now but vent'ring to betray,
Haſt met with Vengeance the ſame way.
Thought he, How does the Devil know
What 'twas that I deſign'd to do?
His *Office of Intelligence*,
His *Oracles*, are ceas'd long ſince;
And he knows nothing of the Saints,
But what ſome treach'rous Spy acquaints.
This is ſome Pettifogging Fiend,
Some Under-Door-keeper's Friend's Friend,
That undertakes to underſtand,
And juggles at the ſecond Hand;
And now wou'd paſs for *Spirit Po*,
And all Mens dark Concerns foreknow.
I think I need not fear him for't;
Theſe rallying Devils do no hurt.
With that he rouz'd his drooping Heart,
And haſtily cry'd out, *What art?*

A Wretch (*quoth he*) whom want of Grace
Has brought to this unhappy Place,
I do believe thee, *quoth the Knight*,
Thus far I'm ſure th'art in the Right;
And know what 'tis that troubles thee
Better than thou haſt gueſs'd of me.
Thou art ſome paltry, black-guard Sprite,
Condemn'd to Drudg'ry in the Night;
That haſt no Work to do in th' Houſe,
Nor Half-penny to drop in Shoes:
Without the raiſing of which Sum,
You dare not be ſo troubleſome,
To pinch the Slatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their Work to do.
This is your Bus'neſs, good *Pug-Robin*,
And your Diverſion dull dry *Bobbing*,
T'intice Fanaticks in the Dirt,
And waſh 'em clean in Ditches for't.
Of which Conceit you are ſo proud,
At ev'ry Jeſt to laugh aloud,
As now you wou'd have done by me,
But that I barr'd your Raillery.
Sir, (*quo' the Voice*) y'are no ſuch Sophy
As you would have the World judge of ye.
If you deſign to weigh our Talents,
I' th' Standard of your own falſe Balance,
Or think it poſſible to know
Us Ghoſts, as well as we do you:
We, who have been the everlaſting
Companions of your Drubs and Baſting,
And never left you in Conteſt.
With Male or Female, Man or Beaſt
But prov'd as true t'ye and intire,
In all Adventures, as your Squire.

Quoth he, That may be ſaid as true
By th'idleſt Pug of all your Crew.
For none could have betray'd us worſe
Than thoſe Allies of ours and yours.
But I have ſent him for a Token
To your Low-Country *Hogen Mogen*,
To whoſe Infernal Shores I hope
He'll ſwing like Skippers in a Rope.
And if y'have been more juſt to me
(As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as true,
What th'Ill-affected ſay of you,
Y'have 'ſpous'd the Covenant and Cauſe,
By holding up your Cloven Paws.
Sir, *quo' the Voice*, 'tis true, I grant,
We made and took the Covenant.
But that no more concerns the Cauſe,
Than other Perjuries do the Laws,
Which when they're prov'd in open Court,
Wear wooden Peccadillo's for't.
And that's the Reaſon Cov'nanters
Hold up their Hands, like Rogues at Bars.
I ſee, *quoth Hudibras*, from whence
Theſe Scandals of the Saints commence,
That are but natural Effects
Of *Satan*'s Malice, and his Sects,
Thoſe Spider-Saints, that hang by Threads
Spun out o'th' Entrails of their Heads.
Sir, *quoth the Voice*, that may as true
And properly be ſaid of you;
Whoſe Talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together.
For all the *Independants* do,
Is only what you forc'd 'em to.

You, who are not content alone
With Tricks to put the Devil down,
But muſt have Armies rais'd, to back
The Goſpel-work you undertake:
As if Artillery, and Edge-tools,
Were th'only Engines to ſave Souls.
While He, poor Devil, has no Pow'r
By force to run down and devour;
Has ne'er a Claſſis, cannot ſentence
To Stools, or Poundage of Repentance;
Is ty'd up only to Deſign,
T'intice, and tempt, and undermine:
In which you all his Arts out-do,
And prove your ſelves his Betters too.
Hence 'tis Poſſeſſions do leſs evil
Than mere Temptations of the Devil,
Which all the horrid'ſt Actions done,
Are charg'd in Courts of Law upon;
Becauſe, unleſs you help the Elf,
He can do little of himſelf;
And therefore where he's beſt poſſeſt,
Acts moſt againſt his Intereſt;
Surpriſes none but thoſe wh' have Prieſts
To turn him out, and Exorciſts,
Supply'd with Spiritual Proviſion,
And Magazines of Ammunition,
With Croſſes, Relicks, Crucifixes,
Beads, Pictures, Roſaries, and Pixes,
The Tools of working out Salvation
By meer Mechanick Operation,
With Holy Water, like a Sluce,
To overflow all Avenues.
But thoſe wh'are utterly unarm'd
T'oppoſe his Entrance if he ſtorm'd,

He never offers to ſurpriſe,
Altho' his falſeſt Enemies;
But is content to be their Drudge,
And on their Errands glad to trudge.
For where are all your Forfeitures
Intruſted in ſafe Hands, but ours?
Who have but Jailors of your Holes
And Dungeons, where you clap up Souls;
Like Under-keepers, turn the Keys
T'your Mittimus Anathema's,
And never boggle to reſtore
The Members you deliver o'er
Upon Demand, with fairer Juſtice
Than all your covenanting Truſtees;
Unleſs to puniſh them the worſe,
You put them in the Sec'lar Pow'rs,
And paſs their Souls, as ſome demiſe
The ſame Eſtate in Mortgage twice,
When to a legal *Utlegation*
You turn your Excommunication,
And for a Groat unpaid that's due,
Diſtrain on *Soul* and *Body* too.
Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of Civil
State-Prudence, to cajole the Devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When h'has us in his Cloven Hoof.
'Tis true, *quoth he*, that Intercourſe
Has paſs'd between your Friends and ours;
That as you truſt us, in our way,
To raiſe your Members, and to lay,
We ſend you others of our own,
Denounc'd to hang themſelves or drown,
Or frighted with our Oratory,
To leap down headlong many a Story:

Have us'd all Means to propagate
Your mighty Intereſts of State,
Laid out our Spiritual Gifts to further
Your great Deſigns of Rage and Murther.
For if the Saints are nam'd from Blood,
We onl' have made that Titlegood.
And if it were but in our Power,
We ſhould not ſcruple to do more,
And not be half a Soul behind
Of all Diſſenters of Mankind,
Right, *quoth the Voice*, and as I ſcorn
To be ungrateful in Return:
Of all thoſe kind good Offices,
I'll free you out of this Diſtreſs,
And ſet you down in Safety, where
It is no time to tell you here.
The Cock crows, and the Morn grows on,
When 'tis decreed I muſt be gone:
And if I leave you here till Day,
You'll find it hard to get away,
With that the *Spirit* grop'd about,
To find th'Inchanted *Hero* out,
And try'd with haſte to lift him up;
But found his *Forelorn Hope*, his *Crup*,
Unſerviceable with Kicks and Blows
Receiv'd from hardned-hearted Foes.
He thought to drag him by the Heels,
Like *Greſham* Carts, with Legs for Wheels;
But Fear, that ſooneſt cures thoſe Sores,
In danger of Relapſe, to worſe,
Came in t'aſſiſt him with its Aid,
And up his ſinking Veſſel weigh'd.

No ſooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to diſlodge;
The Spirit hors'd him like a Sack,
Upon the *Vehicle*, his Back.
And bore him headlong into th' Hall,
With ſome few Rubs againſt the Wall.
Where finding th'outer Poſtern lock'd,
And th'*Avenues* as ſtrongly block'd,
H'attack'd the Window, ſtorm'd the Glaſs,
And in a Moment gain'd the Paſs;
Thro' which he dragg'd the worſted Solder's
Fore-quarters out by th'Head and Shoulders;
And cautiouſly began to ſcout,
To find their Fellow-Cattle out.
Nor was it half a Minute's queſt,
E'er he retriev'd the Champion's Beaſt,
Ty'd to a Pale, inſtead of Rack,
But ne'er a Saddle on his Back,
Nor Piſtols at the Saddle-bow,
Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to ſtay,
And let the Night to ſteal away;
But in a trice advanc'd the Knight
Upon the *bare Ridge* bolt upright.
And groping out for *Ralpho*'s Jade,
He found the Saddle too was ſtray'd,
And in the Place a Lump of Soap,
On which he ſpeedily leap'd up;
And turning to the Gate the Rein,
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain.
While *Hudribras*, with equal haſte,
On both ſides laid about as faſt,

And spurr'd as *Jockies* use, to break,
Or *Padders* to secure, a Neck.
Where let us leave 'em for a time,
And to their *Churches* turn our *Rhyme*;
To hold forth their declining State,
Which now come near an even Rate.

The ARGUMENT of The SECOND *CANTO*.

The Saints engage in fierce Conteſts,
About their Carnal Intereſts;
To ſhare their Sacrilegious Preys,
According to their Rates of Grace;
Their various Frenzies to reform,
When Cromwel *left them in a Storm:*
Till in th' Effigy of RUMPS, *the Rabble*
Burns all their Grandees of the Cabal.

CANTO II.

THE Learned write, *An Inſect Breeſe*
Is but a mungrel Prince of *Bees*
That falls, before a Storm, on Cows,
And ſtings the Founders of his Houſe;
From whoſe corrupted Fleſh that Breed
Of Vermin did at firſt proceed.
So, e'er the Storm of War broke out,
Religion ſpawn'd a various Rout,

Of Petulant Capricious Sects,
The Maggots of corrupted Texts,
That firſt run all Religion down,
And after every Swarm its own.
For as the *Perſian Magi* once
Upon their *Mothers* got their *Sons*,
Who were incapable t' enjoy
That Empire, any other way:
So *Presbyter* begot the other
Upon the *Good Old Cauſe*, his Mother,
That bore them like the Devil's Dam,
Whoſe *Son* and *Husband* are the ſame.
And yet no nat'ral Tie of Blood,
Nor Int'reſt for their Common Good,
Cou'd, when their Profits interfer'd,
Get Quarter for each other's Beard.
For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd,
But only by the Ears engag'd:
Like Dogs that ſnarle about a Bone,
And play together when they've none.
As by their trueſt Characters,
Their conſtant Actions, plainly appears.
Rebellion now began, for lack
Of *Zeal* and *Plunder*, to grow ſlack;
The *Cauſe* and *Covenant* to leſſen,
And Providence to b' out of Seaſon:
For now there was no more to purchaſe
O'th' King's Revenue, and the Church's;
But all divided, ſhar'd, and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on.
Which forc'd the ſtubborn'ſt, for the Cauſe,
To croſs the Cudgels to the Laws,
That what by breaking them 't had gain'd,
By their Support might be maintain'd;

Like Thieves, that in a *Hemp-plot* lye,
Secur'd againſt the *Hue-and-Cry.*
For *Presbyter* and *Independant*
Were now turn'd *Plaintiff* and *Defendant*,
Laid out their Apoſtolick Funſtions,
On Carnal *Orders* and *Injunctions*;
And all their precious Gifts and Graces
On *Outlawries* and *Scire facias*;
At *Michael*'s Term had many a Trial,
Worſe than the *Dragon* and St. *Michael*,
Where thouſands fell, in ſhapes of Fees,
Into the *Bottomleſs Abyſs.*
For when, like Brethren, and like Friends,
They came to ſhare their Dividends,
And ev'ry Partner to poſſeſs
His Church and State Joint-Purchaſes,
In which the ableſt Saint and beſt
Was nam'd in Truſt by all the reſt,
To pay their Mony; and, inſtead
Of ev'ry Brother, paſs the Deed;
He ſtrait converted all his Gifts
To pious Frauds and holy Shifts,
And ſettled all the others Shares
Upon his *outward Man* and's *Heirs*;
Held all they claim'd as Forfeit Lands,
Deliver'd up into his Hands,
And paſt upon his Conſcience,
By *Pre-intail* of *Providence*;
Impeach'd the reſt for Reprobates,
That had no Title to Eſtates,
But by their Spiritual Attaints
Degraded from the Right of Saints.
This being reveal'd, they now begun
With Law and Conſcience to fall on:

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And laid about as hot and brain-ſick
As th' *Utter Barriſter of Swanſwick*;
Engag'd with Mony-bags, as bold
As Men with Sand-bags did of old;
That brought the Lawyers in more Fees,
Than all unſanctify'd Truſtees:
Till he who had no more to ſhow
I'th' Cauſe, receiv'd the Overthrow;
Or both Sides having had the Worſt,
They parted as they met at firſt.
Poor *Presbyter* was now Reduc'd,
Secluded, and Caſhier'd, and Chous'd,
Turn'd out, and Excommunicate
From all Affairs of Church and State,
Reform'd t'a Reformado Saint,
And glad to turn Itinenant,
To ſtrole and teach from Town to Town,
And thoſe he had taught up teach down,
And make thoſe Uſes ſerve agen
Againſt the New-inlightned Men;
As fit as when at firſt they were
Reveal'd againſt the *Cavalier*;
Damn *Anabaptiſt* and *Fanatick*,
As pat is *Popiſh* and *Prelatick*;
And with as little Variation,
To ſerve for any Sect i'th' Nation.
The *Good old Cauſe*, which ſome believe
To be the *Dev'l* that tempted *Eve*
With Knowledge, and does ſtill invite
The World to Miſchief with *New Light*,
Had ſtore of Mony in her Purſe,
When he took her for *bett'r or worſe*;
But now was grown Deform'd and Poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of Door.

The *Independants* (whoſe firſt Station
Was in the *Rear of Reformation*,
A Mungrel Kind of *Church-Dragoons*,
That ſerv'd for Horſe and Foot at once,
And in the Saddle of one Steed
The *Saracen* and *Chriſtian* rid;
Were Free of ev'ry Spiritual Order,
To *Preach*, and *Fight*, and *Pray*, and *Murther*)
No ſooner got the ſtart to lurch
Both Diſciplines, of *War* and *Church*,
And Providence enough to run
The Chief Commanders of 'em down,
But carry'd on the War againſt
The Common Enemy o'th' Saints,
And in a while prevail'd ſo far,
To win of them the Game of War,
And be at Liberty once more,
T'attack themſelves as th' had before.
For now there was no Foe in Arms,
T'unite their Factions with Alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worſt, *themſelves at home*,
Wh'had compaſt all they Pray'd, and Swore,
And Fought, and Preach'd, and Plunder'd for,
Subdu'd the Nation, Church and State,
And all Things but their *Laws and Hate*.
But when they came to treat and tranſact,
And ſhare the Spoil of all th'had ranſact,
To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion and the *Government*,
They met no ſooner, but prepar'd
To pull down all the War had ſpar'd;
Agreed in nothing, but t'*Aboliſh*,
Subvert, *Extirpate*, and *Demoliſh*.

For

For Knaves and Fools b'ing near of Kin,
As *Dutch Boors* are t'a *Sooterkin*,
Both Parties join'd to do their beſt,
To Damn the Publick Intereſt;
And Herded only in Conſults,
To put by one another's Bolts,
T'out-cant the *Babylonian* Labourers,
At all their Dialects of Jabberers,
And tug at both Ends of the Saw,
To tear down Government and Law.
For as two Cheats, that play one Game,
Are both defeated of their Aim;
So thoſe who play a *Game of State*,
And only *Cavil* in Debate,
Altho' there's nothing loſt nor won,
The Publick Buſ'neſs is undone,
Which ſtill the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the ſurer way to Ruin.
This when the *Royaliſts* perceiv'd,
(Who to their Faith as firmly cleav'd,
And own'd the Right they had paid down
So dearly for, *The Church and Crown*,)
Th'united conſtanter, and ſided
The more, the more their Foes divided.
For tho' out-number'd, overthrown,
And by the Fate of War run down;
Their Duty never was defeated,
Nor from their Oaths and Faith retreated.
For Loyalty is ſtill the ſame
Whether it win or loſe the Game;
True as a Dial to the Sun,
Altho' it be not ſhin'd upon.
But when theſe Brethren in evil,
Their *Adverſaries* and the *Devil*,

Began once more to ſhew then Play,
And hopes, at leaſt, to have a Day;
They rally'd in Parades of Woods,
And unfrequented Solitudes,
Conven'd at Midnight in Out-houſes.
T'appoint *New-Riſing Rendezvouzes*,
And with a Pertinacy unmatch'd,
For new Recruits of Danger watch'd;
No ſooner was one Blow diverted,
But up another Party ſtarted.
And, as if Nature too in haſte,
To furniſh out Supplies as faſt,
Before her time had turn'd Deſtruction
T'a new and numerous Production;
No ſooner thoſe were overcome,
But up roſe others in their room,
That, like the Chriſtian Faith, increaſt
The more, the more they were ſuppreſt:
Whom neither *Chains*, nor *Tranſportation*,
Proſcription, *Sale*, nor *Confiſcation*,
Nor all the deſperate Events
Of former try'd Experiments,
Nor Wounds, could terrifie, nor Mangling,
To leave off *Loyalty* and *Dangling*,
Nor Death (with all his Bones) affright
From vent'ring to maintain the Right,
From ſtaking Life and Fortune down
'Gainſt all together, for the Crown;
But kept the Title of their Cauſe
From *Forfeiture*, like Claims in Laws:
And prov'd no proſp'rous Uſurpation
Can ever ſettle on the Nation,
Until, in ſpight of Force and Treaſon,
They put their Loy'lty in Poſſeſſion;

And by their Conſtancy and Faith,
Deſtroy'd the mighty Men of *Gath.*
Toſs'd in a furious *Hurricane,*
Did OLIVER give up his *Reign*;
And was believ'd, as well by Saints,
As Moral Men and Miſcreants,
To founder in the *Stygian* Ferry,
Until he was retriev'd by STERRY:
Who, in a falſe erroneous Dream,
Miſtook the *New Jeruſalem,*
Prophanely, for th' *Apocryphal,*
Falſe *Heaven* at the *End* o'th' *Hall*;
Whither it was decreed by Fate,
His precious Reliques to tranſlate.
So *Romulus* was ſeen before
B'as Orthodox a *Senator*;
From whoſe Divine Illumination,
He ſtole the Pagan Revelation.
Next him his Son and *Heir Apparent*
Succeeded, tho' a *Lame Vicegerent*;
Who firſt laid by the *Parliament,*
The only *Crutch* on which *he leant*;
And then ſunk underneath the *State,*
That rode him above *Horſeman's Weight.*
And now the Saints began their *Reign,*
For which th' had yearn'd ſo long in vain,
And felt ſuch Bowel-Hankerings,
To ſee an *Empire all of Kings,*
Deliver'd from th' *Egyptian Awe*
Of Juſtice, Government, and Law,
And free t'erect what *Spiritual Cantons*
Should be reveal'd, or *Goſpel Hans-Towns,*
To edifie upon the Ruins
Of *John* of *Leyden's old Out-goings*;

Who for a Weather-cock hung up,
Upon their *Mother Church*'s Top,
Was made a Type, by Providence,
Of all their Revelations ſince:
And now fulfill'd by his Succeſſors,
Who equally miſtook their Meaſures:
For when they came to ſhape the *Model*,
Not one could fit another's Noddle;
But found their Light and Gifts more wide
From Fadging than th'Unſanctify'd;
While ev'ry individual Brother
Strove Hand to Fiſt againſt another,
And ſtill the maddeſt and moſt crackt,
Were found the buſieſt to Tranſact;
For tho' moſt Hands diſpatch apace,
And *make light Work*, (the Proverb ſays;)
Yet many different Intellects
Are found t'have contrary Effects;
And many Heads t'obſtruct Intrigues,
As ſloweſt Inſects have moſt Legs.
Some were for ſetting up a King,
But all the reſt for no ſuch thing,
Unleſs King JESUS: Others tamper'd
For FLEETWOOD, DESBOROUGH, and LAMBERT;
Some for the *Rump*, and ſome more crafty,
For *Agitators* and the *Safety*;
Some for the Goſpel, and Maſſacres
Of *Spiritual Affidavit-makers*,
That ſwore to any Human Regence,
Oaths of Supremacy and *Allegiance*;
Yea, tho' the ableſt ſwearing Saint,
That vouch'd the Bulls o'th'Covenant.
Others for pulling down th'High-places
Of *Synods* and *Provincial Claſſes*,

That us'd to make ſuch hoſtile Inroads
Upon the *Saints*, like bloody *Nimrods*:
Some for fulfilling Propheeies,
And th'Extirpation of *Exciſe*;
And ſome againſt th'*Ægyptian Bondage*
Of *Holy-days*, and *paying Poundage*:
Some for the cutting down of *Groves*,
And rectifying Bakers Loaves;
And ſome for finding out Expedients
Againſt the Slav'ry of Obedience.
Some were for *Goſpel-Miniſters*,
And ſome for *Red-coat Seculars*,
As Men moſt fit t'hold forth the Word,
And wield *the one and th'other Sword.*
Some were for carrying on the Work
Againſt the *Pope*, and ſome the *Turk*:
Some for engaging to ſuppreſs
The *Camiſado of Surplices*,
That Gifts and Diſpenſations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th'*Outward Man the Inward*;
More proper for the cloudy Night
Of *Popery*, than *Goſpel-Light.*
Others were for Aboliſhing
That Tool of Matrimony, *a Ring*,
With which th'unſanctify'd *Bridegroom*
Is marry'd only to a *Thumb*;
(As wiſe as Ringing of a Pig,
That us'd to break up Ground and dig;)
The *Bride* to nothing but her Will,
That mulls the After-Marriage ſtill.
Some were for th'utter Extirpation
Of *Linſey-Woolſey* in the Nation;
And ſome againſt all Idolizing
The *Croſs* in *Shop-Books*, or *Baptizing*.

Others, to make all things recant
The *Chriſtian* or *Surname* of Saint;
And force all *Churches*, *Streets*, and *Towns*,
The *Holy Title* to renounce.
Some 'gainſt a *Third Eſtate of Souls*,
And bringing down the Price of Coals;
Some for aboliſhing Black-Pudding,
And eating nothing with the Blood in;
To abrogate them Root and Branches;
While others were for *eating Haunches*
Of Warriors, and *now* and *then*
The *Fleſh of Kings* and *Mighty Men*;
And ſome for breaking of their Bones
With Rods of Ir'n by *Secret Ones*;
For thraſhing Mountains, and with Spells
For Hallowing Carriers Packs and Bells.
Things that the *Legend* never heard of,
But made the Wicked ſore afear'd of.
The Quacks of Government, (who ſat
At th'unregarded *Helm* of *State*,
And underſtood this wild Confuſion,
Of fatal Madneſs and Deluſion,
Muſt, ſooner than a Prodigy,
Portend Deſtruction to be nigh,)
Conſider'd timely how t'withdraw,
And ſave their Wind-Pipes from the Law;
For one Rencounter at the Bar
Was worſe than all th'had 'ſcap'd in War;
And therefore met in Conſultation,
To *Cant* and *Quack* upon the Nation;
Not for the ſickly Patient's ſake,
Nor what to give, but what to take;
To feel the Pulſes of their Fees,
More wiſe than fumbling Arteries;

Prolong the Snuff of Life in Pain,
And from the Grave recover---*Gain.*
'Mong theſe there was a *Politician*,
With more Heads than a *Beaſt in Viſion*,
And more Intrigues in ev'ry one
Than all the *Whores of Babylon*;
So Politick, as if one Eye
Upon the other were a Spy:
That to trapan the one to think
The other Blind, both ſtrove to blink;
And in his dark pragmatick Way
As buſie as a Child at Play.
H' had ſeen three Governments run down,
And had a Hand in ev'ry one;
Was for 'em and againſt 'em all,
But Barb'rous when they came to fall;
For by *Trapanning* th' old to Ruin,
He made his Int'reſt with the new one;
Plaid true and faithful, tho' againſt
His Conſcience, and was ſtill advanc'd.
For by the Witchcraft of Rebellion
Transform'd t a feeble *State-Camelion*,
By giving Aim from either ſide,
He never fail'd to ſave his Tide,
But got the ſtart of ev'ry State,
And at a Change ne'er came too late;
Could turn his Word, and Oath, and Faith,
As many ways as in a Lath;
By turning, wriggle, like a Screw
Int' higheſt Truſt, and out for New,
For when h' had happily incurr'd,
Inſtead of Hemp to be preferr'd,
And paſt upon the Government,
He play'd his Trick, and out he went;

But being out, and out of Hopes
To mount his Ladder (more) of Ropes,
Would ſtrive to raiſe himſelf upon
The publick Ruin, and his own.
So little did he underſtand
The deſp'rate Feats he took in hand.
For when h' had got himſelf a Name
For Fraud and Tricks, he ſpoil'd his Game;
Had fore'd his Neck into a Nooze,
To ſhew his play at *Faſt and Looſe*;
And when he chanc'd t' eſcape, miſtook
For Art and Subtlety, his Luck.
So right his Judgment was cut fit,
And made a Tally to his Wit,
And both together moſt profound
At Deeds of Darkneſs under Ground:
As th' Earth is eaſieſt undermin'd,
By Vermin Impotent and Blind.
By all theſe Arts, and many more,
H' had practis'd long and much before,
Our *State-Artificer* foreſaw
Which way the World began to draw.
For as Old *Sinners* have all Points
O' th' Compaſs in their Bones and Joints;
Can by their Pangs and Aches find
All Turns and Changes of the Wind,
And better than by *Napier's Bones*,
Feel in their own the Age of Moons:
So guilty Sinners in a State,
Can by their Crimes prognoſticate,
And in their Conſciences feel Pain
Some Days before a Shower of Rain.
He therefore wiſely caſt about
All ways he could, t' *inſure his Throat*;

And hither came t' obſerve and ſmoak
What Courſes other Riskers took:
And to the utmoſt do his beſt
To ſave himſelf, and hang the reſt.
To match this Saint, there was another,
As buſie, and perverſe a Brother,
An Haberdaſher of Small Wares
In Politicks and State-Affairs;
More *Jew* than *Rabbi Achitophel*,
And better gifted to Rebel:
For when h' had taught his Tribe to ſpouſe
The CAUSE, aloft, upon one Houſe,
He ſcorn'd to ſet his own in Order,
But try'd another, and went farther;
So ſullenly addicted ſtill
To's only Principle, his *Will*,
That whatſoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
Nor force of Argument cou'd move,
Nor *Law*, nor *Cavalcade* of *Ho'born*,
Cou'd render half a Grain leſs ſtubborn.
For he at any time would hang,
For th' Opportunity t' *Harangue*;
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,
Than miſs his dear Delight to wrangle:
In which his Parts were ſo accompliſht,
That right or wrong, he ne'er was non-pluſt;
But ſtill his Tongue ran on, the leſs
Of weight it bore, with greater Eaſe,
And with its everlaſting Clack
Set all Mens Ears upon the Rack.
No ſooner could a Hint appear,
But up he ſtarted to picqueer,
And made the ſtouteſt yield to Mercy,
When he engag'd in *Controverſie*;

Not by the force of Carnal Reaſon,
But indefatigable Teazing;
With Volleys of eternal Babble,
And Clamour more unanſwerable.
For tho' his *Topicks*, frail and weak,
Could ne'er amount above a Freak,
He ſtill maintain'd 'em, like his Faults,
Againſt the deſp'rateſt Aſſaults;
And back'd their feeble want of Senſe,
With greater Heat and Confidence.
As Bones of *Hectors*, when they differ,
The more they're *Cudgel'd*, grow the *Stiffer*.
Yet when his Profit moderated
The Fury of his Heat abated:
For nothing but his Intereſt
Could lay his Devil of Conteſt,
It was his *Choice*, or *Chance*, or *Curſe*,
T'eſpouſe the CAUSE for *Bett'r or Worſe*,
And with his wordly Goods and Wit,
And *Soul*, and *Body*, worſhipp'd it:
But when he found the ſullen *Trapſe*,
Poſſeſt with th' *Devil*, *Worms*, and *Claps*;
The *Trojan Mare*, in Foal with *Greeks*,
Not half ſo full of *Jadiſh Tricks*,
Tho' Squeamiſh in her outward Woman,
As Looſe and Rampant as *Dol Common*;
He ſtill reſolv'd to mend the Matter,
T' adhere and cleave the Obſtinater:
And ſtill the ſkittiſher and looſer
Her Freaks appear'd, to fit the cloſer.
For *Fools are ſtubborn in their Way*,
As Coins are harden'd by th' Allay;
And Obſtinacy's ne'er ſo ſtiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.

These Two, with Others, being met,
And close in Consultation set;
After a discontented Pause,
And not without sufficient Cause,
The Orator we nam'd of late,
Less troubled with the Pangs of State,
Than with his own Impatience,
To give himself first Audience,
After he had a while look'd wise,
At last broke Silence, and the *Ice*.
Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt
Our last Out-goings brought about,
More than to see the Characters
Of real Jealousies and Fears,
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry Member's Forehead:
Who, 'cause the Clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of Weather,
Feel Pangs and Aches of State-turns,
And Revolutions in their Corns;
And, since our Workings-out are croft,
Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.
Was it to run away, we meant,
When, taking of the Covenant,
The lamest Cripples of the Brothers
Took Oaths, to run before all others;
But, in their own Sense, only swore
To strive to run away before;
And now wou'd prove, that Words and Oath
Ingage us to renounce them both?
'Tis true, the Cause is in the Lurch,
Between a Right and Mungrel Church,
The PRESBYTER and INDEPENDANT;
That stickle which shall make an end on't,

And 'twas made out to us the laſt
Expedient,----- (I mean, *Marg'ret*'s Faſt)
When Providence had been ſuborn'd,
What Anſwer was to be return'd.
Elſe why ſhould Tumults fright us now,
We have ſo many Times gone through,
And underſtand as well to tame,
As, when they ſerve our turns, t' inflame?
Have prov'd how inconſiderable
Are all Engagements of the Rabble,
Whoſe Frenzies muſt be reconcil'd
With Drums and Rattles, like a Child;
But never prov'd ſo proſperous,
As when they were led on by us;
For all our ſcouring of Religion
Began with Tumults and Sedition;
When Hurricanes of fierce Commotion
Became ſtrong Motives to Devotion;
(As Carnal Seamen, in a Storm,
Turn pious Converts, and reform;)
When ruſty Weapons, with chalk'd *Edges*,
Maintain'd our feeble Privileges,
And Brown-Bills, levy'd in the City,
Made Bills to paſs the *Grand Committee*;
When *Zeal*, with aged Clubs and Gleaves,
Gave Chaſe to *Rochets*, and *White Sleeves*,
And made the *Church*, and *State*, and *Laws*,
Submit t' *Old Iron*, and the CAUSE.
And as we thriv'd by *Tumult* then,
So we might better now agen,
If we knew how, as then we did,
To uſe them rightly in our need.
Tumults, by which the Mutinous
Betray themſelves inſtead of us;

The Hollow-hearted, Diſaffected,
And cloſe Malignants are detected;
Who lay their Lives and Fortunes down,
For Pledges to ſecure our own;
And freely ſacrifice their Ears
T' appeaſe our Jealouſies and Fears.
And yet for all theſe Providences
W' are offer'd, if we had our Senſes,
We idly ſit like ſtupid Blockheads,
Our Hands committed to our Pockets,
And nothing but our Tongues at large,
To get the Wretches a Diſcharge.
Like Men condemn'd to Thunder Bolts,
Who, e'er the Blow, become meer Dolts:
Or Fools, befotted with their Crimes,
That know not how to ſhift betimes,
And neither have the Hearts to ſtay,
Nor Wit enough to run away;
Who, if we cou'd reſolve on either,
Might ſtand or fall (at leaſt) together;
No mean nor trivial Solaces
To Partners in extream Diſtreſs,
Who uſe to leſſen their Deſpairs,
By parting them int' equal Shares;
As if the more there were to bear,
They felt the Weight the eaſier;
And every one the gentler hung,
The more he took his Turn among.
But 'tis not come to that as yet,
If we had Courage left, or Wit;
Who, when our Fate can be no worſe,
Are fitted for the braveſt Courſe;
Have time to rally, and prepare
Our laſt and beſt Defence, *Deſpair*:

Deſpair, by which the gallant'ſt Feats
Have been atchiev'd in greateſt ſtraits,
And horrid'ſt Dangers ſafely wav'd,
By b'ing couragiouſly out-brav'd;
As Wounds by wider Wounds are heal'd,
And Poiſons by themſelves expell'd;
And ſo they might be now agen,
If we were, what we ſhou'd be, *Men*;
And not ſo dully deſperate,
To ſide againſt our ſelves with Fate:
As Criminals condemn'd to ſuffer,
Are blinded firſt, and then turn'd over.
This comes of Breaking Covenants,
And ſetting up Exauns of Saints,
That Fine, like Aldermen, for Grace,
To be excus'd the Efficace.
For Spiritual Men are too Tranſcendent,
That mount their Banks for Independent,
To hang like *Mahomet* in th' Air,
Or St. *Ignatius* at his Prayer,
By pure Geometry, and hate
Dependency on Church or State;
Diſdain the Pedantry o' th' Letter,
And ſince Obedience is better
(The *Scripture ſays*) than Sacrifice,
Preſume the leſs on't will ſuffice;
And ſcorn to have the moderat'ſt ſtints
Preſcrib'd their peremptory Hints,
Or any Opinion, true or falſe,
Declar'd as ſuch, in Doctrinals,
But left at large to make their beſt on,
Without b'ing call'd t' Account or Queſtion,
Interpret all the Spleen reveals,
As *Whittington* explain'd the Bells;

And bid themſelves turn-back agen
Lord May'rs of *New Jeruſalem.*
But look ſo big and over-grown,
They ſcorn their Edifiers t' own,
Who taught them all their ſprinkling Leſſons,
Their Tones, and Sanctify'd Expreſſions;
Beſtow'd their Gifts upon a SAINT,
Like Charity on thoſe that want;
And learn'd th' Apocryphal Bigots,
T' inſpire themſelves with Short-hand Notes;
For which they ſcorn and hate them, worſe
Than Dogs and Cats do Sow-gelders.
For who firſt bred them up to Pray,
And Teach; the *Houſe of Commons* way?
Where had they all their Gifted Phraſes,
But from our CALAMIES and CASES?
Without whoſe Sprinkling and Sowing,
Who had e'er heard of NYE or OWEN?
Their *Diſpenſations* had been ſtifled,
But for our ADONIRAM BYFIELD.
And had they not begun the War,
Th' had ne'er been *Sainted* as they are.
For SAINTS in Peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to Reprobate;
Their *Zeal* corrupts, like ſtanding Water,
In th' Intervals of *War* and *Slaughter*;
Abates the Sharpneſs of its Edge,
Without the Power of Sacrile-e:
And tho' th' have Tricks to caſt their Sins;
As eaſie as Serpents do the Skins,
That in a while grow out agen,
In Peace they turn meer Carnal Men,
And from the moſt refin'd of Saints,
As naturally grow Miſcreants,

As Barnacles turn'd *Soland* Geeſe
In th' Iſlands of the *Orcades*.
Their *Diſpenſation*'s but a Ticket,
For their conforming to the Wicked;
With whom the greateſt Difference
Lies more in Words and Shews than Senſe:
For as the *Pope*, that keeps the Gate
Of Heaven, wears three Crowns of State;
So he that keeps the Gate of Hell,
Proud *Cerb'rus*, wears three Heads as well:
And, if the World has any Troth,
Some have been Cannoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greateſt Harm,
Their Spiritual Gizzards are too warm,
Which puts the over-hearted Sots
In Fevers ſtill, like other Goats;
For tho' the Whore bends Hereticks
With Flames of Fire, like crooked Sticks;
Our Schiſmaticks ſo vaſtly differ,
Th' hotter they are, they grow the ſtiffer;
Still ſetting off their Spiritual Goods,
With fierce and pertinacious Fewds.
For Zeal's a dreadful Termagant,
That teaches Saints to tear and rant,
And INDEPENDANTS to profeſs
The Doctrine of Dependences;
Turns Meek and Secret ſneaking ones,
To Raw-heads fierce and Bloody Bones;
And not content with endleſs Quarrels
Againſt the Wicked and their Morals,
The *Gibellines*, for want of *Guelfs*,
Divert their Rage upon themſelves.
For now the War is not between
The Brethren and the Men of Sin;

But Saint and Saint, to ſpill the Blood
Of one another's Brotherhood;
Where neither ſide can lay pretence
To Liberty of Conſcience,
Or Zealous ſuff'ring for the Cauſe,
To gain one Groats-worth of Applauſe:
For tho' endur'd with Reſolution,
'Twill ne'er amount to Perſecution.
Shall precious Saints and ſecret ones
Break one another's outward Bones,
And eat the Fleſh of Brethren,
Inſtead of Kings and mighty Men?
When Fiends agree among themſelves,
Shall they be found the greater Elves?
When *Bell's* at Union with the *Dragon*,
And *Baal-Peor* friends with *Dagon*;
When Savage Bears agree with Bears,
Shall ſecret ones lug Saints by th' Ears,
And not atone their fatal Wrath,
When common Danger threatens both?
Shall Maſtiffs, by the Collars pull'd,
Engag'd with Bulls, let go their Hold?
And Saints, whoſe Necks are pawn'd at Stake,
No Notice of the Danger take?
But tho' no Pow'r of Heav'n or Hell
Can pacifie Fanatick Zeal;
Who wou'd not gueſs there might be Hopes,
The Fear of Gallowſes and Ropes,
Before their Eyes, might reconcile
Their Animoſities a while?
At leaſt until th' had a clear Stage,
And equal Freedom to engage,
Without the Danger of Surpriſe
By both our common Enemies?

This none but we alone cou'd doubt,
Who underſtand their Workings-out;
And know 'em both in Soul and Conſcience,
Giv'n up t' as Reprobate a Nonſenſe,
As Spiritual Out-Laws, whom the Pow'r
Of Miracle cannot reſtore.
We, whom at firſt they ſet up under,
In Revelation only of Plunder,
Who ſince have had ſo many Trials
Of their encroaching Self-denials,
That took'd upon us with Deſign
To Out-reform and Undermine;
Took all our Intereſts and Commands
Perfidiouſly out of our Hands;
Involv'd us in the Guilt of Blood,
Without the Motive-Gains allow'd,
And made us ſerve as Miniſterial,
Like younger Sons of Father *Belial*.
And yet for all th' inhuman Wrong
Th' had done us, and the CAUSE ſo long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The Work ſtill, as we had begun:
But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither Preach'd them Hurt, nor Pray'd;
Nor troubled them to crop our Ears,
Nor Hang us, like the *Cavaliers*;
Nor put them to the Charge of *Jails*,
To find us *Pillories* and *Cart-Tails*,
Or *Hang-man's Wages*, which the State
Was forc'd (before them) to be at;
That cut, like Tallies, to the Stumps
Our Ears for keeping true Accompts,
And burnt our Veſſels, like a New
Seal'd Peck or Buſhel, for being true,

But Hand in Hand, like faithful Brothers,
Held forth the CAUSE againſt all others,
Diſdaining equally to yield,
One Syllable of what we held.
And though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward Things and outward Men;
Our inward Man and conſtant Frame
Of Spirit ſtill were near the ſame.
And till they firſt began to Cant,
And ſprinkle down the COVENANT,
We ne'er had Call in any Place,
Nor dream'd of Teaching down *Free-Grace*;
But join'd our Gifts perpetually
Againſt the Common Enemy.
Although it was our and their Opinion,
Each other's Church was but a *Rimmon*.
And yet for all this Goſpel Union,
And outward ſhew of Church-Communion,
They'll ne'er admit us to our Shares,
Of Ruling Church or State-Affairs:
Nor give us leave t' abſolve, or ſentence
T' our own Conditions of Repentance:
But ſhar'd our Dividend o'th' Crown,
We had ſo painfully Preach'd down:
And forc'd us, tho' againſt the Grain,
T' have Calls to teach it up again.
For 'twas but Juſtice to reſtore
The Wrongs we had receiv'd before:
And when 'twas held forth in our way,
W' had been ungrateful not to pay:
Who for the Right w' have done the Nation,
Have earn'd our Temporal Salvation,
And put our Veſſels in a way,
Once more to come again in Play,

For if the turning of us out,
Has brought this Providence about;
And that our only Suffering
Is able to bring in the King:
What would our Actions not have done,
Had we been ſuffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend t' a ſhare
At leaſt in carrying on th' Affair,
But whether that be ſo or not,
W' have done enough to have it thought;
And that's as good as if w' had don't,
And eaſier paſt upon account:
For if it be but half deny'd,
'Tis half as good as juſtify'd.
The World is naturally averſe
To all the Truth it ſees or hears,
But ſwallows Nonſenſe and a Lye,
With Greedineſs and Gluttony;
And tho' it have the Pique, and long,
'Tis ſtill for ſomething in the Wrong:
As Women long when they're with Child,
For things extravagant and wild,
For Meats ridiculous, and fulſome,
But ſeldom any thing that's wholſome;
And, like the World, Mens Jobbernoles
Turn round upon their Ears, the Poles;
And what they're confidently told,
By no Senſe elſe can be controul'd.
And this, perhaps, may prove the Means,
Once more to hedge in Providence.
For as Relapſes make Diſeaſes
More deſp'rate than their firſt Acceſſes;
If we but get again in Pow'r,
Our Work is eaſier than before;

And we more ready and expert
I'th' Myſtery, to do our Part.
We, who did rather undertake
The firſt War to create, than make;
And when of Nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd Funds as ſtrange, to carry't on:
Trepann'd the State, and fac'd it down,
With Plots and Projects of our own:
And if we did ſuch Feats at firſt,
What can we now we're better vers'd;
Who have a freer Latitude
Than Sinners give themſelves, allow'd?
And therefore likelieſt to bring in,
On faireſt Terms, our Diſcipline.
To which it was reveal'd long ſince,
We were ordain'd by Providence:
When three Saints Ears, our Predeceſſors,
The CAUSE's Primitive Confeſſors,
B'ing Crucified, the Nation ſtood
In juſt ſo many Years of Blood:
That multiply'd by *Six*, expreſs'd
The perfect Number of the Beaſt,
And prov'd that we muſt be the Men,
To bring this Work about agen:
And thoſe who laid the firſt Foundation,
Compleat the thorow Reformation:
For who have Gifts to carry on
So great a Work, but we alone?
What Churches have ſuch able Paſtors?
And Precious, Powerful, Preaching Maſters?
Poſſeſs'd with abſolute Dominions,
O'er Brethrens Purſes and Opinions?
And truſted with the double Keys
Of Heaven, and their Ware-houſes;

Who, when the CAUSE is in Diſtreſs,
Can furniſh out what Sums they pleaſe,
That Brooding lie in Bankers Hands,
To be diſpos'd at their Commands:
And daily increaſe and multiply,
With Doctrine, Uſe, and Uſury,
Can fetch in Parties (as in War,
All other Heads of Cattle are;)
From th' Enemy of all Religions,
As well as High and Low Conditions;
And ſhare them from Blue Ribbands down
To all Blue Aprons in the Town.
From Ladies hurried in Calleches,
With Cor'nets at their Footmens Breeches,
To Bawds as fat as Mother *Nab*;
All Guts and Belly like a Crab.
Our Party's great, and better ty'd
With Oaths, and Trade, than any ſide:
Has one conſiderabl' Improvement,
To double fortifie the COV'NANT:
I mean our Covenants, to purchaſe
Delinquents Titles and the Churches:
That paſs in Sale, from Hand to Hand,
Among our ſelves, for currant Land;
And riſe or Fall, like *Indian* Actions,
According to the Rate of Factions.
Our beſt Reſerve for *Reformation*,
When New Out-goings give Occaſion:
That keeps the Loins of Brethren girt,
The COVENANT (their *Creed*) t'aſſert:
And when th' have pack'd a Parliament,
Will once more try th' Expedient,
Who can already muſter Friends,
To ſerve for Members, to our Ends,

That repreſent no part o' th' Nation,
But FISHER's-FOLLY Congregation
Are only Tools to our Intreigues,
And ſit like Geeſe to hatch our Eggs,
Who, by their Precedents of Wit,
T' out-faſt, out-loiter, and out-ſit,
Can order Matters under-hand,
To put all Buſineſs to a ſtand:
Lay Publick Bills aſide, for Private,
And make 'em one another drive out;
Divert the Great and Neceſſary,
With Trifles to conteſt and vary;
And make the Nation repreſent,
And ſerve for us in Parliament;
Cut out more Work than can be done
On *Plato*'s Year; but finiſh none,
Unleſs it be the Bulls of LENTHAL,
That always paſt for Fundamental,
Cou'd ſet up Grandee againſt Grandee,
To ſquander Time away, and bandy;
Make Lords and Commoners lay Sieges
To one another's Privileges;
And, rather than compound the Quarrel,
Engage, to th' inevitable Peril
Of both their Ruins; th' only Scope
And Conſolation of our Hope:
Who, tho' we do not play the Game,
Aſſiſt as much by giving Aim.
Can introduce our Ancient Arts,
For Heads of Factions t' act their Parts;
Know what a Leading Voice is worth,
A Seconding, a Third, or Fourth;
How much a caſting Voice comes to,
That turns up Trump of *I*, or *No*;

And by adjuſting all at th' End,
Share ev'ry one his Dividend.
An Art that ſo much Study coſt,
And now's in danger to be loſt;
Unleſs our Ancient *Virtuoſo's*,
That found it out, get into th' Houſes.
Theſe are the Courſes that we took
To carry things by Hook or Crook:
And practis'd down from Forty four,
Until they turn'd us out of Door:
Beſides the Herds of *Bonteſeus*,
We ſet on Work without the Houſe.
When ev'ry Knight and Citizen
Kept Legiſlative Journey-men,
To bring them in Intelligence,
From all Points, of the Rabbles Senſe;
And fill the Lobbies of both Houſes
With Politick Important Buzzes:
Set up Committees of Cabals,
To pack Deſigns without the Walls.
Examine, and draw up all News,
And fit it to our preſent Uſe.
Agree upon the Plot o'th' Farce,
And every one his Part rehearſe.
Make Q's of Anſwers, to way-lay
What th' other Party's like to ſay:
What Repartees, and ſmart Reflections
Shall be return'd to all Objections:
And who ſhall break the Maſter-Jeſt,
And what, and how, upon the reſt:
Help Pamphlets out, with falſe Editions,
Of proper Slanders and Seditions:
And Treaſon for a Token ſend,
By Letter, to a Country Friend:

Diſperſe

Diſperſe Lampoons, the only Wit,
That Men like Burglary, commit:
Wit falſer than a Padder's Face,
That all its Owner does, betrays;
Who therefore dares not truſt it, when
He's in his Calling to be ſeen.
Diſperſe the Dung on Barren Earth,
To bring new Weeds of *Diſcord* forth.
Be ſure to keep up *Congregations*,
In ſpight of Laws and Proclamations;
For *Chiarlatans* can do no good,
Until they're mounted in a Crowd:
And when they're puniſh'd, all the Hurt
Is but to fare the better for't;
As long as Confeſſors are ſure
Of double pay for all th' endure:
And what they earn in Perſecution,
Are paid t' a Groat in *Contribution*.
Whence ſome TUB-HOLDERSFORTH have made
In *Powd'ring-Tubs* their richeſt Trade;
And, while they kept their Shops in Priſon,
Have found their Prices ſtrangely riſen.
Diſdain to own the leaſt Regret,
For all the Chriſtan Blood w' have let;
'Twill ſave our Credit, and maintain
Our Title to do ſo again:
That needs not coſt one drop of Senſe,
But pertinacious IMPUDENCE.
Our Conſtancy t' our Principles,
In Time will wear out all things elſe:
Like Marble Statues, rubb'd in Pieces,
With Gallantry of Pilgrims Kiſſes;
While thoſe who turn and wind their Oaths
Have ſwell'd and ſunk, like other Froths.

Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long
Before from World to World they ſwung:
As they had turn'd from ſide to ſide,
And as the Changlings liv'd, they dy'd;
This ſaid, th' impatient States-Monger
Could now contain himſelf no longer;
Who had not ſpar'd to ſhew his Piques
Againſt th' Haranguer's Politicks,
With ſmart Remarks of Leering Faces,
And Annotations of Grimaces,
After h' had miniſtred a Doſe
Of *Snuff-Mundungus* to his Noſe,
And powder'd th' Inſide of his Skull,
Inſtead of th' Outer Jobbernol,
He ſhook it with a ſcornful Look
On th' Adverſary, and thus he ſpoke:
In dreſſing a Calf's-Head, altho'
The Tongue and Brains together go,
Both keep ſo great a Diſtance here,
'Tis ſtrange if ever they come near;
For who did ever play his Gambols,
With ſuch inſufferable Rambles?
To make the bringing in the KING,
And keeping of him out, one thing?
Which none cou'd do, but thoſe who ſwore
T' as point-blank Nonſenſe heretofore:
That to defend, was to invade,
And to aſſaſſinate, to aid:
Unleſs, becauſe you drove him out,
(And that was never made a Doubt)
No Pow'r is able to reſtore
And bring him in, but on your Score.
A Spiritual Doctrine, that conduces
Moſt properly to all your Uſes.

'Tis true, a Scorpion's Oil is ſaid
To cure the Wounds the Vermin made;
And Weapons dreſs'd with Salves, reſtore
And heal the Hurts they gave before:
But whether PRESBYTERIANS have
So much good Nature as the Salve,
Or Virtue in them as the Vermine,
Thoſe who have try'd 'em can determine.
Indeed, 'tis pity you ſhould miſs
Th' Arrears of all your Services,
And for th' Eternal Obligation
Y' have laid upon th' Ungrateful Nation,
B' us'd ſo unconſcionably hard,
As not to find a juſt Reward.
For letting Rapine looſe, and Murther,
To rage juſt ſo far, but no further:
And ſetting all the Land on Fire,
To burn t' a Scantling, but no higher:
For vent'ring to aſſaſſinate,
And cut the Throats of Church and State:
And not b' allow'd the fitteſt Men
To take the Charge of both again,
Eſpecially that have the Grace
Of Self-denying, Gifted Face;
Who when your Projects have miſcarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted Fore-head,
On thoſe you painfully trepann'd,
And ſprinkled in at ſecond Hand;
As we have been, to ſhare the Guilt
Of Chriſtian Blood, devoutly ſpilt:
For ſo our Ignorance was ſtamm'd,
To damn our ſelves, t' avoid being damn'd:
Till finding your old Foe, the Hang-man,
Was like to lurch you at *Back-Gammon*;

And win your Necks upon the Set,
As well as ours, who did but Bet:
(For he had drawn your Ears before,
And nick'd 'em on the self-same Score)
We threw the Box and Dice away,
Before y' had loſt us at foul Play;
And brought you down to Rook, and Lye,
And Fancy only, on the By;
Redeem'd your forfeit Jobbernoles,
From perching upon lofty Poles;
And reſcu'd all your outward Traitors
From hanging up like *Alligators*:
For which ingeniouſly y' have ſhew'd
Your Presbyterian Gratitude;
Wou'd freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one Rope behind.
Thoſe were your Motives to divide,
And ſcruple, on the other ſide,
To turn your Zealous Frauds, and Force,
To Fits of Conſcience and Remorſe:
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for New again:
For Truth no more unveil'd your Eyes,
Than Maggots when they turn to Flies:
And therefore, all your Lights and Calls
Are but Apocryphal, and Falſe,
To charge us with the Conſequences
Of all your Native Inſolencies;
That to your own imperious Wills,
Laid Law and Goſpel Neck and Heels;
Corrupted the Old Teſtament,
To ſerve the New for Precedent:
T' amend its Errors and Defects,
With Murder and Rebellion-Texts;

Of which there is not any one,
In all the Book, to ſow upon;
And therefore (from your Tribe) the *Jews*
Held Chriſtian Doctrine forth in Uſe;
As *Mahomet* (your Chief) began
To mix them in the *Alchoran*;
Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce Devotion,
And bended Elbows on the Cuſhion;
Stole from the Beggars all your Tones,
And gifted mortifying Groans;
Had Lights where better Eyes were blind,
As Pigs are ſaid to ſee the Wind:
Fill'd *Bedlam* with *Predeſtination*.
And *Knights-Bridge* with *Illumination*:
Made Children, with your Tones, to run for't,
As bad as *Bloody-Bones* or *Lunsford*.
While Women, Great with Child, miſcarry'd
For being to Malignants marry'd;
Transform'd all Wives to *Dalilahs*,
Whoſe Husbands are not for the Cauſe;
And turn'd the Men to Ten-horn'd Cattel,
Becauſe they came not out to Battel:
Made *Taylors* Prentices turn Heroes,
For fear of being transform'd to *Meroz*;
And rather forfeit their Indentures,
Than not eſpouſe the Saints Adventures.
Could Tranſubſtantiate, Metamorphoſe,
And charm whole Herds of Beaſts, like *Orpheus*.
Inchant the King's and Church's Lands,
T' obey and follow your Commands;
And ſettle on a new Freehold.
As *Marely-Hill* had done of Old.
Cou'd turn the COVENANT, and tranſlate
The *Goſpel* into Spoons and Plate:

Expound upon all Merchants Caſhes,
And open th' intricateſt Places:
Could Catechize a Mony-Box,
And prove all Powches Orthodox;
Until the CAUSE became a *Damon*,
And *Pythias* the wicked *Mammon*.
And yet, in ſpight of all your Charms,
To conjure LEGION up in Arms;
And raiſe more Devils in the ROUT,
Than e'er y' were able to caſt out;
Y' have been reduc'd, and by thoſe Tools,
Bred up (you ſay) in your own Schools;
Who, though but Gifted at your Feet;
Have made it plain they have more Wit.
By whom y' have been ſo oft trepann'd,
And held-forth out of all Command:
Out-gifted, Out-impuls'd, Out-done,
And Out-reveal'd at CARRYINGS-ON.
Of all your *Diſpenſations* Worm'd,
Out-providenc'd, and Out-reform'd;
Ejected out of Church and State,
And all things but the Peoples Hate:
And ſpirited out of th' Enjoyments
Of precious, edifying Employments,
By thoſe who lodg'd their *Gifts* and *Graces*,
Like better Bowlers, in your Places.
All which you bore, with Reſolution,
Charg'd on th' Account of Perſecution;
And though moſt righteouſly oppreſt,
Againſt your Wills, ſtill acquieſt:
And never Humm'd and Hau'd *Sedition*,
Nor ſnuffled *Treaſon*, nor Miſpriſion.
That is, becauſe you never durſt;
For had you preach'd, and pray'd your worſt,

Alas! you were no longer able
To raiſe your *Poſſe* of the RABBLE:
One ſingle Red-Coat Centinel
Out-charm'd the Magick of the Spell;
And with his Squirt-fire, could diſperſe
Whole Troops, with Chapter rais'd, and Verſe:
We know too well thoſe Tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your Powers:
Or truſt our Safeties, or Undoings,
To your Diſpoſing of Out-goings:
Or to your Ord'ring Providence,
One Farthings-worth of Conſequence.
For had you Pow'r to undermine,
Or Wit to carry a Deſign,
Or Correſpondence to trapan,
Inveigle, or betray one Man;
There's nothing elſe that intervenes,
And bars your Zeal to uſe the means:
And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in *Kings*, or keep them out:
Brave Undertakes to reſtore,
That could not keep your ſelves in Pow'r;
T'advance the Int'reſts of the *Crown*,
That wanted Wit to keep your own.
'Tis true, you have (for I'd be loth
To wrong ye) done your Parts, in both;
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;
For 'twas your Zealous want of Senſe,
And ſanctify'd Impertinence;
Your carry'ing Bus'neſs in a Huddle,
That forc'd our Rulers to New Model;
Oblig'd the State to tack about,
And turn you, Root and Branch, all out;

To Reformado, One and All,
T' your Great *Croysade*, General.
Your greedy ſlav'ring to devour,
Before 'twas in your Clutches Pow'r,
That ſprung the Game you were to ſet,
Before y' had time to draw the Net:
Your Spite to ſee the Church's Lands
Divided into other Hands,
And all your Sacrilegious Ventures,
Laid out in Tickets and Debentures;
Your Envy to be ſprinkled down,
By under Churches in the Town;
And no Courſe us'd to ſtop their Mouths,
Nor th'INDEPENDENTS ſpreading Growths.
All which conſider'd, 'tis moſt true,
None bring him in ſo much as you:
Who have prevail'd beyond their Plots,
The Midnight *Junto's*, and ſeal'd *Knots*;
That thrive more by your Zealous Piques,
Than all their own raſh Politicks.
And this way you may claim a Share,
In carrying (as you brag) th'Affair;
Elſe Frogs and Toads, that croak'd the *Jews*
From *Pharaoh*, and his Brick-kilns loſe;
And Flies, and Mange, that ſet them free,
From Task-Maſters, and Slavery,
Were likelier to do the Feat,
In any Indifferent Man's conceit;
For who e'er heard of *Reſtoration*,
Until your thorough *Reformation*?
That is, the *King*'s and *Church*'s Lands
Were ſequeſtred int' other Hands:
For only then, and not before,
Your Eyes were open'd to reſtore,

And when the Work was carrying on,
Who croſt it, but your ſelves alone?
As, by a World of Hints, appears,
All plain, and extant, as your Ears.
But firſt, o'th' firſt; The Iſle of *Wight*
Will riſe up, if you ſhou'd deny't;
Where HENDERSON, and th' other Maſſes,
Where ſent to cap Texts, and put Caſes:
To paſs for deep and Learned Scholars;
Although but paltry OB *and* SOLLERS:
As if th' unſeaſonable Fools
Had been a Courſing in the Schools;
Until th' had prov'd the Devil Author
O' th' COV'NANT; and the CAUSE, his *Daughter*.
For when they charg'd him with the Guilt
Of all the Blood that had been ſpilt;
They did not mean he wrought th' Effuſion
In Perſon, like Sir PRIDE, or HUGHSON:
But only thoſe who firſt begun
The Quarrel, were by him ſet on.
And who cou'd thoſe be but the SAINTS,
Thoſe *Reformation* Termagants?
But e'er this paſt, the wiſe Debate
Spent ſo much Time, it grew too late;
For OLIVER had gotten Ground,
T' incloſe him with his Warriors round:
Had brought his Providence about,
And turn'd th' untimely Sophiſts out.
Nor had the *Uxbridge* Buſ'neſs leſs
Of Nonſenſe in't, or Sottiſhneſs;
When from a Scoundrel HOLDER-FORTH,
The Scum as well as Son o'th' Earth,
Your mighty Senators took Law,
At his Command, were forc'd t' withdraw;

And ſacrifice the *Peace* o'th' Nation,
To *Doctrine*, *Uſe*, and *Application*.
So when the SCOTS, your conſtant Cronies,
Th' Eſpourſers of your Cauſe and Monies,
Who had ſo often, in your Aid,
So many ways been ſoundly paid;
Came in at laſt for better Ends,
To prove themſelves your truſty Friends;
You baſely left them, and the Church,
They'd train'd you up to, in the Lurch;
And ſuffer'd your own Tribe of Chriſtians
To fall before, as true *Philiſtines*.
This ſhews what Utenſils y' have been,
To bring the *King*'s Concernments in:
Which is ſo far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you;
And if he take you into Truſt,
Will find you moſt exactly Juſt:
Such as will punctually repay
With double Int'reſt, and betray.
Not that I think thoſe Pantomimes,
Who vary Action with the Times,
Are leſs ingenious in their Art,
Than thoſe who dully act one Part;
Or thoſe who turn from Side to Side;
More guilty than the Wind and Tide.
All Countries are a wiſe Man's Home,
And ſo are Governments to ſome,
Who change them for the ſame Intrigues
That States-Men uſe in breaking Leagues:
While others in old Faiths and Troths,
Look odd, as in out-of-faſhion'd Cloaths:
And nather, in an old Opinion,
Than thoſe who never ſhift their Linnen,

For *True* and *Faithful*'s ſure to loſe,
Which way ſoever the Game goes:
And whether Parties loſe or win,
Is always nick'd, or elſe hedg'd in.
While *Pow'r uſurp'd*, like ſtol'n Delight,
Is more bewitching than the Right.
And when the Times begin to alter,
None riſe ſo high as from the Halter.
And ſo may We, if w' have but Senſe
To uſe the neceſſary Means,
And not your uſual Stratagems
On one another, Lights and Dreams.
To ſtand on Terms as poſitive,
As if we did not take, but give:
Set up the COV'NANT on Crutches,
'Gainſt thoſe who have us in their Clutches,
And dream of pulling Churches down,
Before w' are ſure to prop our own:
Your conſtant Method of Proceeding,
Without the Carnal Means of Heeding:
Who, 'twixt your inward Senſe, and outward,
Are worſe, than if y' had none, accoutred.
I grant, all Courſes are in vain,
Unleſs we can get in again;
The only way that's left us now,
But all the Difficulty's, *How*?
Tis true! w' have *Mony*, th' only Pow'r
That all Mankind falls down before:
Mony, that, like the Sword of Kings,
Is the laſt Reaſon of all things:
And therefore need not doubt our Play
Has all Advantages that way:
As long as Men have Faith to ſell,
And meet with thoſe that can pay well;

Whose half-starv'd Pride and Avarice,
One Church and State will not suffice
T'expose to Sale; besides the Wages
Of storing Plagues to after-Ages.
Nor is our Money less our own,
Than 'twas before we laid it down;
For 'twill return, and turn t' Account,
If we are brought in Play upon't;
Or, but by casting Knaves, get in,
What Pow'r can hinder us to win?
We know the Arts we us'd before,
In Peace and War, and something more,
And by th' unfortunate Events,
Can mend our next Experiments:
For when w' are taken into Trust,
How easie are the Wisest chous'd?
Who see but th' Outsides of our Feats,
And not their secret Springs and Weights:
And while th'are busie, at their Ease,
Can carry what Designs we please:
How easie is't to serve for Agents,
To prosecute our own Engagements?
To keep the GOOD OLD CAUSE on Foot
And prevent Pow'r from taking Root?
Infiame them both with false Alarms
Of Plots, and Parties taking Arms;
To keep the Nation's Wounds too wide
From healing up of Side to Side,
Profess the passionat'st Concerns,
For both their Interests, by Turns.
The only way t'improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none;
(As Bowls run true by being made
On purpose false, and to be sway'd;

For if we ſhou'd be true to either,
'Twou'd turn us out of both together;
And therefore have no other Means,
To ſtand upon our own Defence,
But keeping up our Ancient Party
In Vigour, Confident and Hearty:
To reconcile our late *Diſſenters*,
Our Brethren, tho' by other Ventures.
Unite them, and their diff'rent Maggots,
As long and ſhort Sticks are in Faggots,
And make them join againſt us cloſe,
As when they firſt began t' Eſpouſe;
Erect them into Separate,
New Jewiſh Tribes, in Church and State;
To join in Marriage and Commerce,
And only 'mong themſelves Converſe.
And all that are not of their Mind,
Make Enemies to all Mankind:
Take all *Religions* in, and ſtickle
From *Conclave* down to *Conventicle*;
Agreeing ſtill, or diſagreeing,
According to the Light in Being.
Sometimes, for *Liberty of Conſcience*,
And Spiritual Miſ-rule, in one Senſe:
But in another quite contrary,
As Diſpenſations chance to vary;
And ſtand for, as the times will bear it,
All Contradictions of the Spirit:
Protect their Emiſſaries, empow'r'd
To preach Sedition and the Word:
And when th'are hamper'd by the Laws,
Releaſe the Lab'rers for the Cauſe;
And turn the Perſecution back
On thoſe that made the firſt Attack,

To keep them equally in Awe,
For breaking, or maintaining Law;
And when they have their Fits too ſoon,
Before the Full-Tides of the Moon:
Put off their Zeal t' a fitter Seaſon,
For ſowing *Faction* in, and *Treaſon*;
And kept them hooded, and their Churches,
Like Hawks from bating on their Perches.
That when the bleſſed Time ſhall come,
Of quitting *Babylon* and *Rome*,
They may be ready to reſtore
Their own *Fifth-Monarchy* once more;
Mean while, be better Arm'd to Fence,
Againſt Revolts of Providence:
By watching narrowly, and ſnapping
All blind Sides of it, as they happen:
For, if Succeſs cou'd make us SAINTS,
Our Ruin turn'd us Miſcreants:
A Scandal that wou'd fall too hard
Upon a few, and unprepar'd.
Theſe are the Courſes we muſt run,
Spite of our Hearts, or be undone:
And not to ſtand on Terms and Freaks,
Before we have ſecur'd our Necks.
But do our Work, as out of Sight,
As Stars by Day, and Suns by Night:
All Licenſe of the *People* own,
In Oppoſition to the *Crown*.
And for the *Crown* as fiercely ſide,
The Head and Body to divide.
The End of all we firſt deſign'd,
And all that yet remains behind:
Be ſure to ſpare no publick Rapine,
On all Emergencies that happen;

For 'tis as eaſie to ſupplant
Authority, as Men in Want:
As ſome of us, in Truſt, have made
The one Hand with the other Trade;
Gain'd vaſtly by their Joint Endeavour,
The Right, a Thief; the Left, Receiver;
And what the one, by Tricks, foreſtall'd,
The other, by as ſly, retail'd.
For *Gain* has wonderful Effects,
T'improve the Factory of SECTS:
The Rule of Faith in all Profeſſions,
And great *Diana* of th' *Epheſians*:
Whence turning of Religion's made
The means to turn and wind a Trade.
And tho' ſome change it for the worſe,
They put themſelves into a Courſe;
And draw in ſtore of Cuſtomers,
To thrive the better in Commerce:
For all Religions flock together,
Like Tame and Wild Fowl of a Feather;
To nab the Itches of their Sects,
As Jades do one another's Necks.
Hence 'tis, HYPOCRISIE, as well,
Will ſerve t' improve a *Church*, as *ZEAL*;
As *Perſecution*, or *Promotion*,
Do equally advance *Devotion*.
Let Buſineſs, like ill Watches, go
Sometimes too faſt, ſometimes too ſlow;
For things in order are put out
So eaſie, *Eaſe* it ſelf will do't.
But when the Feat's deſign'd and meant,
What Miracle can bar th' Event?
For 'tis more eaſie to betray,
Than Ruin any other way.

All poſſible Occaſions ſtart,
The weighty'ſt Matters to divert:
Obſtruct, Perplex, Diſtract, Intangle,
And lay perpetual Trains to wrangle:
But in Affairs of leſs import,
That neither do us Good nor Hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and Out-comply:
And ſeem as ſcrupulouſly juſt,
To bait our Hooks for greater Truſt.
But ſtill be careful to cry down
All publick Actions, tho' our own:
The leaſt Miſcarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the *State*;
Expreſs the horrid'ſt Deteſtation,
And pity the diſtracted Nation.
Tell Stories, ſcandalous and falſe,
I'th' proper Language and Cabals;
Where all a ſubtle States-man ſays,
Is half in Words, and half in Face;
(As *Spaniards* talk in Dialogues,
Of Heads and Shoulders, Nods and Shrugs)
Entruſt it under Solemn Vows
Of Mum, and Silence, and the Roſe,
To be Retail'd again in Whiſpers,
For th' eaſie Credulous to diſperſe.
Thus far the States-Man--When a Shout,
Heard at a diſtance, put him out;
And ſtrait another, all aghaſt,
Ruſh'd in with equal Fear and Haſte:
Who ſtar'd about, as pale as Death.
And for a while, *as out of Breath*;
Till having gather'd up his Wits,
He thus began his Tale by fits:

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That Beaſtly RABBLE,---that came down
From all the Garrets---in the Town,
And Stalls, and Shop-boards,---in vaſt Swarms,
With new chalk'd Bills,---and ruſty Arms,
To cry the CAUSE----up, heretofore,
And bawl the BISHOPS-----out of Door;
Are now drawn up----in greater Shoals,
To Roaſt-----and Broil us on the Coals:
And all the *Grandees*-----of our Members
Are Carbonading----on the Embers;
Knights, Citizens, and Burgeſſes----
Held forth by RUMPS----o. Pigs and Geeſe,
That ſerve for Characters---- nd Badges
To repreſent their Perſonages.
Each Bone-fire is a Funeral Pile,
In which they Roaſt, and Scorch, and Broil,
And ev'ry Repreſentative
Have vow'd to Roaſt----and Broil alive:
And 'tis a Miracle, we are not
Already ſacrific'd Incarnate.
For while we wrangle here, and jar,
W' are Grilly'd all at *Temple-Bar*:
Some, on the Sign-Poſt of an Ale-houſe,
Hang in *Effigy*, for the Gallows,
Made up of *Rags* to perſonate
Reſpective *Officers of State*;
That henceforth they may ſtand reputed,
Proſcrib'd in Law, and Executed,
And while the Work is carrying on,
Be ready Lifted under DUN;
That Worthy Patriot, once the Bellows,
And Tinder-Box of all his Fellows;
The activ'ſt Member of the Five,
As well as the moſt Primitive:

Who, for his faithful Service then,
Is choſen for a Fifth agen;
(For, ſince the *State* has made a Quint
Of *Generals*, he's liſted in't.)
This Worthy, as the World will ſay,
Is paid in Specie, his own way;
For, moulded to the Life in Clouts,
Th' have pick'd from Dung-hills thereabouts,
He's mounted on a Hazel Bavin,
A crop'd Malignant *Baker* gave 'em:
And, to the largeſt Bone-fire riding,
They've roaſted COOK already, and PRIDE-M,
On whom, in Equipage and State,
His Scare-crow Fellow-Members wait;
And March in order, Two and Two,
As at Thankſgivings th' us'd to do:
Each in a tatter'd *Taliſman*,
Like Vermin in Effigy ſlain.
But (what's more dreadful than the reſt)
Thoſe RUMPS are but the Tail o' th' Beaſt,
Set up by *Popiſh* Engineers,
As by the Crackers plainly appears;
For, none but *Jeſuits* have a Miſſion,
To preach the *Faith* with *Ammunition*,
And propagate the *Church* with *Powder*,
Their Founder was a blown-up Soldier.
Thoſe Spiritual Pioneers o' th' Whore's,
That have the Charge of all her Stores;
Since firſt they fail'd in their Deſigns,
To take in Heav'n by ſpringing Mines;
And with unanſwerable Barrels
Of Gun-powder, diſpute their Quarrels:
Now take a Courſe more practicable,
By laying Trains to fire the RABBLE,

And blow us up in th' open Streets;
Diſguis'd in RUMPS, like *Sambenites*;
More like to Ruin and Confound,
Than all their Doctrines under-ground.
Nor have they choſen RUMPS amiſs,
For Symbols of *State Myſteries*;
Tho' ſome ſuppoſe, 'twas but a ſhew
How much they ſcorn'd the SAINTS, the Few;
Who, 'cauſe they're waſted to the Stumps,
Are repreſented beſt by RUMPS.
But *Jeſuits* have deeper Reaches
In all their Politick Far-fetches:
And from their Coptick Prieſt, *Kircherus*,
Found out this Myſtick way to jeer us.
For, as th' *Ægyptians* us'd, by *Bees*,
T' expreſs their Antique *Ptolomies*;
And by their Stings, the Swords they wore,
Held forth Authority and Pow'r:
Becauſe theſe ſubtle Animals
Bear all their Int'reſts in their Tails;
And when they're once impair'd in that,
Are baniſh'd their well-order'd State:
They thought, all Governments were beſt,
By Hieroglyphick RUMPS expreſt.
For, as in Bodies Natural,
The RUMP's the Fundament of all;
So, in a *Common-wealth*, or Realm,
The Government is call'd the *Helm*:
With which, like Veſſels under Sail,
They're turn'd and winded by the *Tail*.
The *Tail*, which Birds and Fiſhes ſteer
Their Courſes with, thro' Sea and Air;
To whom the Rudder of the RUMP is
The ſame thing with the Stern and Compaſs.

This ſhews, how perfectly the RUMP
And COMMON-WEALTH in Nature jump.
For, as a Fly, that goes to Bed,
Reſts with his Tail above his Head;
So in this Mungrel State of ours,
The RABBLE are the Supreme Powers;
That Hors'd us on their Backs, to ſhow us
A Jadiſh Trick at laſt, and throw us.
The Learned Rabbins of the *Jews*
Write, there's a Bone, which they call *Luez*,
I' th' Rump of Man, of ſuch a Virtue,
No force in Nature can do hurt to;
And therefore, at the laſt Great Day,
All th' other Members ſhall, they ſay,
Spring out of this, as from a Seed,
All Sorts of Vegetals proceed:
From whence, the Learned Sons of Art,
Os Sacrum, juſtly ſtile that Part.
Then what can better repreſent,
Than this RUMP Bone, the *Parliament*?
That after ſeveral rude Ejections,
And as prodigious Reſurrections;
With new Reverſions of nine Lives,
Starts up, and, like a Cat, revives?
But now, alas, they're all expir'd,
And th' *Houſe*, as well as *Members*, fir'd,
Conſum'd in Kennels, by the ROUT,
With which they other Fires put out:
Condemn'd t' ungoverning Diſtreſs,
And paultry, private Wretchedneſs;
Worſe than the Devil to Privation,
Beyond all Hopes of Reſtauration:
And parted like the Body and Soul,
From all Dominion and Controul.

We, who cou'd lately with a Look
Enact, Eſtabliſh, or Revoke;
Whoſe Arbitrary Nods gave Law,
And Frowns kept Multitudes in Awe;
Before the Bluſter of whoſe Huff,
All Hats, as in a Storm, flew off;
Ador'd and bow'd to by the Great,
Down to the Foot-man and Valet.
Had more bent Knees than Chappel-Mats,
And Prayers, than the Crowns of Hats;
Shall now be ſcorn'd as wretchedly,
For Ruin's juſt as low as high;
Which might be ſuffer'd, were it all
The Horror, that attends our Fall:
For, ſome of us have Scores more large
Than Heads and Quarters can diſcharge;
And others who, by reſtleſs ſcraping,
With publick Frauds, and private Rapine;
Have mighty Heaps of Wealth amaſs'd,
Wou'd gladly lay down all at laſt:
And to be but undone, Entail
Their Veſſels on perpetual Jail;
And bleſs the Devil to let them Farms
Of forfeit Souls, on no worſe Terms.
This ſaid, a near and louder Shout
Put all th' Aſſembly to the Rout:
Who now begun t' out-run their Fear,
As Horſes do, from thoſe they bear:
But crouded on, with ſo much haſte,
Until th' had block'd the Paſſage faſt;
And Barricado'd it with Haunches
Of Outward Men, and Bulks and Paunches,
That with their Shoulders ſtrove to ſqueeze,
And rather ſave a crippled Piece

Of all their crush'd and broken Members,
Than have them Grillied on the Embers:
Still pressing on with heavy Packs,
Of one another, on their Backs:
The Van-Guard cou'd no longer bear
The Charges of the Forlorn Rear;
But born down headlong by the ROUT,
Were trampled soarly under Foot.
Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,
As th' horrid *Cookery* of the RABBLE:
And Fear that keeps all Feeling out,
As lesser Pains are by the Gout,
Reliev'd 'em with a fresh Supply
Of rally'd Force, enough to fly,
And beat a *Tuscan* Running Horse,
Whose Jocky-Rider is all Spurs.

The ARGUMENT of The THIRD *CANTO*.

The Knight and Squire's prodigious Flight,
To quit th' inchanted Bow'r by Night:
He plods to turn his Am'rous Suit
T' a Plea in Law, and proſecute:
Repairs to Counſel, to adviſe
'Bout managing the Enterprize:
But firſt Reſolves to try by Letter,
And one more fair Addreſs, to get her.

CANTO III.

WHO wou'd believe what ſtrange *Bugbears*
Mankind creates it ſelf, of *Fears*,
That ſpring like Fern, that Inſect Weed,
Equivocally, without Seed;
And have no poſſible Foundation,
But meerly in th' Imagination:
And yet can do more dreadful Feats,
Than *Hags*, with all their *Imps* and *Teats*:

Make more bewitch and haunt themſelves,
Than all their *Nurſeries of Elves.*
For Fear does things ſo like a Witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which:
Sets up Communities of Senſes,
To chop and change Intelligences;
As *Roſi-crucian Virtuoſi's,*
Can ſee with *Ears,* and hear with *Noſes:*
And when they neither ſee nor hear,
Have more than both ſupply'd by Fear;
That makes 'em in the Dark *ſee Viſions,*
And hag themſelves with *Apparitions:*
And when their Eyes diſcover leaſt,
Diſcern the ſubt'leſt Objects beſt.
Do Things not contrary alone
To th' Courſe of Nature, but its own:
The Courage of the Braveſt daunt,
And turn Pultroons as valiant;
For Men as reſolute appear
With too much, as too little Fear.
And when they're out of Hopes of flying,
Will run away from Death by dying:
Or turn again to ſtand it out,
And thoſe they fled, like Lions, Rout.
This *Hudibras* had prov'd too true,
Who, by the Furies, left perdue,
And haunted with Detachments, ſent
From *Marſhal Legions Regiment;*
Was by a *Fiend,* as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and Reſcu'd with a Cheat:
When nothing but Himſelf, and Fear,
Was both the *Imps* and *Conjurer:*
As by the Rules o'th' *Virtuoſi,*
It follows in due *Form of Poſie.*

Diſguis'd

Diſguis'd in all the Mask of Night,
We left our Champion on his Flight:
At *Blindmans-Buff* to grope his way,
In equal fear of *Night and Day*:
Who took his dark and deſp'rate Courſe,
He knew no better than his Horſe;
And by an unknown Devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled.
He never was in greater need,
Nor leſs Capacity of Speed.
Diſabled, both in Man and Beaſt,
To fly, and run away, *his beſt*;
To keep the Enemy, and Fear,
From equal falling on his Rear.
And tho' with Kicks and Bangs he ply'd
The further and the nearer Side:
(As *Seamen* ride with all their force,
And *Tug* as if they *Row'd the Horſe*;
And when the Hackney ſails moſt ſwift,
Believe they *lag*, or *run a-drift*)
So, tho' he poſted e'er ſo faſt,
His Fear was greater than his *Haſte*:
For Fear, tho' fleeter than the Wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the Morn began t' appear,
And ſhift *t' another Scene* his Fear;
He found his new officious *Shade*,
That came ſo timely to his Aid,
And forc'd him from the Foe t' eſcape,
Had turn'd it ſelf to *Ralpho*'s Shape;
So like in *Perſon*, *Garb*, and *Pitch*,
'Twas hard t' interpret *which was which*.
For *Ralpho* had no ſooner told
The Lady all he had t' unfold,

But ſhe convey'd him out of ſight,
To entertain th' approaching Knight.
And while he gave himſelf Diverſion,
T' accommodate his *Beaſt* and *Perſon*;
And put his *Beard* into a Poſture,
At beſt Advantage, to accoſt her:
She order'd th' *Antimaſquerade*,
(For his Reception) *aforeſaid*:
But when the *Ceremony* was done,
The *Lights put out, and Fairies gone*;
And *Hudibras*, among the reſt,
Convey'd away, as *Ralpho* gueſs'd:
The wretched Caitiff all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his Story to himſelf;
The Knight miſtook him for an Elf:
And did ſo ſtill, till he began
To ſcruple at *Ralph*'s Outward Man;
And thought, becauſe they oft agreed,
T' appear in one another's ſtead,
And act the *Saint*'s and *Devil*'s Part,
With undiſtinguiſhable Art;
They might have done ſo now perhaps,
And put on one another's Shapes:
And therefore, to reſolve the Doubt,
He ſtar'd upon him and cry'd out;
What art? My Squire, or that bold Sprite
That took his Place and Shape to Night?
Some buſie Independent Pug,
Retainer to his Synagogue?
Alas, *quoth he*, I'm none of thoſe
Your Boſom-Friends, as you ſuppoſe;
But *Ralph* himſelf, your truſty Squire,
Wh' has dragg'd your *Donſhip* out o' th' Mire;

And from th' Inchantments of a Widow,
Wh' had turn'd ye int' a Beaſt, have freed you;
And, tho' a Priſoner of War,
Have brought you ſafe, where now you are;
Which you wou'd gratefully repay,
Your conſtant PRESBYTERIAN way.
That's ſtranger (*quo' the Knight*) and ſtranger:
Who gave thee notice of my Danger?
Quoth he, Th' infernal Conjurer
Purſu'd and took me Priſoner,
And knowing you were here about,
Brought me along, to find you out:
Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they ſaid and did,
And tho' they lay to him the Pageant,
I did not ſee him, nor his Agent;
Who play'd their Sorceries out of ſight,
T' avoid a fiercer, ſecond Fight.
But, didſt thou ſee no Devils then?
Not one, *quoth he*, but Carnal Men,
A little worſe than Fiends in Hell,
And that She-Devil, *Jezebel*;
That laugh'd and reh-he'd with Deriſion,
To ſee them take your Depoſition.
What then (quoth *Hudibras*) was he,
That plaid the Devil, t' examine me?
A rallying Weaver in the Town,
That did it in a Parſon's Gown:
Whom all the Pariſh takes for gifted,
But, for my Part, I ne'er believ'd it;
In which you told them all your Feats,
Your Conſcientious Frauds and Cheats,
Deny'd your Whipping, and confeſs'd
The naked Truth of all the reſt,

More plainly than the Reverend Writer,
That to our Churches veil'd his Mitre.
All which they took in Black and White,
And cudgell'd me to under-write.
What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone,
To act the Devil, and forbear
To rid me of my *Helliſh Fear?*
Quoth he, I knew your conſtant Rate,
And Frame of Sp'rit, too obſtinate,
To be by me pevail'd upon,
With any Motives of my own:
And therefore ſtrove to counterfeit
The Dev'l a-while, to nick your Wit:
The Devil, that is your conſtant Crony,
That only can prevail upon ye;
Elſe we might ſtill have been diſputing,
And they with weighty Drubs confuting.
The Knight, who now began to find
Th'had left the Enemy behind;
And ſaw no farther Harm remain,
But feeble Wearineſs and Pain;
Perceiv'd, by loſing of their Way,
Th'had gain'd th' Advantage of the Day:
And by declining of the Road,
They had by Chance their Rear made good,
He ventur'd to diſmiſs his *Fear*,
That parting's wont to *Rent and Tear*,
And give the deſperat'ſt Attack
To Danger ſtill behind its Back.
For, having paus'd to recollect,
And on his paſt Succeſs reflect,
T' examine and conſider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly;

And when no Devil had appear'd,
What elſe, it cou'd be ſaid, he fear'd;
It put him in ſo fierce a Rage,
He once reſolv'd to re-engage;
Toſs'd like a Foot-ball back again,
With *Shame, and Vengeance, and Diſdain.*
Quoth he, It was thy Cowardiſe
That made me from this Leaguer riſe;
And when I had half reduc'd the Place,
To quit it infamouſly baſe.
Was better cover'd by the New
Arriv'd Detachment, than I knew:
To ſlight my new Acqueſts, and run
Victoriouſly, from Battels won.
And reck'ning all I gain'd or loſt,
To ſell them cheaper than they coſt.
To make me put my ſelf to flight,
And Conqu'ring, run away by Night;
To drag me out, which th' haughty Foe
Durſt never have preſum'd to do.
To mount me in the dark by force,
Upon the bare Ridge of my Horſe,
Expos'd in Querpo to their Rage,
Without my Arms and Equipage;
Leſt, if they ventur'd to purſue,
I might th' unequal Fight renew;
And, to preſerve thy outward Man,
Aſſum'd my Place, and led the Van.
All this, *quo' Ralph*, I did, 'tis true,
Not to preſerve my ſelf, but you.
You, who were damn'd to baſer Drubs,
Than Wretches feel in Powd'ring Tubs;
To mount two-wheel'd Carroches, worſe
Than managing a Wooden Horſe:

Dragg'd out thro' ſtraiter Holes by th' Ears,
Eras'd or Coup'd for Perjurers.
Who, tho' th' Attempt had prov'd in vain,
Had had no reaſon to complain;
But ſince it proſper'd, 'tis unhandſome
To blame the Hand that paid your Ranſom,
And reſcu'd your obnoxious Bones
From unavoidable Battoons.
The Enemy was re-inforc'd,
And we diſabled, and unhors'd,
Diſarm'd, unqualify'd for Fight;
And no way left but haſty Flight.
Which, tho' 'twas deſperate in th' Attempt,
Has given you Freedom to condemn't.
But were our Bones in fit Condition
To re-inforce the Expedition,
'Tis now unſeaſonable, and vain,
To think of Falling on again:
No Martial Project to ſurpriſe,
Can ever be attempted twice;
Nor caſt Deſign ſerve afterwards,
As Gameſters tear their Loſing-Cards.
Beſides, our Bangs of Man and Beaſt
Are fit for nothing now but Reſt,
And for a while will not be able
To rally, and prove ſerviceable:
And therefore I with Reaſon choſe
This Stratagem t' amuſe our Foes,
To make an Hon'rable Retreat,
And wave a Total Sure Defeat:
For thoſe that Fly, may fight again,
Which he can never do that's ſlain.
Hence timely Running's no mean Part
Of Conduct in the Martial Art,

By which ſome Glorious Feats atchieve,
As Citizens, by Breaking, thrive;
And Cannons conquer Armies, while
They ſeem to draw off and recoil.
'Tis held the Gallant'ſt Courſe, and Braveſt,
To great Exploits, as well as Safeſt,
That ſpares th' Expence of Time and Pains,
And dangerous Beating out of Brains.
And in the end prevails as certain,
As thoſe that never truſt to Fortune;
To make their Fear do Execution
Beyond the ſtouteſt Reſolution;
As Earth-quakes kill without a Blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow.
If th' Ancients crown'd their braveſt Men,
That only ſav'd a Citizen,
What Victory cou'd e'er be won,
If ev'ry one wou'd ſave but one?
Or Fight endanger'd to be loſt,
Where all reſolve to ſave the moſt?
By this means, when a Battel's won,
The War's as far from being done:
For thoſe that ſave themſelves, and fly,
Go halves, at leaſt, i' th' Victory;
And ſometimes, when the Loſs is ſmall,
And Danger great, they challenge All.
Print new Additions to their Feats,
And Emendations in Gazettes;
And when, for furious haſte to run,
They durſt not ſtay to fire a Gun,
Have don't with Bonfires, and at home,
Made Squibs and Crackers overcome.
To ſet the Rabble on a Flame,
And keep their Governors from Blame,

Diſperſe the News, the Pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with Fire-works, and with Bells:
And tho' reduc'd to that Extream,
They have been forc'd to ſing *Te Deum*;
Yet, with Religious Blaſphemy,
By flatt'ring Heaven with a Lie;
And for their Beating, giving Thanks,
They've rais'd Recruits, and fill'd their Banks.
For thoſe who run from th' Enemy,
Engage them equally to fly;
And when the Fight becomes a Chace,
Thoſe win the Day, that win the Race;
And that which wou'd not paſs in Fights,
Has done the Feat with eaſie Slights.
Recover'd many a deſp'rate Campaign
With *Bourdeaux*, *Burgundy*, and *Champagne*.
Reſtor'd the fainting High and Mighty,
With Brandy-wine and Aqua-vitæ;
And made them ſtoutly overcome,
With Bachrach, Hoccamore and Mum;
Whom th' uncontrol'd Decrees of Fate
To Victory neceſſitate;
With which, altho' they run or burn,
They unavoidably return:
Or elſe their Sultan-Populaces
Still ſtrangle all their routed Baſſa's.
Quoth *Hudibras*, I underſtand
What Fights thou mean'ſt at Sea and Land;
And who thoſe were that run away,
And yet gave out th' had won the Day:
Altho' the Rabble ſous'd them for't,
O'er Head and Ears in Mud and Dirt.
'Tis true our Modern Way of War
Is grown more Politick by far,

But not ſo reſolute and bold,
Nor ty'd to Honour, as the Old.
For now they laugh at giving Battle,
Unleſs it be to Herds of Cattle:
Or fighting Convoys of Proviſion,
The whole Deſign o' th' Expedition;
And not with downright Blows to rout
The Enemy, but Eat them out:
As Fighting, in all Beaſts of Prey,
And Eating, are perform'd one way;
To give Defiance to their Teeth,
And fight their ſtubborn Guts to Death,
And thoſe atchieve the high'ſt Renown,
That bring the other's Stomach down.
There's now no fear of Wounds nor Maiming,
All Dangers are reduc'd to Famine;
And Feats of Arms, to Plot, Deſign,
Surprize, and Stratagem, and Mine.
But have no Need, nor Uſe of Courage,
Unleſs it be for Glory, or Forage:
For if they fight, 'tis but by Chance,
When one ſide vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' Rear:
And forc'd, with terrible Reſiſtance,
To keep hereafter at a Diſtance,
To pick out Ground t' encamp upon,
Where ſtore of largeſt Rivers run,
That ſerve, inſtead of Peaceful Barriers,
To part th' Engagements of their Warriors.
Where both from Side to Side may skip,
And only encounter at Bo-peep:
For Men are found the ſtouter-hearted,
The certainer they're to be parted;

And therefore poſt themſelves in Bogs,
As th' ancient Mice attack'd the Frogs;
And made their Mortal Enemy,
The *Water-Rat*, their ſtrict Ally.
For 'tis not now, who's ſtout and bold;
But who bears Hunger beſt and Cold.
And he's approv'd the moſt deſerving,
Who longeſt can hold out at Starving:
And he that routs moſt Pigs and Cows, is
The formidableſt Man at Proweſs.
So th' Emperor *Caligula*,
That triumph'd o'er the *Britiſh* Sea;
Took Crabs and Oyſters Priſoners,
And Lobſters, 'ſtead of Cuiraſiers;
Engag'd his Legions in fierce Buſtles,
With Periwincles, Prawns, and Muſcles;
And led his Troops with furious Gallops,
To charge whole Regiments of Scallops;
Not like their ancient Way of War
To wait on his Triumphal Carr:
But when he went to Dine or Sup,
Mote bravely eat his Captives up;
And left all War, by his Example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a Camp well.
Quoth *Ralph*, By all that you have ſaid,
And twice as much that I cou'd add,
'Tis plain, you cannot now do worſe,
Than take this Out-of-faſhion'd Courſe;
To hope, by Stratagem to woo her,
Or waging Battel to ſubdue her,
Tho' ſome have done it in Romances,
And hang'd them int'amorous Fancies;
As thoſe, who won the *Amazons*,
By wanton drubbing of their Bones:

And ſtout *Rinaldo* gain'd his Bride
By courting of her Back and Side.
But ſince theſe Times and Feats are over,
They are not for a Modern Lover:
When Miſtreſſes are too croſs-grain'd,
By ſuch Addreſſes to be gain'd;
And if they were, would have it out,
With many other kind of Bout.
Therefore I hold no Courſes' infeſible,
As this of force to win the *Jezebel*;
To ſtorm her Heart, by th' Antique Charms
Of Ladies Errant, force of Arms;
But rather ſtrive by Law to win her,
And try the Title you have in her.
Your Caſe is clear, you have her Word,
And me to witneſs the Accord;
Beſides two more of her Retinue,
To teſtifie what paſs'd between you;
More probable, and like to hold,
Than Hand, or Seal, or breaking Gold;
For which ſo many, that renounc'd
Their plighted Contracts, have been trounc'd,
And Bills upon Record been found,
That forc'd the Ladies to compound;
And that, unleſs I miſs the Matter,
Is all the Buſineſs you look after:
Beſides Encounters at the Bar,
Are braver now, than thoſe in War,
In which the Law does Execution,
With leſs Diſorder and Confuſion:
Has more of Honour in't, ſome hold,
Not like the New Way, but the Old;
When thoſe the Pen had drawn together,
Decided Quarrels with the Feather,

And winged Arrows kill'd as dead,
Nay, more than Bullets now of Lead:
So all the Combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the Pen;
That does the Feat, with braver Vigours,
In Words at length, as well as Figures.
Is Judge of all the World performs
In voluntary Feats of Arms.
And whatsoe'er's atchiev'd in Fight,
Determines which is Wrong or Right;
For whether you prevail or lose,
All must be try'd there in the Close.
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun,
What you must trust to, e'er y'have done.
The Law, that settles all you do,
And Marries where you did but woo;
That makes the most perfidious Lover,
A Lady, that's as false, recover:
And if it judge upon your side,
Will soon extend her for your Bride;
And put her Person, Goods or Lands;
Or which you like best, int'your Hands.
For Law's the Wisdom of all Ages,
And manag'd by the ablest Sages;
Who though their Bus'ness at the Bar,
Be but a kind of Civil War,
In which th'engage with fiercer Dudgeons,
Than e'er the *Grecians* did the *Trojans*,
They never manage the Contest,
T'impair their publick Interest;
Or by their Controversies lessen
The Dignity of their Profession:
Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our *Common-wealth*, the *Cause* and *Side*;

And though w' are all as near of Kindred,
As th' Outward Man is to the Inward:
We agree in nothing but to wrangle
About the ſlighteſt ſingle-fangle,
While Lawyers have more ſober Senſe,
Than t' argue at their own Expence,
But make their beſt Advantages,
Of others Quarrels, like the *Swiſs*:
And out of Foreign Controverſies,
By aiding both ſides, fill their Purſes;
But have no Int'reſt in the Cauſe,
For which th' engage, and wage the Laws:
Nor further Proſpect than their Pay,
Whether they loſe or win the Day.
And though th' abounded in all Ages,
With fundry learned Clerks, and Sages;
Though all their Buſineſs be Diſpute,
Which way they canvas ev'ry Suit;
Th'have no Diſputes about their Art,
Nor in Polemicks controvert:
While all Profeſſions elſe are found,
With nothing but Diſputes t'abound;
Divines of all ſorts, and Phyſicians,
Philoſophers, Mathematicians;
The *Galeniſt*, and *Paracelſian*,
Condemn the way each other deal in;
Anatomiſts diſſect and mangle,
To cut themſelves out work to wrangle;
Aſtrologers diſpute their Dreams,
That in their Sleeps they talk of Schemes;
And Heralds ſtickle, who got who,
So many Hundred Years ago.
But Lawyers are too wiſe a Nation,
T'expoſe their Trade to Diſputation;

Or make the buſie Rabble Judges,
Of all their ſecret Piques, and Grudges;
In which whoever wins the Day,
The whole Profeſſion's ſure to pay.
Beſides no Mountebank, nor Cheats,
Dare undertake to do their Feats;
When in all other Sciences
They ſwarm, like Inſects, and increaſe.
For what Bigot durſt even draw,
By Inward Light, a Deed in Law?
Or cou'd hold forth by Revelation,
An Anſwer to a Declaration?
For thoſe that meddle with their Tools,
Will cut their Fingers, if th'are Fools.
And if you follow their Advice,
In Bills, and Anſwers, and Replies;
They'll write a Love-Letter in Chancery,
Shall bring her upon Oath to anſwer ye,
And ſoon reduce her to b'your Wife,
Or make her weary of her Life.

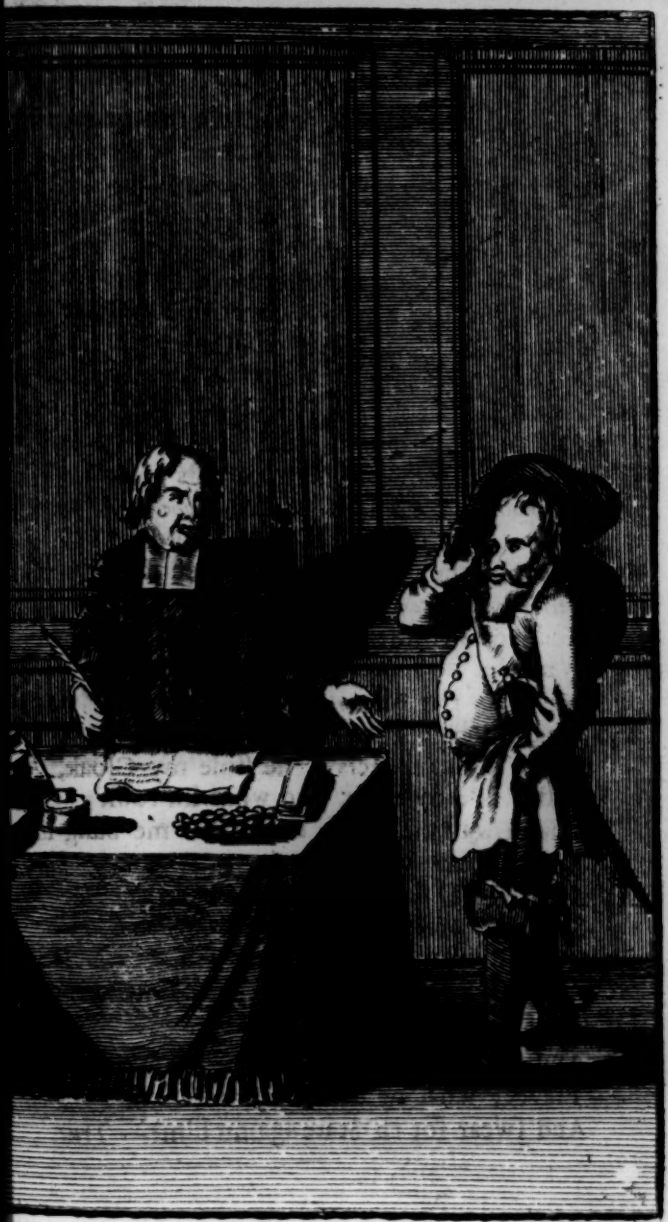
The *Knight*, who us'd with *Tricks* and *Shifts*
To edifie by *Ralpho's Gifts*,
But in appearance cry'd 'em down,
To make them better ſeem his own,
(All *Plagiary's* Conſtant Courſe
Of *ſinking*, when they *take a Purſe*,)
Reſolv'd to follow his Advice,
But kept it from him by diſguiſe:
And after ſtubborn Contradiction,
To Counterfeit his own Conviction,
And by Tranſition, fall upon
The Reſolution as his own.
Quoth he; This Gambol thou adviſeſt,
Is of all others the unwiſeſt;

For if I think by Law to gain her,
There's nothing ſillier nor vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my Pretence;
Where nothing's certain but th' Expence:
To Act againſt my ſelf, and Traverſe
My Suit and Title to her Favours.
And if ſhe ſhou'd, which Heav'n forbid,
O'erthrow me, as the Fidler did;
What after-courſe have I to take,
'Gainſt loſing all I have at Stake?
He that with Injury is griev'd,
And goes to Law to be reliev'd,
Is ſillier than a ſottiſh Chouſe,
Who, when a Thief has Robb'd his Houſe,
Applies himſelf to Cunning Men,
To help him to his Goods again;
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to ſquander more in vain.
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play.
For to reduce her by main Force,
Is now in vain; by fair Means, worſe:
But worſt of all, to give her over,
Till ſhe's as deſp'rate to recover.
For bad Games are thrown up too ſoon,
Until they're never to be won.
But ſince I have no other Courſe,
But is as bad t'attempt, or worſe;
He that complies againſt his Will,
Is of his own Opinion ſtill;
Which he m'adhere to, yet diſown,
For Reaſons to himſelf beſt known:
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For *Sidrophel* reſolves to ſue;

Whom I muſt anſwer, or begin
Inevitably firſt with him.
For I've receiv'd Advertiſement,
By times, enough of his Intent;
And knowing, he that firſt complains,
Th' Advantage of the Buſineſs gains:
For Courts of Juſtice underſtand
The Plantiff to be eldeſt Hand:
Who, what he pleaſes, may averr,
The other, nothing till he ſwear:
Is freely admitted to all Grace,
And Lawful Favour by his Place:
And for his bringing Cuſtom in,
Has all Advanaages to win.
I, who reſolve to overſee
No lucky Opportunity,
Will go to Council to adviſe
Which way t'encounter, or ſurpriſe,
And after long Conſideration,
Have found out one to fit th' Occaſion;
Moſt apt; for what I have to do,
As Counſellor, and Juſtice too.
And truly ſo, no doubt, he was,
A Lawyer fit for ſuch a Caſe.
An *Old dull Sot*; who'd told the Clock
For many Years at *Bridewell-dock*,
At *Weſtminſter*, and *Hick's-Hall*,
And *Hiccius-Doccius* play'd in all;
Where in all *Governments and Times*,
H'had been both *Friend* and *Foe* to Crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By *hindring Juſtice*, or maintaining:
To many a Whore *gave Privilege*,
And whipp'd, for *want of Quarteridge*;

Cart-loads of Bawds to Priſon ſent,
For b'ing behind a Fortnight's Rent;
And many a truſty *Pimp* and *Croney*
To *Puddle-dock*, for want of Money.
Engag'd the *Conſtable* to ſeize
All thoſe, that would not break the Peace;
Nor give him back his own foul Words,
Though ſometimes *Commoners, or Lords*;
And kept 'em Priſoners of Courſe,
For being *ſober at ill Hours*,
That in the Morning he might Free,
Or bind 'em over for his Fee.
Made *Monſters fine*, and *Puppet-Plays*,
For leave to Practice, in their ways:
Farm'd out all Cheats, and went a ſhare,
With th' *Headborough*, and *Scavenger*,
And make the Dirt i'th' Streets compound,
For taking up the publick Ground:
The *Kennel*, and *the King's High-way*,
For being unmoleſted, Pay.
Let out *the Stocks*, and *Whipping-Poſt*,
And *Cage*, to thoſe that gave him moſt;
Impos'd a Tax on *Bakers Ears*,
And for *Falſe Weights* on *Chandelers*.
Made *Victuallers* and *Vintners* fine
For Arbitrary *Ale* and *Wine*.
But was a kind and conſtant Friend
To all that *Regularly* offend:
As *Reſidentiary Bawds*,
And *Brokers that receive ſtoll'n Goods*;
That cheat in *Lawful Myſteries*,
And pay *Church-Duties*, and *his Fees*;
But was implacable and awkwar'd,
To all that *Interlop'd and Hawker'd*.

To this brave Man, the Knight repairs
For Counſel in his *Law-Affairs*:
And found him mounted, *in his Pew*,
With *Books* and *Mony* plac'd, for Shew,
Like *Neſt-Eggs*, to make *Clients lay*,
And for his falſe Opinion pay:
To whom the Knight, with comely Grace
Put off his Hat, to put his Caſe:
Which he as proudly entertain'd,
As th' other courteouſly ſtrain'd.
And to aſſure him, 'twas not that
He look'd for; Bid him put on's Hat.
Quoth he; There is one *Sidrophel*,
Whom I have cudgel'd----*Very well.*
And now he brags to have beaten me.
Better and better ſtill, quo' he.
And vows to ſtick me to the Wall,
Where'er he meets me-----*Beſt of all.*
'Tis true, the Knave has taken's Oath,
That I robb'd him---*Well done, in Troth.*
When h' has confeſs'd, he ſtole my Cloak,
And pick'd my Fob, and what he took;
Which was the Cauſe that made me bang him
And take my Goods again---*Marry hang him.*
Now whether I ſhould before-hand
Swear he robb'd me? -----*I underſtand*,
Or bring my *Action* of *Converſion*
And *Trover* for my Goods?-----*Ah Whoreſon.*
Or if 'tis better to indite,
And bring him to his Trial?-----*Right.*
Prevent what he deſigns to do,
And ſwear for th' State againſt him?----*True.*



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Or whether he that is Defendant,
In this Caſe, has the better End on't;
Who putting in a new Croſs-Bill,
May traverſe th' Action?----*Better ſtill.*
Then there's a Lady too.-----*I marry,*
That's eaſily prov'd acceſſary.
A Widow, who, by ſolemn Vows,
Contracted to me, for my Spouſe,
Combin'd with him to break her Word,
And has abetted all---*Good Lord!*
Suborn'd th' aforeſaid *Sidrophel,*
To tamper with the *Dev'l of Hell.*
Who put m' into a horrid Fear,
Fear of my Life,-----*Make that appear.*
Made an Aſſault, with Fiends and Men,
Upon my Body.----*Good agen.*
And kept me in a deadly Fright,
And falſe Impriſonment all Night;
Mean while they robb'd me, and my Horſe,
And ſtole my Saddle,-----*Worſe and worſe.*
And made me mount upon the bare Ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder Miſcarriage:
Sir, quo' the Lawyer, not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a Battery,
As heart can wiſh, and need not ſhame
The proudeſt Man alive to claim.
For if they've us'd you, as you ſay;
Marry, quo' I, God give you Joy:
I wou'd it were my Caſe, I'd give
More than I'll ſay, or you'll believe;
I wou'd ſo trounce her, and her Purſe,
I'd make her kneel for bett'r or worſe;

For Matrimony, and Hanging here,
Both go by Deſtiny ſo clear,
That you as ſure may pick and chuſe,
As Croſs I win, and Pile you loſe:
And if I durſt, I would advance
As much, in ready Maintenance;
As upon any Caſe I've known,
But we that practiſe dare not own,
The Law ſeverely contrabands,
Our taking Buſineſs off Mens Hands;
'Tis comon Barratry, that bears
Point blank an Action 'gainſt our Ears,
And crops them till there is not Leather,
To ſtick a Pin in, left of either;
For which, ſome do the Summer-ſault,
And o'er the Bar, like Tumblers, vault.
But you may ſwear at any rate,
Things not in Nature, for the State:
For in all Courts of Juſtice here
A Witneſs is not ſaid to ſwear,
But make Oath, that is, in plain Terms,
To forge whatever he affirms.
I thank you, quo' the Knight, for that,
Becauſe 'tis to my purpoſe pat-----
For Juſtice, tho' ſhe's painted blind,
Is to the weaker ſide inclin'd,
Like Charity; elſe Right and Wrong
Could never hold it out ſo long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a ſlight,
Conveys Men Intereſt, and Right,
From *Stiles*'s Pocket, into *Noke*'s,
As eaſily as *Hocus Pocus*;

Plays faſt and looſe, makes Men obnoxious,
And clear again, like *Hiccius Doccius.*
Then whether you wou'd take her Life,
Or but recover her for your Wife:
Or be content with what ſhe has,
And let all other Matters paſs,
The Buſineſs to the Law's all one,
The Proof is all it looks upon;
And you can want no Witneſſes,
To ſwear to any thing you pleaſe,
That hardly get their meer Expences
By th' Labour of their Conſciences;
Or letting out to hire, their Ears,
To Affidavit Cuſtomers,
At inconſiderable Values,
To ſerve for Jury-Men, or Tallies,
Although retain'd in th' hardeſt matters,
Of Truſtees, and Adminiſtrators.
For that, *Quo' he*, let me alone;
W' have ſtore of ſuch, and all our own;
Bred up and Tutour'd, by our Teachers,
The ableſt of Conſcience-ſtretchers.
That's well! *Quo' he*, but I ſhou'd Gueſs,
By weighing of Advantages,
Your ſureſt way is firſt to pitch
On *Bongey*, for a Water-Witch:
And when y' have hang'd the Conjurer,
Y' have time enough to deal with her.
In th' interim; ſpare for no Trepans,
To draw her Neck, into the Banes;
Ply her with Love-Letters, and Billets,
And Bait 'em well, for Quirks and Quillets.

With Trains t' inveigle, and ſurpriſe,
Her Heedleſs Anſwers and Replies:
And if ſhe miſs the Mouſe-trap Lines,
They'll ſerve for other By-Deſigns:
And make an Artiſt underſtand,
To Copy out her Seal or Hand;
Or find void Places in the Paper,
To ſteal in ſomething to Intrap her.
'Till with her Worldly Goods, and Body,
Spight of her Heart, ſhe has endow'd ye;
Retain all ſorts of Witneſſes,
That ply i' th' *Temples*, under Trees;
Or Walk the Round, with Knights, their Hoſ
About the croſs-legg'd Knights, o'th' Poſts;
Or wait for Cuſtomers between
The Pillar-Rows in *Lincolns-Inn*:
Where Vouchers, Forgers, Common-bail,
And Affidavit-Men, ne'er fail
T' expoſe to Sale, all ſorts of Oaths,
According to their Ears and Cloaths.
Their only neceſſary Tools,
Beſides the Goſpel, and their Souls;
And when y' are furniſhed with all Purveys,
I ſhall be ready at your Service.
I wou'd not give, quoth *Hudibras*,
A Straw to underſtand a Caſe,
Without the admirable Skill,
To wind and manage it at Will:
To Vere, and Tack, and ſteer a Cauſe,
Againſt the Weather-gage of Laws;
And ring the Changes upon Caſes,
As plain as Noſes upon Faces,

As you have well instructed me,
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your Fee;
I long to practise your Advice,
And try the subtle Artifice:
To Bait a Letter as you bid,
As not long after thus he did,
For having pump'd up all his Wit,
And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.

An Heroical
EPISTLE
OF
Hudibras to his *Lady*.

I Who was once as great as *Cæſar*,
Am now reduc'd to *Nebuchadnezzar*.
And from as fam'd a Conqueror,
As ever took degree in War,
Or did his *Exerciſe in Battle*,
By you turn'd out to *Graze with Cattle*.
For ſince I am deny'd Acceſs
To all my Earthly Happineſs,
Am fallen from the *Paradiſe*
Of your good *Graces*, and fair *Eyes*;

Loſt

Loſt to the World, and you, I'm ſent
To everlaſting Baniſhment.
Where all the *Hopes* I had t' *have won*
Your Heart, being daſh'd, will break my own.
Yet if you were not ſo ſevere
To paſs your Doom, before you hear,
You'll find, upon my juſt Defence,
How much y' have wrong'd my Innocence.
That once I made a *Vow* to you,
Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;
But not, becauſe it is unpaid,
'Tis *Violated*, though delay'd.
Or if it were, it is no Fault,
So heinous as you'd have it thought,
To undergo the Loſs of Ears,
Like vulgar *Hackney Perjurers*;
For there's a Difference in the Caſe,
Between the Noble and the Baſe;
Who always are obſerv'd t' have don't
Upon as different account:
The one for *great* and *weighty Cauſe*,
To ſalve, in *Honour*, ugly Flaws.
For none are like to do it ſooner,
Than thoſe who're niceſt of their Honour.
The other for baſe *Gain* and *Pay*,
Forſwear, and *Perjure by the Day*;
And make th' Expoſing and Retailing
Their Souls and Conſcienees, a *Calling*.
It is no *Scandal*, or *Aſperſion*,
Upon a *Great and Noble Perſon*,
To ſay, he nat'rally abhorr'd
Th' old faſhion'd Trick, *To keep his Word*;
Though 'tis Perfidiouſneſs and Shame,
In meaner Men, to do the ſame,

An Heroical
EPISTLE
OF
Hudibras to his *Lady*.

I Who was once as great as *Cæsar*,
Am now reduc'd to *Nebuchadnezzar*.
And from as fam'd a Conqueror,
As ever took degree in War,
Or did his *Exercise in Battle*,
By you turn'd out to *Graze with Cattle*.
For since I am deny'd Access
To all my Earthly Happiness,
Am fallen from the *Paradise*
Of your good *Graces*, and fair *Eyes*;

Lost

Loſt to the World, and you, I'm ſent
To everlaſting Baniſhment.
Where all the *Hopes* I had t' *have won*
Your Heart, being daſh'd, will break my own.
Yet if you were not ſo ſevere
To paſs your Doom, before you hear,
You'll find, upon my juſt Defence,
How much y' have wrong'd my Innocence.
That once I made a *Vow* to you,
Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;
But not, becauſe it is unpaid,
'Tis *Violated*, though delay'd.
Or if it were, it is no Fault,
So heinous as you'd have it thought,
To undergo the Loſs of Ears,
Like vulgar *Hackney Perjurers*;
For there's a Difference in the Caſe,
Between the Noble and the Baſe;
Who always are obſerv'd t' have don't
Upon as different account:
The one for *great* and *weighty Cauſe*,
To ſalve, in *Honour*, ugly Flaws.
For none are like to do it ſooner,
Than thoſe who're niceſt of their Honour.
The other for baſe *Gain* and *Pay*,
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Upon a *Great and Noble Perſon*,
To ſay, he nat'rally abhorr'd
Th' old faſhion'd Trick, *To keep his Word*;
Though 'tis Perfidiouſneſs and Shame,
In meaner Men, to do the ſame,

For to be able to *Forget*,
Is found more useful, to *the Great*,
Than *Gout*, or *Deafness*, or *bad Eyes*,
To make 'em pass for wond'rous Wise.
But though the *Law*, on Perjurers,
Inflicts the *Forfeiture of Ears*;
It is not *just*, that does exempt
The *Guilty*, *and punish th' Innocent*;
To make the Ears repair the Wrong,
Committed by th' *ungovern'd Tongue*;
And when one Member is forsworn,
Another to be cropt or torn.
And if you shou'd, as you design,
By Course of Law, recover mine,
You're like, if you consider right,
To gain but little Honour by't.
For he that for his Lady's sake
Lays down his Life or Limbs at stake,
Does not so much deserve her Favour,
As he that *pawns* his Soul to have her.
This y' have acknowledg'd I have done,
Altho' you now disdain to own;
But sentence, what you rather ought
T' esteem *Good Service*, than a *Fault*.
" Besides, *Oaths* are not bound to bear
" That *Literal Sense* the Words infer;
" But by the Practice of the Age,
" Are to be judg'd how far th' engage.
" And where the Sense by Custom's checkt,
" Are found *Void*, *and of none effect*.
" For no Man takes or keeps a *Vow*,
" But just as he sees others do,
" Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle,
" As not to yield and bow a little;

" For as best temper'd Blades are found,
" Before they break, to bend quite round:
" So truest *Oaths* are still most tough,
" And, tho' they *bow, are Breaking proof.*
Then wherefore shou'd they not b' allow'd
In Love a greater Latitude?
For as the Law of Arms approves
All ways to Conquest, so shou'd *Love's*;
And not be ty'd to True or False,
But make that justest that prevails;
For how can that which is above
All *Empire, High and mighty Love,*
Submit its great Prerogative,
To any other Pow'r alive?
Shall Love, that to no Crown gives place,
Become the Subject of a Case?
The *Fundamental Law of Nature,*
Be over-rul'd by those made after?
Commit the Censure of its *Cause*
To any but its own great Laws?
Love, that's the World's Preservative,
That keeps all Souls of things alive;
Controls the mighty *Power of Fate,*
And gives Mankind a longer Date;
The Life of Nature, that restores;
As fast as *Time* and *Death,* devours;
To whose Free-Gift the World does owe,
Not only Earth, but Heaven too:
For Love's the only Trade that's driv'n,
The *Interest of State in Heav'n,*
Which nothing but the Soul of Man
Is capable to entertain.
For what can Earth produce, but *Love,*
To represent the *Joys above?*

Or who but Lovers, can converſe,
Like Angels, by the Eye-Diſcourſe?
Addreſs and Complement by Viſion,
Make Love, and court by Intuition?
And burn in am'rous Flames as fierce,
As thoſe Celeſtial Miniſters?
Then how can any thing offend,
In order to ſo *great an End?*
Or Heav'n it ſelf a Sin reſent,
That for its own Supply was meant?
That merits, in a kind Miſtake,
A Pardon for th' Offence's Sake.
Or if it did not, but the *Cauſe*
Were left to th' Injury *of Laws*,
What Tyranny can diſapprove
There ſhou'd be *Equity* in Love?
For Laws, that are inanimate,
And feel no Senſe of Love, or Hate,
That have no Paſſion of their own,
Nor Pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge, on Criminals, as ſtrict.
But to have *Power to forgive*,
Is Empire, and Prerogative;
And 'tis in *Crowns, a nobler Gem,*
To grant a Pardon, than Condemn.
Then ſince ſo few do what they ought,
'Tis great, t' indulge a well-meant Fault;
For why ſhou'd he who made Addreſs,
All humble ways, without Succeſs;
And met with nothing in return,
But Inſolence, Affronts, and Scorn,
Not ſtrive by Wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his Deſign?

He who was us'd ſo unlike a Soldier,
Blown up with *Philters* of *Love Powder*;
And after *letting Blood and Purging*,
Condemn'd to *voluntary Scourging*;
Alarm'd with many a horrid Fright,
And claw'd by *Goblins*, in the Night;
Inſulted on, Revil'd and Jeer'd,
With rude Invaſion of his Beard;
And when your Sex was foully ſcandal'd,
As foully by the Rabble handled;
Attack'd by deſpicable Foes,
And drub'd with mean and vulgar Blows;
And after all, to be debarr'd
So much as ſtanding on his Guard;
When Horſes being *ſpurr'd* and *prick'd*,
Have leave to *kick* for being *kick'd*?
Or why ſhou'd you, whoſe *Mother-Wits*
Are furniſh'd with all Perquiſits;
That with your *Breeding Teeth* begin,
And *Nurſing Babies*, that *Lie* in;
B' allow'd to put all Tricks upon
Our *Cully Sex*, and we uſe none?
We who have nothing but frail Vows
Againſt your Stratagems t' oppoſe;
Or Oaths, more feeble than your own,
By which we are no leſs put down?
You wound, like *Parthians*, while you fly,
And kill, with a *Retreating Eye*:
Retire the more, the more we preſs,
To draw us into Ambuſhes.
As *Pyrats* all falſe Colours wear,
T' intrap th' unwary Mariner:
So Women, to ſurpriſe us, ſpread
The *borrow'd Flags of White and Red*,

Diſplay 'em thicker on their Cheeks,
Than their old Grand-mothers, the *Picts*:
And raiſe more Devils *with their Looks*,
Than *Conjurers leſs ſubtil Books*.
Lay Trains of *Amorous Intrigues*,
In *Towers*, *and Curls*, *and Perriwigs*,
With greater Art and Cunning rear'd,
Than PHILIP NYE's *Thanksgiving-Beard*,
Prepoſt'rouſly to entice, and gain,
Thoſe to adore 'em they diſdain:
And only draw 'em in, to clog,
With idle Names, a Catalogue.
A Lover is, the more he's brave,
T' his Miſtreſs, but the more a Slave:
And whatſoever ſhe commands,
Becomes a Favour from her Hands;
Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and muſt,
Whether it be unjuſt, or juſt.
Then, when he is compell'd by her
T' Adventures, he wou'd elſe forbear,
Who, with his Honour, can withſtand,
Since Force is greater than Command?
And when Neceſſity's obey'd,
Nothing can be unjuſt or bad:
And therefore when the mighty Pow'rs
Of Love, *our great Allie*, *and Yours*,
Join'd Forces not to be withſtood
By frail enamour'd Fleſh and Blood;
All I have done, unjuſt or ill,
Was in Obedience to your Will:
And all the Blame that can be due,
Falls to your Cruelty and you.
Nor are thoſe Scandals I confeſt,
Againſt my Will and Intereſt,

More than is daily done of Course
By all Men, when they're under Force.
Whence some, upon the Rack, confess
What th' *Hang-man and their Prompters please*;
But are no sooner out of Pain,
Than they deny it all again.
But when the Devil turns Confessor,
Truth is a Crime, he takes no Pleasure
To hear, or pardon, like the *Founder*
Of Lyars, whom they all claim under.
And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiser done.
Nor am I without Precedent,
The first that on th' Adventure went:
All Mankind ever did of Course,
And daily does the same, or worse.
For what *Romance* can shew a Lover,
That had a *Lady to recover*,
And did not steer a nearer Course,
To fall aboard in his Amours?
And what at first was held a Crime,
Has turn'd to Honourable in Time.
To what a Height did *Infant Rome*,
By Ravishing of Women, come?
When Men upon their Spouses seiz'd,
And freely Marry'd where they pleas'd:
They ne'er *Forswore* themselves, nor *Ly'd*,
Nor in the Mind they were in, *Dy'd*:
Nor took the Pains *t' address* and *sue*,
Nor plaid the Masquerade to woo.
Disdain'd to stay for Friends Consents;
Nor juggled about Settlements:
Did need no *License*, nor no *Priest*,
Nor Friends, nor Kindred, to assist;

Nor Lawyers, to *join Land and Mony*,
In th' *Holy State of Matrimony*,
Before they ſettled Hands and Hearts,
Till *Alimony*, or *Death them parts*:
Nor wou'd endure to ſtay until
Th' had got the very *Bride*'s good Will,
But took a wiſe and ſhorter Courſe
To win the Ladies, *Down-right Force*.
And juſtly made 'em Priſoners then,
As they have often ſince, us Men;
With *Acting Plays*, and *Dancing Jigs*,
The luckieſt of all Love's Intrigues:
And when they had them at their Pleaſure,
Then talk'd of *Love*, *and Flames*, at leiſure.
For after *Matrimony's* over,
He that holds out but *Half a Lover*,
Deſerves, for ev'ry *Minute*, *more*,
Than *half a Year* of Love before:
For which the Dames, in Contemplation
Of that beſt way of Application,
Prov'd Nobler Wives than e'er were known,
By *Suit*, or *Treaty*, to be won:
And ſuch as all Poſterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh.
For Women firſt were made for Men,
Not Men for them.---- It follows then,
That Men have Right to every one,
And they no Freedom of their own:
And therefore Men have Pow'r to chuſe,
But they no Charter to refuſe.
Hence 'tis apparent, that what Courſe
So e'er we take to *your Amours*,
Tho' by the Indirecteſt way,
'Tis no *Injuſtice*, nor *Foul Play*.

And that you ought to take that Courſe,
As we take you, *for better or worſe*;
And gratefully ſubmit to thoſe
Who you, before another, choſe.
For why ſhou'd every Savage Beaſt
Exceed his great Lord's Intereſt?
Have freer Pow'r than he, in *Grace*
And Nature, o'er the Creature has?
Becauſe the Laws he ſince has made,
Have cut off all the Power he had;
Retrench'd the abſolute Dominion
That Nature gave him over Women;
When all his Pow'r will not extend,
One *Law of Nature* to ſuſpend:
And but to offer to Repeal,
The ſmalleſt Clauſe, is to Rebel.
This, if Men rightly underſtood
Their Privilege, they wou'd make good;
And not, like Sots, permit their Wives
T' encroach on their Prerogatives.
For which Sin they deſerve to be
Kept, as they are, in Slavery:
And this, ſome precious *Gifted Teachers*,
Unrev'rently reputed *Leachers*,
And diſobey'd in making Love,
Have vow'd to all the World to prove,
And make ye ſuffer, as ye ought,
For that uncharitable Fault,
But, I forget my ſelf, and rove
Beyond th' Inſtructions of my Love.
Forgive me (*Fair*) and only blame,
Th' Extravagancy of my *Flame*,
Since 'tis too much, at once to ſhew
Exceſs of Love, and Temper too.

All I have ſaid that's *bad, and true,*
Was never meant to aim *at you*;
Who have ſo Sov'reign a Controul
O'er that poor Slave of yours, *my Soul*;
That rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd *loſs of Heaven* too.
Both with an equal Pow'r poſſeſt,
To render all that ſerve you bleſt:
But none like him, who's deſtin'd either
To *have*, or *loſe* you, both together.
And if you'll but this Fault releaſe,
(For ſo it muſt be, ſince you pleaſe,)
I'll pay down all that Vow, and more,
Which you *commanded*, and I *ſwore*,
And expiate upon my Skin,
Th' Arrears in full of all my Sin.
For 'tis but juſt, that I ſhou'd pay
Th' accruing Penance for delay.
Which ſhall be done, until it move
Your equal Pity, and your Love.
The *Knight*, peruſing *this Epiſtle*,
Believ'd he'd brought her to *his Whiſtle*;
And read it, like a jocund Lover,
With great Applauſe t' himſelf, twice over;
Subſcrib'd his *Name*, but at a fit
And humble diſtance, *to his Wit*:
And dated it with wondrous Art,
Giv'n from the Bottom of his Heart:
Then ſeal'd it with his *Coat of Love*,
A ſmoaking Faggot---- and above,
Upon a Scroll----*I burn and weep*,
And near it----*For her Ladyſhip*;
Of all her Sex moſt excellent,
Theſe to her gentle Hands preſent,

Then gave it to his Faithful Squire,
With Leſſons how t' obſerve and eye her.
She firſt conſider'd which was better,
To ſend it back, or burn the Letter.
But gueſſing that it might import,
Tho' nothing elſe, at leaſt her Sport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a Smile and leering Flout:
Reſolv'd to anſwer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what ſhe deſign'd.

THE *LADY*'s Answer TO THE *KNIGHT*.

THAT you're a *Beast*, and turn'd to *Grass*
Is no strange News, nor ever was;
At least to me, who once, you know,
Did from the Pound *Replevin* you,
When both your *Sword* and *Spurs* were won
In Combat, by an *Amazon*;
That Sword, that did (like Fate) determine
Th' inevitable Death of Vermine;
And never dealt its furious Blows,
But cut the Threads of *Pigs* or *Cows*;
By *Trulla* was, in *single Fight*,
Disarm'd, and wrested *from its Knight*.
Your Heels *Degraded* of your Spurs,
And in the Stocks close Prisoners:
Where still they'd lain, in base Restraint,
If I, in Pity of your Complaint,
Had not, on Hon'rable Conditions,
Releast 'em from the worst of Prisons;
And what Return that Favour met,
You cannot (though you wou'd) forget;

When being free, you strove t' evade,
The Oaths you had in Prison made:
Forswore your self, and first deny'd it,
But after own'd, and justify'd it:
And when y' had falsely broke one *Vow*,
Absolv'd your self, by *breaking two*.
For while you sneakingly submit,
And beg for Pardon at our Feet:
Discourag'd by your guilty Fears,
To hope for Quarter, for your *Ears*;
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
You claim us boldly as your due.
Declare that Treachery and Force
To deal with us, is th' only Course.
We have no Title nor Pretence,
To *Body*, *Soul*, or *Conscience*:
But ought to fall to that Man's share,
That claims us for his proper Ware.
These are the Motives, which t' induce,
Or fright us into Love, you use,
A pretty new Way of *Gallanting*,
Between *Soliciting* and *Ranting*;
Like sturdy Beggars, that intreat
For *Charity* at once, and *threat*.
But since you undertake to prove
Your own Propriety in Love,
As if we were but *Lawful Prize*
In *War*, between two Enemies;
Or *Forfeitures*, which ev'ry Lover,
That wou'd but sue for, might recover
It is not hard to understand
The *Myst'ry* of this bold Demand:
That cannot at our Persons aim,
But something capable of Claim,

'Tis not *those paultry Counterfeit*
French Stones, which in our Eyes you set,
But our *Right Diamonds*, that inspire,
And set your Am'rous Hearts on fire:
Nor can those false St. *Martin's Beads*,
Which on our Lips you lay *for Reds*;
And make us wear, like *Indian Dames*,
Add Fuel to your scorching Flames;
But those *true Rubies* of the Rock,
Which in our Cabinets we lock.
'Tis not those *Orient Pearls*, our Teeth,
That you are so transported with;
But those we wear about our Necks,
Produce those Amorous Effects.
Nor is't those *Threads of Gold*, our *Hair*,
The *Perriwigs you make us wear*;
But those bright *Guinea's* in our Chests,
That light the Wild-Fire in your Breasts.
These Love-Tricks I've been vers'd in so,
That all their sly *Intrigues* I know,
And can unriddle, by *their Tones*,
Their *Mystick Cabals*, and *Jargons*:
Can tell what Passions, by their Sounds,
Pine for the Beauties of my Grounds;
What Raptures fond, and Amorous,
O' th' *Charms* and *Graces* of my House,
What *Extasie*, and *scorching Flame*,
Burns for my *Mony*, *in my Name*.
What from th' unnatural Desire,
To *Beasts* and Cattel, take its Fire;
What *tender Sigh*, and *trickling Tear*,
Longs for a *Thousand Pound a Year*;
And languishing Transports are fond
Of *Statute*, *Mortgage*, *Bill and Bond*.

These are th' Attracts which moſt Men fall
Inamour'd, at firſt Sight, withal.
To theſe th' Addreſs with *Serenades*,
And Court with *Balls* and *Maſquerades*;
And yet, for all the yearning Pain
Y'have ſuffer'd for their Loves, in vain;
I fear they'll prove ſo nice and coy,
To *have, and t' hold, and to enjoy*;
That all *your Oaths*, and *Labour loſt*,
They'll ne'er turn *Ladies of the Poſt*.
This is not meant to diſapprove
Your Judgment in your Choice of Love;
Which is ſo wiſe, the greateſt Part
Of Mankind ſtudy't as an Art;
For Love ſhou'd, *like a Deodand*,
Still fall to th' *Owner of the Land*.
And where there's Subſtance, for its Ground
Cannot but be more firm, and ſound,
Than that which has the ſlighter Baſis
Of *Airy Virtue, Wit and Graces*:
Which is of ſuch thin Subtilty,
It ſteals and creeps in at the Eye,
And, as it can't endure to ſtay,
Steals out again, *as nice a way*.
But Love, that its Extraction owns
From ſolid *Gold, and precious Stones*;
Muſt, like its ſhining Parents, prove
As *Solid*, and as *Glorious Love*.
Hence 'tis, you have no way t'expreſs
Our *Charms* and *Graces*, but by theſe:
For, what are *Lips*, and *Eyes*, and *Teeth*,
Which *Beauty* invades, and *conquers with*?
But *Rubies*, *Pearls*, and *Diamonds*,
With which, as *Philters*, *Love Commands*?

This is the way all Parents prove,
In managing their Childrens Love;
That force 'em t' *inter-marry and wed,*
As if th' were *Bur'ing of the Dead.*
Caſt *Earth to Earth,* as in the *Grave,*
To join in Wedlock all they have;
And when the Settlement's in force,
Take all the reſt, *for Better, or Worſe:*
For Mony has a Power above
The *Stars* and *Fate,* to manage *Love:*
Whoſe Arrows, Learned Poets hold,
That never miſs, are *tipp'd with Gold.*
And tho' ſome ſay, the Parents claims
To make Love in their Childrens Names;
Who many times, at once, provide
The *Nurſe, the Husband, and the Bride.*
Feel *Darts and Charms, Attracts and Flames;*
And *woo, and contract, in their Names;*
And as they *Chriſten,* uſe to marry 'em,
And, like their *Goſſips,* anſwer for 'em:
Is not to give in Matrimony,
But ſell and *proſtitute* for Mony.
'Tis better than their own Betrothing,
Who often do't for worſe than nothing.
And when th' are at their own Diſpoſe,
With greater diſadvantage chuſe.
All this is right; but for the Courſe
You take to do't, by Fraud, or Force,
'Tis ſo ridiculous, as ſoon
As told, 'tis never to be done;
No more than *Setters can betray,*
That tell what Tricks they are to play.
Marriage, at beſt, is but a Vow;
Which all Men either *break,* or *bow:*

Then what will thoſe forbear to do,
Who *perjure*, when they do but *woo?*
Such as before-hand *Swear and Lie,*
For *Earneſt* to their Treachery:
And rather than a Crime confeſs,
With *greater* ſtrive to make it *leſs*;
Like *Thieves*, who, after Sentence paſt,
Maintain their Innocence to th' laſt;
And when their Crimes were made appear,
As plain as Witneſſes can ſwear;
Yet, when the Wretches come to die,
Will take upon their Deaths a Lie.
Nor are the Virtues, you confeſs'd
T' your *Ghoſtly Father* as you gueſs'd,
So ſlight, as to be juſtify'd,
By b'ing, as ſhamefully, deny'd.
As if you thought your Word wou'd paſs
Point-blank on both ſides of a Caſe;
Or Credit were not to be loſt,
B' a *brave Knight-Errant of the Poſt*,
That *eats*, perfidiouſly, his *Word*,
And *ſwears his Ears thro' a two Inch Board*;
Can own the ſame Thing, and diſown;
And *perjure* Booty, *Pro* and *Con:*
Can make the *Goſpel* ſerve his Turn,
And help him out to be forſworn;
When 'tis *laid Hands upon and kiſs'd,*
To be betray'd, and ſold, like Chriſt.
Theſe are the Virtues, in whoſe Name,
A Right to all the World you claim:
And boldly challenge a Dominion,
In *Grace* and *Nature*, o'er all Women,
Of whom, no leſs will ſatisfie,
Than all the Sex, your Tyranny.

Altho' you'll find it a hard Province,
With all your crafty Frauds and Covins,
To govern such a numerous Crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you:
For if you all were *Solomons*,
And *Wise* and *Great*, as he was once;
You'll find th' are able to subdue,
(*As they did him*) and baffle you.
And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own Temptation done:
That with your Ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the Slight.
For when we find y' are still more taken
With false Attracts of your own making,
Swear that's a *Rose*, and that a *Stone*,
Like Sots, to us that laid it on?
And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly daub in Rhime:
You force us, in our own Defences,
To *copy Beams*, and *Influences*;
To lay *Perfections* on the *Graces*,
To draw *Attracts* upon our Faces:
And in compliance to your Wit,
Your own false Jewels counterfeit.
For, by the Practice of those Arts,
We gain a greater share of Hearts:
And those deserve in Reason most,
That greatest Pains and Study cost;
For great Perfections are, like Heav'n,
Too rich a Present, to be giv'n.
Nor are those *Master-strokes of Beauty*
To be perform'd without *Hard Duty*.
Which, when they're nobly done, and well,
The simple Natural excel.

How fair and ſweet's the *Planted Roſe*,
Beyond the *Wild* in Hedges grows?
For, without Art, the nobleſt Seeds
Of Flowers degenerate into Weeds:
How dull and rugged, e'er 'tis ground
And poliſh'd, looks a Diamond?
Tho' Paradiſe were e'er ſo fair,
It was not kept ſo without Care.
The whole World, without *Art* and *Dreſs*,
Would be but one great *Wilderneſs*;
And Mankind but a Savage Herd,
For all that Nature has conferr'd.
This does but *Rough-hew*, and *Deſign*,
Leave *Art* to *Poliſh* and *Refine*.
Tho' Women firſt were made for Men,
Yet Men were made for them agen:
For when (*out-witted by his Wife*)
Man firſt turn'd *Tenant*, but *for Life*;
If Women had not interven'd,
How ſoon had Mankind had an End;
And that it is in *Being* yet,
To us alone you art in *Debt*.
And where's your Liberty of Choice,
And our unnatural *No* Voice?
Since all the *Privilege* you *boaſt*,
And falſly *uſurp'd*, or *vainly loſt*,
Is now our Right; to whoſe *Creation*,
You owe your *Happy Reſtoration*.
And if we had not weighty Cauſe
To not appear in making Laws,
We cou'd, in ſpight of all your *Tricks*,
And *Shallow*, *Formal Politicks*,
Force you our *Managements* t' obey,
As we to yours (in ſhew) give way.

Hence 'tis, that while you vainly ſtrive
T' advance your *high Prerogative*,
You baſely, after all your Braves,
Submit, and own your ſelves our Slaves.
And 'cauſe we do not make it known,
Nor publickly our Int'reſts own;
Like Sots, ſuppoſe we have no Shares
In *ord'ring you*, and *your Affairs*:
When all your Empire and Command,
You have from us at *ſecond Hand*.
As if a *Pilot*, that appears
To ſit ſtill only, while he ſteers,
And does not make a noiſe and ſtir,
Like every common *Mariner*,
Knew nothing of the *Card*, nor *Star*,
And did not guide the *Man of War*.
Nor we, becauſe we don't appear
In *Councils*, do not govern there.
While, like the mighty *Preſter John*,
Whoſe Perſon none dares look upon,
But is preſerv'd in *cloſe Diſguiſe*
From being made *cheap* to *vulgar Eyes*,
W'enjoy as large a Pow'r unſeen,
To *govern him*, as *he does* Men:
And in the Right of our *Pope Joan*,
Make *Emp'rors* at our Feet fall down.
Or *Joan de Pucel*'s braver Name,
Our Right to *Arms* and *Conduct* claim;
Who, tho' a *Spinſter*, yet was able
To ſerve *France* for a *Grand Conſtable*.
We made, and execute *all Laws*;
Can *judge the Judges*, and the *Cauſe*.
Preſcribe all Rules of *Right* and *Wrong*,
To th' *Long Robe*, and the *Longer Tongue*.

'Gainſt which the World *has no Defence,*
But our more *pow'rful Eloquence.*
We manage Things of greateſt Weight
In all the World's *Affairs of State,*
And Miniſters of War and Peace,
That ſway *all Nations* how we pleaſe.
We rule *all Churches, and their Flocks,*
Heretical, and Orthodox.
And are the *Heavenly Vehicles*
O'th' *Spirits, in all Conventicles:*
By us in all *Commerce* and *Trade*
Improv'd, and *Manag'd,* and *Decay'd.*
For nothing can go off ſo well,
Nor bears that Price, *as what we ſell.*
We rule in ev'ry *Publick Meeting,*
And make Men do what we judge fitting:
Are Magiſtrates in all Great *Towns,*
Where Men do nothing, but *wear Gowns.*
We make the *Man of War ſtrike Sail,*
And to our braver Conduct *vail.*
And, when h' has chac'd his Enemies,
Submit to us upon his Knees.
Is there an *Officer of State,*
Untimely rais'd, or *Magiſtrate,*
That's *Haughty* and *Imperious?*
He's but a *Journeyman* to us.
That, as he gives us cauſe to do't,
Can *keep him in, or turn him out,*
We are your *Guardians,* that *increaſe,*
Or *waſte* your Fortunes how we pleaſe:
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your Matters, *Ill or Well.*
'Tis we that can diſpoſe alone,
Whether your *Heirs* ſhall be your *own,*

To whoſe Integrity you muſt,
In ſpight of all your Caution, truſt;
And leſs you *fly beyond the Seas*,
Can fit you with what Heirs we pleaſe:
And force you t' own 'em, tho' begotten
By *French Valets*, or *Iriſh Footmen*.
Nor can the rigorouſeſt Courſe
Prevail, unleſs to make us worſe.
Who, ſtill the harſher we are us'd,
Are further off from b'ing reduc'd;
And ſcorn t' abate, for any Ills,
The leaſt *Punctilio's of our Wills*.
Force does but whet our Wits t' apply
Arts, born with us, for Remedy:
Which all your *Politicks*, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat;
For when y' have try'd *all ſorts of Ways*,
What Fools do we make of you in Plays?
While all the Favours we afford,
Are but to girt you with the Sword,
To fight our Battels in our ſteads,
And have your Brains beat out o' your Heads:
Encounter, in deſpite of Nature,
And fight at once with Fire and Water,
With Pyrates, Rocks, and Storms, and Seas,
Our *Pride* and *Vanity* t' appeaſe.
Kill one another, and cut Throats,
For our good Graces and beſt Thoughts;
To do your Exerciſe for Honour,
And have your Brains beat out the ſooner;
Or crack'd, as Learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known:
And ſtill appear the more Induſtrious,
The more your Projects are Prepoſterous,

To ſquare the Circle of the Arts;
And run ſtark mad to ſhew your Parts.
Expound the Oracle of Laws,
And turn them which way we ſee Cauſe.
Be our Solicitors, and Agents,
And ſtand for us in all Engagements.
And theſe are all the *Mighty Powers*,
You vainly boaſt, to cry down ours.
And what in real Value's wanting,
Supply with Vapouring and Ranting:
Becauſe your ſelves are terrify'd,
And ſtoop to one another's Pride:
Believe we have as little Wit
To be *out-hector'd* and *ſubmit*:
By your *Example*, loſe that Right
In *Treaties*, which we gain'd in *Fight*:
And terrify'd into an Awe,
Paſs on our ſelves a *Salique Law*:
Or, as ſome Nations uſe, give place,
And truckle to *your Mighty* Race:
Let Men uſurp th' unjuſt Dominion,
As if they were the *better* Women.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS TO THE *FIRST PART.*

Page 2. Line 24. *That cou'd as well bind o'er, as ſwaddle.*

BIND over to the Seſſions, as being a Juſtice of the Peace in his Country, as well as Colonel of a Regiment of Foot in the Parliament's Army, and a Committee-Man.

Ibid. l. 38. *As* Montaigne *playing with his Cat.*

Montaigne, in his Eſſays, ſuppoſes his Cat thought him a Fool, for loſing his Time in playing with her.

P. 3. l. 66. *Profoundly skill'd in* Analytique.

Analytique is a Part of *Logick*, that teaches to decline and conſtrue *Reaſon*, as *Grammar* does *Words*.

P. 4. l. 93. *A Babylonish Dialect.*

A Confuſion of Languages, ſuch as ſome of our Modern *Virtuoſi* us'd to expreſs themſelves in.

P. 5. l. 115. *That had the Orator, who once.*

Demoſthenes, who is ſaid to have a Defect in his Pronunciation, which he cur'd by uſing to ſpeak with little Stones in his Mouth.

P. 5. l. 143. *He cou'd reduce all Things to Acts.*

The old Philoſophers thought to extract Notions out of Natural Things, as Chymiſts do Spirits and Eſſences; and when they had refin'd them into the niceſt Subtilities, gave them as inſignificant Names, as thoſe Operators do their Extractions: But (as *Seneca* ſays) the ſubtiller Things are render'd, they are but the nearer to Nothing. So are all their Definitions of Things by Acts, the nearer to Nonſenſe.

P. 6. l. 147. *Where Truth in Perſon does appear*

Some Authors have miſtaken Truth for a Real Thing, when it is nothing but a right Method of putting thoſe Notions or Images of Things (in the Underſtanding of Man) into the ſame State and Order, that their Originals hold in Nature; and therefore *Ariſtotle* ſays, *Unumquodque ſicut ſe habet ſecundum eſſe, ita ſe habet ſecundum veritatem.* Met. L. 2.

Ibid. l. 148. *Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.*

Some report, that in *Nova Zembla*, and *Greenland*, Mens Words are wont to be Frozen in the Air, and at the Thaw may be heard.

Ibid. l. 173. *He knew the Seat of Paradiſe.*

There is nothing more ridiculous than the various Opinions of Authors about the Seat of Paradiſe: Sir *Walter Raleigh* has taken a great deal of Pains to collect them, in the beginning of his *Hiſtory of the World*; where thoſe who are unſatisfy'd, may be fully inform'd.

P. 7. l. 180. *By a high* Dutch *Interpreter.*

Goropius Becanus endeavours to prove, that *High-Dutch* was the Language that *Adam* and *Eve* ſpoke in *Paradiſe.*

Ibid. l. 181. *If either of them had a Navel.*

Adam and *Eve* being made, and not conceiv'd and form'd in the Womb, had no Navels, as ſome Learned Men have ſuppoſed, becauſe they had no need of them.

P.

P. 7. l. 182. *Who firſt made Muſick malleable.*

Muſick is ſaid to be invented by *Pythagoras*, who firſt found out the Proportion of Notes, from the Sounds of Hammers upon an Anvil.

P. 8. l. 232. *Like* Mahomet's, *were Aſs and Wigeon.*

Mahomet had a tame Dove that uſed to pick Seeds out of his Ear, that it might be thought to whiſper and inſpire him. His Aſs was ſo intimate with him, the *Mahometans* believe it carry'd him to Heaven, and ſtays there with him, to bring him back again.

P. 9. l. 257. *It was Monaſtick, and did grow*
In Holy Orders by ſtrict Vow.

He made a Vow never to cut his *Beard*, until the Parliament had ſubdu'd the King; of which Order of Phanatique Votaries, there were many in thoſe Times.

P. 10. l. 281. *So Learned* Taliacotius, *&c.*

Taliacotius was an *Italian* Chirurgeon that found out a way to repair loſt and decay'd Noſes.

P. 13. l. 389. *But left the Trade, as many more*
Have lately done, &c.

Oliver Cromwel and Colonel *Pride* hath both been Brewers.

P. 14. l. 433. *That* Cæſar's *Horſe, who, as Fame goes,*
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes.

Julius Ceſar had a Horſe with Feet like a Man's. *Utebatur equo inſigni, pedibus prope humanis, & in modum digitorum unguliſ fiſſis.* Suet. *in* Jul. Cap. 61.

P. 15. l. 467. *The mighty* Tyrian *Queen that gain'd,*
With ſubtil Shreds, a Tract of Land.

Dido, Queen of *Carthage*, who bought as much Land as She could compaſs with an Ox's Hide, which She cut into ſmall Thongs, and cheated the Owner of ſo much Ground, as ſerv'd her to build *Carthage* upon.

P. 15. l. 476. *As the bold* Trojan *Knight, ſeen Hell.*

Æneas, whom *Virgil* reports to uſe a Golden Bough for a Paſs to Hell; and Taylors call that Place Hell, where they put all they ſteal.

P. 17. l. 530. *In Magick,* Taliſman, *and Cabal.*

Talſman is a Device to deſtroy any ſort of Vermin, by caſting their Images in Metal, in a preciſe Minute, when the Stars are perfectly inclin'd to do them all the Miſchief they can. This has been experimented by ſome Modern *Virtuoſi* upon Rats, Mice, and Fleas, and found (as they affirm) to produce the Effect with admirable Succeſs.

Raymond Lully interprets *Cabal*, out of the *Arabick*, to ſignifie *Scientia ſuperabundans*; which his Commentator, *Cornelius Agrippa*, by over-magnifying, has render'd a very ſuperfluous Foppery.

Ibid. l. 532. *As far as* Adam's *firſt Green Breeches.*

The Author of *Magia Adamica* endeavours to prove the Learning of the Ancient *Magi*, to be deriv'd from that Knowledge which God himſelf taught *Adam* in *Paradiſe*, before the Fall.

Ibid. l. 535. *And much of* Terra Incognita,
The Intelligible World con'd ſay.

The Intelligible World is a kind of *Terra del Fuego*, or *Pſittacorum Regio*, diſcover'd only by the Philoſophers, of which they talk, like Parrots, what they do not underſtand.

Ibid. l. 538. *As learn'd as the Wild-*Iriſh *are.*

No Nation in the World is more addicted to this occult Philoſophy, than the Wild *Iriſh*, as appears by the whole Practice of their Lives; of which ſee *Cambden* in his Deſcription of *Ireland*.

P. 17.

P. 17. l. 545. *In* Roſy-Crucian *Lore as learned,*
As he that Vere Adeptus *earned.*

The Fraternity of the *Roſy-Crucians*, is very like the Sect of the Ancient *Gnoſtici*, who call'd themſelves ſo from the excellent Learning they pretended to, altho' they were really the moſt ridiculous Sots of all Mankind.

Vere Adeptus, is one that has commenc'd in their Phanatique Extravagance.

P. 20. l. 647. *Thou that with Ale, or viler Liquors,*
Didſt inſpire Withers, Pryn, *and* Vickars.

This *Vickars* was a Man of as great Intereſt and Authority in the late *Reformation*, as *Pryn*, or *Withers*, and as able a Poet: He tranſlated *Virgil*'s *Æneids* into as horrible *Traveſty* in earneſt, as the French *Scarron* did in *Burleſque*, and was only out-done in his Way by the Politique Author of *Oceana*.

P. 22. l. 717. *We that are wiſely mounted higher.*

This Speech is ſet down as it was deliver'd by the Knight in his own Words: But ſince it is below the Gravity of Heroical Poetry to admit of Humour, but all Men are oblig'd to ſpeak wiſely alike, and too much of ſo Extravagant a Folly would become tedious and impertinent; the reſt of his Harrangues have only his Senſe expreſt, in other Words, unleſs in ſome few Places, where his own Words could not be ſo well avoided.

P. 23. l. 755. *In bloody Cynarctomachy.*

Cynarctomachy ſignifies nothing in the World, but a Fight between *Dogs* and *Bears*, tho' both the Learned and Ignorant agree, that in ſuch Words very great Knowledge it contain'd: And our Knight, as one, or both, of thoſe, was of the ſame Opinion.

P. 24. l. 761. *Of Forces, we averruncate it.*

Another of the ſame kind, which though it appear ever ſo Learned and Profound, means nothing elſe but the Weeding of Corn.

P. 24. l. 780. *The* Indians *fought for the Truth,*
Of th' Elephant and Monkey's Tooth.

The Hiſtory of the White Elephant and the Monkey's Tooth, which the *Indians* ador'd, is written by Monſ. *le Blanc*. This Monkey's Tooth was taken by the *Portugueſe* from thoſe that worshipp'd it, and though they offer'd a vaſt Ranſom for it, yet the Chriſtians were perſuaded by their Prieſts, rather to burn it. But as ſoon as the Fire was kindled, all the People preſent were not able to endure the horrible ſtink that came from it, as if the Fire had been made of the ſame Ingredients, with which Seamen uſe to compoſe that kind of Granado's, which they call *Stinkards*.

Ibid. l. 789. *The Rage in them like* Boute-feus.

Boute-feus is a *French* Word, and therefore it were uncivil to ſuppoſe any *English* Perſon (eſpecially of Quality) ignorant of it, or ſo ill-bred as to need an Expoſition.

P. 28. l. 906. *'Tis ſung, there is a Valiant* Mamaluke.

Mamaluke's the Name of the Militia of the *Sultans* of *Egypt*; it ſignify'd a *Servant* or *Soldier*; they were commonly Captives, taken from among the *Chriſtians*, and inſtructed in Military Diſcipline, and did not marry; their Power was great, for, beſides that the *Sultans* were choſen out of their Body, they diſpos'd of the moſt Important Offices of the Kingdom; they were formidable about 200 Years, 'till at laſt *Selim*, *Sultan* of the *Turks*, routed them, and kill'd their *Sultan*, near *Aleppo*, 1516, and ſo put an end to the Empire of the *Mamalukes*, which had laſted 267 Years. *Paulus Jovius*, &c.

Ibid. l. 916. *Honour is like a Widow won.*

Our *English* Proverbs are not impertinent to this purpoſe;

He that woos a Maid, muſt ſeldom come in her ſight:
But he that woos a Widow, muſt woo her Day and Night.
He that woos a Maid, muſt feign, lie, and flatter;
But he that woos a Widow, muſt down with his Breeches and at her.

This

This Proverb being ſomewhat immodeſt, Mr. *Ray* ſays he would not have inſerted it in his Collection, but that he met with it in a little Book, Entituled, The *Quakers Spiritual Court proclaim'd*; Written by *Nathaniel Smith*, Student in Phyſick; wherein the Author mentions it as Counſel given him by *Hilkiah Bedford*, an Eminent *Quaker* in *London*, who would have had him to have married a Rich Widow, in whoſe Houſe he lodg'd. In caſe he could get her, this *Nathaniel Smith* had promiſed *Hilkiah* a Chamber *gratis*; the whole Narrative is worth the Reading.

P. 32. l. 60. *As* Indian Britains *are from* Penguins.

The *American Indians* call a great Bird they have, with a white Head, a *Penguin*; which ſignifies the ſame thing in the *Britiſh* Tongue: From whence (with other Words of the ſame kind) ſome Authors have endeavour'd to prove, That the *Americans* are Originally deriv'd from the *Britains*.

P. 38. l. 275. *And tho' his Country-men, the* Huns.

This Cuſtom of the *Huns* is deſcrib'd by *Ammianus Marcellinus*. *Hunni Semicruda cujuſvis Pecoris carne veſcuntur, quam inter femora ſua & equorum terga ſubſertam, fotu calefacient brevi.* Pag. 686.

P. 39. l. 283. ——*He ſpous'd in* India,
Of Noble Houſe a Lady gay.

The Story in *Le Blanc*, of a *Bear* that marry'd a King's Daughter, is no more ſtrange than many others, in moſt Travellers, that paſs with allowance; for if they ſhould write nothing but what is poſſible, or probable, they might appear to have loſt their Labour, and obſerv'd nothing but what they might have done as well at home.

P. 40. l. 343. *In Magick he was deeply read,*
As he that made the Brazen-Head;
Profoundly ſkill'd in the Black-Art,
As English Merlin *for his Heart,*

Roger Bacon and *Merlin*; ſee *Collier*'s Dictionary.

P. 41.

P. 41. l. 368. *As* Joan *of* France, *or* English Mall.

Two Notorious Women; the laſt was known here by the Name of *Mall Cut-purſe*.

Ibid. l. 378. *Than th'* Amazonian *Dame* Penthesile.

Penthesile, Queen of the *Amazons*, ſucceeded *Orithya*; She carry'd Succours to the *Trojans*, and after having given Noble Proofs of her Bravery, was kill'd by *Achilles*. *Pliny* ſaith, it was She that invented the Battle-Ax. If any one deſire to know more of the *Amazons*, let him read Mr. *Sanſon*.

P. 42. l. 385. *They would not ſuffer the ſtout'ſt Dame*
To ſwear by Hercules's *Name.*

The old *Romans* had particular Oaths for Men and Women to ſwear by, and therefore *Macrobius* ſays, *Viri per Caſtorem non jurabant antiquitus, nec Mulieres per Herculem. Ædepol autem juramentum erat tam mulieribus, quam viris communne*, &c.

Ibid. l. 393 *As ſtout* Armida, *bold* Thaleſtris.

Two formidable Women at Arms in Romances, that were cudgel'd into Love by their Gallants.

Ibid. l. 395. *Of* Gundibert, *&c.*

Gundibert is a feign'd Name, made uſe of by Sir *William D' Avenant*, in his famous Epick Poem, ſo call'd; wherein you may find alſo that of his Miſtreſs. This Poem was deſign'd by the Author to be an Imitation of the *English Drama*; it being divided into Five Books, as the other is into Five Acts; the *Canto*'s to be parallel to the Scenes, with this difference, that this is delivered Narratively, the other Dialogue-wiſe. It was uſhered into the World by a large Preface written by Mr. *Hobbes*, and by the Pens of two of our beſt Poets, *viz.* Mr. *Waller*, and Mr. *Cowley*, which one would have thought might have prov'd a ſufficient Defence and Protection againſt ſnarling Criticks. Notwithſtanding which, ſome Eminent Wits of that Age (two of which were Sir

John Denham and Mr. *Donne*,) publish'd ſeveral Copies of Verſes to Sir *William*'s Diſcredit, under this Title, *Certain Verſes written by ſeveral of the Author's Friends, to be Reprinted with the Second Edition of* Gundibert, in 8vo. *Lond.* 1653. Theſe Verſes were as wittily anſwered by the Author, under this Title, *The Incomparable Poem of* Gundibert, *vindicated from the Wit-Combat of four Eſquires*, Clinias, Damætas, Sancho, *and* Jack-Pudding; Printed in 8vo. *Lond.* 1655. vid. *Langbain's Account of Dramatick Poets.*

P. 45. l. 496. *What* Oeſtrum, *&c.*

Oeſtrum is not only a *Greek* Word for Madneſs, but ſignifies alſo a Gad-Bee, or Horſe-Fly, that torments Cattle in the Summer, and makes 'em run about as if they were mad.

P. 46. l. 525. *Wore in their Hats like Wedding Garters.*

Some few Days after the King had accus'd the five Members of Treaſon in the Houſe of Commons; great Crouds of the Rabble came down to *Weſtminſter-hall*, with printed Copies of the Proteſtation, ty'd in their Hats like Favours.

Ibid. l. 526. *When 'twas reſolv'd by either Houſe,*
Six Members quarrel to eſpouſe.

The ſix Members were the Lord *Kimbolton*, Mr. *Pym*, Mr. *Hollis*, Mr. *Hambden*, Sir *Arthur Haſlrig*, and Mr. *Stroud*, whom the King order'd to be apprehended, and their Papers ſeized; charging them of plotting with the *Scots*, and favouring the late Tumults; but the Houſe voted againſt the Arreſt of their Perſons or Papers; whereupon the King having preferred Articles againſt thoſe Members, he went with his Guard to the Houſe to demand them; but they having Notice, withdrew.

P. 47. l. 579. *Make that Sarcaſmous Scandal true!*

Abuſive or inſulting had been better, but our *Knight* believ'd the Learned Languages more convenient to underſtand in, than his own Mother-Tongue.

P. 49.

P. 49. l. 650. *And is indeed the self-same Case*
With theirs, that swore t' Et cætera's.

The Convocation, in one of the Short Parliaments that usher'd in the long one (as Dwarfs are wont to do Knight Errants) made an Oath to be taken by the Clergy, for observing of Canonical Obedience; in which they enjoin'd their Brethren, out of the abundance of their Consciences, to swear to Articles with *&c.*

Ibid. l. 652. *Or the* French League, *in which Men vow'd*
To Fight to the last drop of Blood.

The Holy *League* in *France*, design'd and made for the Extirpation of the *Protestant Religion*, was the *Original*, out of which the *Solemn League* and *Covenant* here was (with difference only of Circumstances) most faithfully transcrib'd. Nor did the Success of both differ more than the Intent and Purpose; for after the Destruction of vast Numbers of People of all sorts, both ended with the Murder of two Kings, whom they had both sworn to defend: And as our Covenanters swore every Man, to run one before another in the way of Reformation; so did the *French* in the Holy *League*, to fight to the last drop of Blood.

P. 70. l. 134. *First* Trulla *shav'd, and* Cerdon *tail'd.*

Shaving and *Tailing* are Terms of Art us'd in the *Bear-Garden*, and signifie there only the parting of *Dogs* and *Bears*: Tho' they are us'd Metaphorically in several other Professions, for moderating; as Law, Divinity, Hectoring, *&c.*

P. 71 l. 153. *Or like the late corrected Leathern*
Ears of the circumcised Brethren.

Pryn, *Bastwick*, and *Burton*, who laid down their Ears as Proxies for their Profession of the Godly Party, not long after maintain'd their Right and Title to the Pillory, to be as good and lawful, as theirs, who first of all took Possession of it in their Names.

P. 76.

P. 76. l. 328. *That old* Pygmalion, *&c.*

Pygmalion, King of *Tyre*, was the Son of *Matgenus* or *Methres*, whom he ſucceeded, and liv'd 56 Years, whereof he Reign'd 47. *Dido*, his Siſter, was to have Governed with him, but it was pretended the Subjects thought it not convenient; She married *Sichæus*, who was the King's Uncle, and very Rich; wherefore he put him to Death; and *Dido* ſoon after departed the Kingdom. Poets ſay, *Pygmalion* was punished for the Hatred he bore to Women, with the Love he had to a Statue.

P. 99. l. 1122. *By him that baited the Pope's Bull.*

A Learned Divine in King *James*'s Time wrote a Polemick Work againſt the Pope, and gave it that unlucky Nick-name of, *The Pope's Bull baited.*

P. 100. l. 1166. *Canonical Crabat of* Smeck,

Smectymnuus was a Club of Five Parliamentary Holders-forth; the Characters of whoſe Names and Talents were by themſelves expreſt, in that ſenſeleſs and inſignificant Word: They wore Handkerchiefs about their Necks for a Note of Diſtinction, (as the Officers of the Parliament-Army then did) which afterwards degenerated into Carnal Crabats. About the beginning of the Long-Parliament, in the Year 1641, theſe five wrote a Book againſt Epiſcopacy and the Common Prayer, to which they all ſubſcrib'd their Names; being *Stephen Marshall*, *Edmund Calamy*, *Thomas Young*, *Matthew Newcommen*, *William Spurſtow*, and from thence they and their Followers were called *Smectymnuans*. They are remarkable for another Pious Book, which they wrote ſome time after that, Entitl'd, *The King's Cabinet Unlock'd*, wherein all the chaſt and endearing Expreſſions, in the Letters that paſs'd betwixt his Majeſty King *Charles* I. and his Royal Conſort, are by theſe painful Labourers in the Devil's Vineyard, turn'd into Burleſque and Ridicule: Their Books were anſwered with as much Calmneſs and Genteelneſs of Expreſſion, and as much Learning and Honeſty, by the Reverend Mr. *Symonds*, then a depriv'd Clergyman, as theirs was ſtuff'd with Malice, Spleen, and raſcally Invectives.

P. 103. l. 1249. *So Cardinals, they say, do grope*
At th' other End the new made Pope.

This relates to the Story of Pope *Joan*, who was called *John* VIII. *Platina* saith She was of *English* Extraction, but born at *Mentz*; who having disguised her self like a Man, travell'd with her Paramour to *Athens*, where She made such Progress in Learning, that coming to *Rome*, She met with few that could equal her, so that on the Death of Pope *Leo* IV. She was chosen to succeed him; but being got with Child by one of her Domesticks, her Travel came upon her between the *Colisian* Theatre and St. *Clements*, as She was going to the *Lateran* Church, and died upon the Place, having sat two Years, one Month, and four Days, and was buried there without any Pomp. He owns, that for Shame of this the Popes decline going through this Street to the *Lateran*; and that, to avoid the like Error, when any Pope is plac'd in the *Porphiry* Chair, his Genitals are felt by the youngest Deacon, through a Hole made for that purpose; but he supposes the Reason of that to be, to put him in Mind that he is a Man, and Obnoxious to the Necessities of Nature; whence he will have that Seat to be called, *Sedes Stercoraria*.

Ibid. l. 1262. *To leave your Vitilitigation.*

Vitilitigation is a Word the *Knight* was passionately in Love with, and never fail'd to use it upon all possible Occasions; and therefore to omit it, when it fell in the way, had argu'd too great a neglect of his Learning and Parts, though it means no more than a perverse Humour of Wrangling.

P. 707. l. 1373. *Mere* Disparata, *&c.*

Disparata, are things separate and unlike; from the *Latin* Word *Disparo*.

Some

Some Additional ANNOTATIONS TO THE *FIRST PART.*

Page 1. Line 1. *When Civil* Dudgeon, *&c.*

Dudgeon. Who made the Alterations in the laſt Editions of this Poem, I know not, but they are certainly ſometimes for the worſe; and I cannot believe the Author would have changed a Word ſo proper in that Place, as *Dudgeon* is, for that of *Fury*, as it is in the laſt Editions; *To take in Dudgeon*, is inwardly to reſent ſome Injury or Affront, a ſort of Grumbling in the Gizzard, and what is previous to actual Fury.

P. 3. l. 62. *To make ſome think him Circumcis'd.*

re again is an Alteration without any Amendment; for the following Lines,

And truly ſo he was, perhaps
Not as a Proſelyte, *but for Claps.*

Are thus changed;

And truly ſo perhaps he was,
'Tis many a Pious Chriſtian's Caſe.

The Heathens had an odd Opinion, and gave a ſtrange Reaſon why *Moſes* impos'd the Law of Circumciſion on the *Jews*, which, how untrue ſoever, I will give the Learned Reader an Account of, without Tranſlation, as I find it in the Annotations upon *Horace*, wrote by my Worthy and Learned Friend Mr. *William Baxter*, the great Reſtorer of the Ancient, and Promoter of Modern Learning.

Hor. Sat. 9. Sermon. Lib. I.

Curtis; Quia pellicula imminuti ſunt: quia Moſes Rex Judæorum, cujus Legibus reguntur, negligentia φιμωθεὶς medicinaliter exſectus eſt & ne ſolus eſſet notabilis, omnes circumcidi vobat. Vet. Schol. Vocem φιμωθεὶς quæ inſcita Librarii exciderat repoſuimus ex conjectura, uti & *medicinaliter exſectus* pro *medicinalis effectus* quæ nihili erant. Quis miretur ejuſmodi convicia homini Epicureo atque Pagano excidiſſe? Jure igitur Henrico Glareano Diaboli Organum videtur. Etiam Satyra Quinta hæc habet; *Conſtat omnia miracula certa ratione fieri, de quibus Epicuri prudentiſſime diſputant.*

P. 4. l. 103. *Or* Cerberus *himſelf*, &c.

Cerberus; A Name which Poets gave a Dog with three Heads, which they feign'd Door-Keeper of Hell, that careſs'd the Unfortunate Souls ſent thither, and devour'd them that would get out again; yet *Hercules* ty'd him up and made him follow. This Dog with three Heads denotes the Paſt, the Preſent, and the Time to come; which receive, and as it were devour all things. *Hercules* got the better of him, which ſhews that Heroick Actions are always Victorious over Time, becauſe they are preſent in the Memory of Poſterity.

P. 5. l. 120. *Than* Tycho Brahe *or* Erra Pater.

Tycho Brahe was an eminent *Danish* Mathematician. Quer. in *Collier*'s Dictionary, or elſewhere.

Ibid.

Ibid. l. 131. *Whatever* Sceptick *could enquire for.*

Sceptick, Pyrrho was the Chief of *Sceptick* Philoſophers, and was at firſt, as *Apollodorus* ſaith, a Painter, then became the Hearer of *Driſo*, and at laſt the Diſciple of *Anaxagoras*, whom he followed into *India* to ſee the *Gymnoſophiſts*. He pretended that Men did nothing but by Cuſtom; that there was neither Honeſty nor Diſhoneſty, Juſtice nor Injuſtice, Good nor Evil. He was very Solitary, lived to be 90 Years old, was highly eſteemed in his Country, and created Chief Prieſt. He lived in the Time of *Epicurus* and *Theophraſtus*, about the 120 *Olympiad*. His Followers were call'd *Pyrrhonians*; beſides which they were named the *Ephecticks*, and *Aporeticks*, but more generally *Scepticks*. This Sect made their chiefeſt Good to conſiſt in a Sedateneſs of Mind, exempt from all Paſſions; in regulating their Opinions, and moderating their Paſſions, which they called *Ataxia* and *Metriopathia*, and in ſuſpending their Judgment in regard of Good or Evil, Truth or Falſhood, which they called *Epoché*. *Sixtus Empiricus*, who liv'd in the Second Century under the Emperor *Antoninus Pius*, writ Ten Books againſt the Mathematicians or Aſtrologers, and Three of the *Pyrrhonian* Opinion. The Word is deriv'd from the *Greek* σκέπτεσθαι, quod eſt, *conſiderare, ſpeculari.*

P. 6. l. 151. *In School-Divinity as able*
As he that hight Irrefragable, &c.

Here again is another Alteration of three or four Lines, as I think, for the worſe.

Some ſpecifick Epithets were added to the Title of ſome famous Doctors, as *Angelicus, Seraphicus, Irrefragabilis, Subtilis*, &c. Vide *Voſſii Etymolog. Baillet Jugemens de Scavans*, & *Peſſevin's Apparatus.*

Ibid. l. 153. *A Second* Thomas, or at once,
To name them all, another Duns,

Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican Fryar, was born in 1224, ſtudied at *Cologne* and *Paris*. He new-modelled the Schoo-

Divinity, and was therefore called the *Angelick Doctor* and *Eagle of Divines*. The most illustrious Persons of his Time were ambitious of his Friendship, and put a high Value on his Merits, so that they offer'd him Bishopricks, which he refused with as much Ardor as others seek after them. He died in the fiftieth Year of his Age, and was Canonized by Pope *John* XXII. We have his Works in 18 Volumes, several times printed.

Johannes Duns Scotus was a very Learned Man, who lived about the End of the Thirteenth, and Beginning of the Fourteenth Century. The *English* and *Scots* strive which of them shall have the Honour of his Birth. The *English* say, he was born in *Northumberland*; the *Scots* alledge, he was born at *Duns* in the *Mers*, the neighbouring County to *Northumberland*, and hence was called *Dunscotus*: *Major*, *Buchanan*, and other *Scotch* Historians are of this Opinion, and for Proof, cite his Epitaph;

Scotia me genuit, Anglia suscepit,
Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.

He died at *Cologne*, *Novemb.* 8th, 1308. In the Supplement to Dr. *Cave's Historia Literaria*, he is said to be extraordinary Learned in Physicks, Metaphysicks, Mathematicks, and Astronomy; that his Fame was so great when at *Oxford*, that 30000 Scholars came thither to hear his Lectures: That when at *Paris*, his Arguments and Authority carried it for the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin; so that they appointed a Festival on that Account, and would admit no Scholars to Degrees, but such as were of this Mind. He was a great Opposer of *Thomas Aquinas*'s Doctrine, and for being a very acute Logician, was called *Doctor Subtilis*, which was the Reason also, that an old Punster always called him the *Lathy Doctor*.

Ibid. l. 158. *As tough as Learned* Sorbonist.

Sorbon was the first and most considerable College of the University of *Paris*; founded in the Reign of St. *Lewis*, by *Robert Sorbon*, which Name is sometimes given to the whole University of *Paris*, which was founded about the Year 741, by *Charlemaigne*, at the Persuasion of the Learned

Learned *Alcuines*, who was one of the first Professors there; since which Time it has been very Famous. This College has been Rebuilt with an extraordinary Magnificence, at the Charge of Cardinal *Richlieu*, and contains Lodgings for 36 Doctors, who are called the *Society of Sorbon*. Those which are received among them before they have received their Doctors Degree, are only said to be of the *Hospitality of Sorbon*. Claud. Hemeraus de Acad. *Paris* Spondan. in Annal.

P. 10. l. 281. *So Learned* Taliacotius *from*

This *Taliacotius* was chief Surgeon to the Great Duke of *Tuscany*, and wrote a Treatise, *De curtis Membris*, which he Dedicates to his great Master; wherein he not only declares the Models of his wonderful Operations in restoring of lost Members, but gives you Cuts of the very Instruments and Ligatures he made use of therein; from hence our Author (*cum Poetica Licentia*) has taken his *Simile*.

Ibid. l. 289. *For as* Æneas *bore his Sire.*

Æneas was the Son of *Anchises* and *Venus*; a *Trojan*, who after long Travels came into *Italy*, and after the Death of his Father-in-Law, *Latinus*, was made King of *Latium*, and Reigned *three* Years; his Story is too long to insert here, and therefore I refer you to *Virgil*'s *Æneids*. *Troy* being laid in Ashes, he took his aged Father *Anchises* upon his Back, and rescued him from his Enemies: But being too solicitous for his Son and Houshold Gods, he lost his Wife *Creusa*; which Mr. *Dryden* in his Excellent Translation thus expresseth:

Haste, my dear Father, ('tis no time to wait,)
And load my Shoulders with a willing Fraight.
Whate'er befalls, your Life shall be my Care,
One Death, or one Deliverance, we will share.
My Hand shall lead our little Son, and you,
My Faithful Consort, shall our Steps pursue.

P. 11. l. 337. *For* Arthur *wore in Hall*

Who this *Arthur* was, and whether any ever reign'd in *Britain*, has been doubted heretofore, and is by ſome to this very Day. However, the Hiſtory of him, which makes him one of the Nine Worthies of the World, is a Subject ſufficient for the Poet to be pleaſant upon.

P. 12. l. 359. ——————*Toledo truſty*,

The Capital City of *New-Caſtile* in *Spain*, with an Archbishoprick and Primacy: It was very Famous, among other things, for tempering the beſt Metal for Swords as *Damaſcus* was, and perhaps may be ſtill.

P. 17. l. 526. *As three or four legg'd Oracle.*

Read the Great *Geographical Dictionary*, under that Word.

Ibid. l. 539. *Or Sir* Agrippa——

They who would know more of Sir *Cornelius Agrippa* here meant, may conſult the Great Dictionary.

Ibid. l. 541. *He* Anthropoſophus *and* Floud,
And Jacob Behmen *underſtood.*

Anthropoſophus is only a compound *Greek* Word, which ſignifies a Man that is Wiſe in the Knowledge of Men, and is us'd by ſome Anonymous Author to conceal his true Name.

Dr. *Floud* was a ſort of an *Engliſh Roſy-Crucian*, whoſe Works are Extant, and as Intelligible as thoſe of *Jacob Behmen.*

P. 28. l. 906. *'Tis ſung there is a Valiant* Mamaluke.

No Queſtion but the Rhime to *Mamaluke*, was meant Sir *Samuel Luke*, of whom in the Preface. *Vid.* p. 366. of the foregoing Annotations.

P. 3

P. 32. l. 47. *That is to say, whether* Tollutation,
As they do term't, or Succuſſation.

Tollutation and *Succuſſation* are only *Latin* Words for Ambling and Trotting, though I believe both were natural amongſt the old *Romans*; ſince I never read, they made uſe of the Tramel, or any other Art to pace their Horſes.

Ibid. l. 65. *The dire* Pharſalian *Plain*, &c.

Pharſalia is a City of *Theſſaly*, Famous for the Battel won by *Julius Cæſar* againſt *Pompey* the Great, in the Neighbouring Plains, in the 607 Year of *Rome*; of which read *Lucan*'s *Pharſalia*.

P. 34. l. 129. Chiron, *that four-legg'd Bard*, &c.

Chiron, a *Centaure* Son to *Saturn* and *Phillyris*, living in the Mountains, when being much given to Hunting, he became very knowing in the Virtues of Plants, and one of the moſt Famous Phyſicians of his Time. He imparted his Skill to *Æſculapius*, and was afterwards *Apollo*'s Governor, until being Wounded by *Hercules*, and deſiring to die, *Jupiter* placed him in Heaven, where he forms the Sign of *Sagittarius*, or the *Archer*.

Ibid. l. 133. *In* Staffordshire, *where Virtuous Worth*
Does raiſe the Minſtrelſy, not Birth, &c.

The whole Hiſtory of this Ancient Ceremony, you may read at large in Dr. *Plot*'s Hiſtory of *Staffordshire*, under the Town *Tutbury*.

P. 35. l. 155. *Grave as the Emperor of* Pegu.

For the Hiſtory of *Pegu*, read *Mandelſo* and *Olearius*'s Travels.

P. 35.

P. 35. l. 172. *In Military* Garden Paris.

Paris Garden in *Southwark*, took its Name from the Poſſeſſor.

P. 37. l. 231. *Though by* Promethean *Fire made.*

Promethean Fire. Prometheus was the Son of *Iapetus*, and Brother of *Atlas*, concerning whom the Poets have feign'd, that having firſt formed Men of the Earth and Water, he ſtole Fire from Heaven to put Life into them; and that having thereby diſpleaſed *Jupiter*, he commanded *Vulcan* to tie him to Mount *Caucaſus* with Iron Chains, and that a *Vulture* ſhould prey upon his Liver continually; but the Truth of the Story is, That *Prometheus* was an Aſtrologer, and conſtant in obſerving the Stars upon that Mountain, and that among other things, he found the Art of making Fire, either by the Means of a Flint, or by contracting the Sun-Beams in a Glaſs. *Bochart* will have *Magog* in the Scripture, to be the *Prometheus* of the *Pagans.*

He here and before Sarcaſtically derides thoſe who were great Admirers of the Sympathetick Powder and Weapon Salve; which were in great Repute in thoſe Days, and much promoted by the Great Sir *Kenelm Digby*, who wrote a Treatiſe *ex profeſſo* on that Subject, and I believe thought what he wrote to be true; which ſince has been almoſt exploded out of the World.

P. 38. l. 267. *And 'mong the* Coſſacks *had been bred.*

Coſſacks are a People that live near *Poland*; this Name was given them for their extraordinary Nimbleneſs; for *Coſa* or *Koſa* in the *Polish* Tongue, ſignifies a Goat. He that would know more of them, may read *La Laboureur* and *Thuldenus.*

P. 93. l. 923. *For as the* French *we conquer'd once,*
Now gives us Laws for Pantaloons, *&c.*

Pantaloons and *Pot-Canons*, were ſome of the Fantaſtick Faſhions, wherein we Ap'd the *French.*

At quiſquis Inſula ſatus Britannica
Sic patriam inſolens faſtidiet ſuam,
Ut more ſimiæ laboret fingere,
Et æmulari Gallicas ineptias,
Ex amne Gallo *ego hunc opinor ebrium,*
Ergo ex Britanno, ut Gallus eſſe nititur,
Sic Dii jubite, fiat ex Gallo Capus.

Tho. More.

Gallus is a River of *Phrygia*, riſing out of the Mountains of *Celenæ*, and diſcharging it ſelf into the River *Sanger*, the Water of which is of that admirable Quality, that being moderately drank, it purges the Brain, and cures Madneſs; but largely drank, it makes Men Frantick, *Pliny*, *Hurrarius*.

ANNOTATIONS
TO THE
SECOND PART.

ANNOTATIONS TO THE *SECOND PART.*

Page 111. Line 1. *But now to obſerve*, &c.

THE beginning of this Second Part, may perhaps ſeem ſtrange and abrupt to thoſe who do not know, that it was written on purpoſe in Imitation of *Virgil*, who begins the IVth Book of his *Æneids* in the very ſame manner, *At Regina gravi*, &c. And this is enough to ſatisfie the Curioſity of thoſe, who believe, that Invention and Fancy ought to be meaſured (like Caſes in Law) by Precedents, or elſe they are in the Power of the Critick.

P. 117. l. 205. *A* Saxon *Duke did grow ſo fat.*

This Hiſtory of the Duke of *Saxony*, is not altogether ſo ſtrange as that of a Bishop, his Country-Man, who was quite eaten up with Rats and Mice.

P. 118. l. 237. *King* Pyrrhus *cur'd his Splenetick*
And teſty Courtiers with a Kick.

Pyrrhus King of *Epirus*, as *Pliny* ſays, had this occult Quality in his Toe, *Pollicis in dextro Pede tactu Lienſis medebatur*, L. 7. C. 11.

P. 119.

P. 119. l. 259. *In cloſe* Cataſta *shut*, &c.

Cataſta is but a pair of Stocks in *English*. But Heroical Poetry muſt not admit of any vulgar Word (eſpecially of paltry Signification) and therefore ſome of our Modern Authors are fain to import foreign Words from abroad, that were never before heard of in our Language.

P. 122. l. 371. *'Twas he that made St.* Francis *do*, &c.

The ancient Writers of the Lives of Saints, were of the ſame ſort of People, who firſt writ of Knight-Errantry; and as in the one they rendred the brave Actions of ſome very great Perſons ridiculous, by their prodigious Lies, and ſottish way of deſcribing them: So they have abuſed the Piety of ſome very devout Perſons, by impoſing ſuch Stories upon them, as this upon Saint *Francis*.

P. 123. l. 393. *This made the Beauteous Queen of* Crete.

The Hiſtory of *Paſiphae* is common enough; only this may be obſerved, That though She brought the Bull a Son and Heir, yet the Husband was fain to Father it; as appears by the Name, perhaps becauſe the Country being an Iſland, he was within the four Seas when the Infant was begotten.

P. 124. l. 438. *As your own Secretary* Albertus.

Albertus Magnus was a *Swediſh* Biſhop, who wrote a very Learned Work, *De Secretis Mulierum*.

P. 125. l. 470. *Unleſs it be to ſquint and laugh.*

Pliny in his *Natural Hiſtory* affirms, that *Uni animalium homini oculi depravantur, unde Cognomina Strabonum & Paetorum.* Lib. 2.

P. 127. l. 532. *As Friar* Bacon's *Noddle was.*

The Tradition of Friar *Bacon* and the Brazen-Head, is very commonly known; and conſidering the Times he liv'd in, is not much more ſtrange than what another great Phi-

Philoſopher of his Name, has ſince deliver'd up of a Ring, that being ty'd in a String, and held like a Pendulum in the middle of a Silver Bowl, will vibrate of it ſelf, and tell exactly againſt the ſides of the Divining Cup, the ſame thing with, *Time is, Time was*, &c.

P. 127. l. 533. *Nor (like the* Indian's *Scull,) ſo tough,*
That, Authors ſay, 'twas Muſquet proof.

American Indians, among whom (the ſame Authors affirm) that there are others, whoſe Sculls are ſo ſoft, to uſe their own Words, *Ut Digito perforari poſſint.*

P. 128. l. 556. *Or Oracle from Heart of Oak,*

Jupiter's Oracle in *Epirus*, near the City of *Dodona*, *Ubi Nemus erat Jovi ſacrum, Querneum item, in quo Jovis Dodonæi Templum fuiſſe narratur.*

P. 132. l. 715. Semiramis *of* Babylon.

Semiramis, Queen of *Aſſyria*, is ſaid to be the firſt that invented *Eunuchs*. *Semiramis teneros mares caſtravit omnium primæ.* Am. Marcel. L. 14. p. 22. Which is ſomething ſtrange in a Lady of her Conſtitution, who is ſaid to have receiv'd Horſes into her Embraces (as another Queen did a Bull;) but that perhaps may be the Reaſon why She after thought Men not worth the while.

P. 133. l. 725. *For ſome* Philoſophers *of late here.*

S. *K. D.* in his Book of *Bodies*; who has this Story of the *German-Boy*, which he endeavours to make good, by ſeveral Natural Reaſons; by which thoſe who have the Dexterity to believe what they pleaſe, may be fully ſatisfied of the probability of it.

P. 136. l. 845. *A* Perſian *Emp'ror whip'd his Grannum.*

Xerxes, who us'd to whip the Seas and Wind. *In Corum atque Euxum ſolitus ſevire Flagellis.* Juven. Sat. 10.

P. 140. l. 15. *So th' ancient Stoicks in the Porch.*

In Porticu (Stoicorum Schola Athenis) Diſcipulorum ſeditionibus, mille Quadringenti triginta Cives interfecti ſunt. Diog. Laert.

in Vita Zenonis, p. 383. Thoſe old *Virtuoſo's* were better Proficients in thoſe Exerciſes, than Modern, who ſeldom improve higher than Cuffing and Kicking.

P. 140. l. 19. *That* Bonum *is an Animal.*

Bonum is ſuch a kind of Animal, as our Modern *Virtuoſi* from Don *Quixot* will have Windmills under Sail to be. The ſame Authors are of Opinion, That all Ships are Fiſhes while they are afloat, but when they are run on Ground, or laid up in the Dock, become Ships again.

P. 151. l. 413. ---------- *In a Town*
There liv'd a Cobler, and but one.

The Hiſtory of the Cobler has been atteſted by Perſons of good Credit, who were upon the Place when it was done.

P. 155. l. 548. *Have been exchang'd for Tubs of Ale.*

The Knight was kept Priſoner in *Exeter*, and after ſeveral Exchanges propos'd, but none accepted of, was at laſt releas'd for a Barrel of Ale, as he often us'd upon all occaſions to declare.

P. 159. l. 678. *Bore a Slave with him in his Chariot.*

---------- *Et ſibi Conſul*
Ne placeat, curru ſervus portatur eodem.
Juven. Sat. 10.

Ibid. l. 683. *Hung out their Mantles* Della-Guerre.

Tunica Coccinea ſolebat pridie quam dimicandum eſſet, ſupra Prætorium poni, quaſi admonitio, & indicium futuræ pugnæ. Lipſius in Tacit. p. 56.

Ibid. l. 687. *Next Links and Torches*, &c.

That the *Roman* Emperors were wont to have Torches born before them (by Day) in publick, appears by *Herodian* in *Pertinace*. Lip. in *Tacit.* p. 16.

P. 16[illegible]

P. 165. l. 879. Veſpaſian *being daub'd with Dirt.*

C. Cæſar *ſuccenſens, propter curam verrendis viis non adhibitam, Luto juſſit oppleri, congeſto per milites in prætexta ſinum*, Sueton. in Veſpaſ. C. 5.

P. 170. l. 139. *Has not this preſent Parliament*
A Ledger *to the Devil ſent?*

The Witch-finder in *Suffolk*, who in the Presbyterian Times had a Commiſſion to diſcover Witches, of whom (right or wrong) he caus'd 60 to be hang'd within the compaſs of one Year, and among the reſt, the old Miniſter, who had been a painful Preacher for many Years.

P. 171. l. 159. *Did he not help the* Dutch *to purge*
At Antwerp *their Cathedral Church?*

In the beginning of the Civil Wars of *Flanders*, the common People of *Antwerp* in a Tumult broke open the Cathedral Church, to demolish Images and Shrines; and did ſo much Miſchief in a ſmall time, that *Strada* writes, there were ſeveral Devils ſeen very buſy among them, otherwiſe it had been impoſſible.

Ibid. l. 161. *Sing Catches to the Saints at* Maſcon.

This Devil at *Maſcon* deliver'd all his Oracles, like his Forefathers, in Verſe, which he ſung to Tunes: He made ſeveral Lampoons upon the Hugonots, and foretold them many things which afterwards came to paſs; as may be ſeen in his *Memoirs*, written in *French*.

Ibid. l. 163. *Appear in divers Shapes to* Kelly,
And ſpeak i' th' Nun at Loudon's *Belly.*

The Hiſtory of Dr *Dee* and the Devil, published by *Mer. Caſaubon, Iſac. Fil.* Prebendary of *Canterbury*, has a large Account of all thoſe Paſſages; in which the Stile of the true and falſe Angels appears to be penn'd by one and the ſame Perſon. The Nun of *Loudon* in *France*, and all her Tricks, have been ſeen by many Perſons of Quality of this Nation yet living, who have made very good Obſervations upon the *French* Book, written upon that occaſion.

Ibid. l. 165. *Meet with the Parliaments Committee At* Woodſtock, *on a Pers'nal Treaty.*

A Committee of the long Parliament ſitting in the King's Houſe in *Woodſtock-Park* were terrify'd with ſeveral Apparitions, the Particulars whereof were then the News of the whole Nation.

Ibid. l. 167. *At* Sarum *took a Cavalier.*

Withers has a long Story in Doggerel, of a Soldier of the King's Army, who being a Priſoner at *Salisbury*, and drinking a Health to the Devil upon his Knees, was carried away by him through a ſingle Pane of Glaſs.

P. 173. l. 224. *Since old* Hodg Bacon.

Roger Bacon, commonly called *Friar Bacon*, liv'd in the Reign of our *Edward* I. and for ſome little Skill he had in the *Mathematicks*, was by the Rabble accounted a Conjurer, and had the ſottiſh Story of the *Brazen Head* father'd upon him, by the Ignorant Monks of thoſe days. *Robert Groſthead* was Biſhop of *Lincoln* in the Reign of *Hen.* III. He was a Learned Man for thoſe Times, and for that Reaſon, ſuſpected by the Clergy to be a Conjurer; for which Crime being degraded by Pope *Innocent* IV. and ſummon'd to appear at *Rome*, he appeal'd to the Tribunal of *Chriſt*; which our Lawyers ſay is illegal, if not a *Præmunire*, for offering to ſue in a Foreign Court.

P. 175. l. 313. *Which* Socrates, *and* Chærephon, *In vain aſſay'd ſo long ago.*

Ariſtophanes in his Comedy of the Clouds, brings in *Socrates* and *Chærephon*, meaſuring the Leap of a Flea, from the one's Beard to the other's.

P. 178. l. 404. *Was rais'd by him, found out by* Fisk.

This *Fisk* was a late famous Aſtrologer, who flouriſh'd about the time of *Subtile*, and *Face*, and was equally celebrated by *Ben. Johnſon.*

P. 179.

P. 179. l. 436. *Unleſs it be the Cannon-Ball.*

This Experiment was try'd by ſome foreign *Virtuoſo's*, who planted a piece of Ordnance point-blank againſt the *Zenith*, and having fir'd it, the Bullet never rebounded back again; which made them all conclude that it ſticks in the Mark; but *Des Cartes* was of Opinion, that it does but hang in the Air.

P. 180. l. 477. *As lately 'twas reveal'd to* Sedgwick.

This *Sedgwick* had many Perſons (and ſome of Quality) that believ'd in him, and prepar'd to keep the Day of Judgment with him, but were diſappointed; for which the falſe Prophet was afterwards call'd by the Name of *Doomſday Sedgwick*.

P. 184. l. 609. *Your Modern* Indian *Magician*
Makes but a Hole i' th' Earth to piſs in.

This compendious new way of Magick is affirm'd by Monſieur *Le Blanc* (in his Travels) to be us'd in the *Eaſt-Indies*.

P. 185. l. 627. Bumbaſtus *kept a Devil's Bird*, &c.

Paracelſus is ſaid to have kept a ſmall Devil Priſoner in the Pummel of his Sword, which was the Reaſon, perhaps, why he was ſo valiant in his Drink: Howſoever, it was to better purpoſe than *Annibal* carried Poiſon in his, to diſpatch himſelf, if he ſhould happen to be ſurpriz'd in any great Extremity; for the Sword would have done the Feat alone, much better, and more Soldier-like. And it was below the Honour of ſo great a Commander, to go out of the World like a Rat.

Ibid. l. 635. Agrippa *kept a Stygian* Pug.

Cornelius Agrippa had a Dog that was ſuſpected to be a Spirit, for ſome Tricks he was wont to do, beyond the Capacity of a Dog, as it was thought; but the Author of *Magia Adamica* has taken a great deal of Pains to vindicate both the Doctor and the Dog from that Aſperſion; in which he has ſhewn a very great Reſpect and Kindneſs for them both.

P. 186. l. 679. *As* Averrhois *play'd but a mean Trick.*

Averrhois *Aſtronomiam propter Excentricos contempſit.* Phil. Melancton in Elem. Phiſ. p. 781.

P. 187. l. 691. *The* Medean *Emp'ror dreamt his Daughter.*

Aſtyages, King of *Media*, had this Dream of his Daughter *Mandane*, and the Interpretation from the *Magi*; wherefore he married her to a *Perſian* of a mean Quality, by whom She had *Cyrus*, who conquered all *Aſia*, and tranſlated the Empire from the *Medes* to the *Perſians*. Herodot. *l.* 2.

Ibid. l. 697. *When* Cæſar *in the Senate fell.*

Fiunt aliquando prodigioſi, & longiores Solis Defectus, quales occiſo Cæſare Dictatore & Antoniano Bello, totius Anni Pallore continuo. Plin.

Ibid. l. 701. Auguſtus *having b'Overſight*, &c.

Divus Auguſtus Lævum ſibi prodidit calceum præpoſtere indutum, quo die ſeditione Militum prope afflictus eſt. Idem *l.* 2.

Ibid. l. 709. *The* Roman Senate, *when within*
The City-Walls an Owl was ſeen.

Romani L. Craſſo & C. Mario Coſſ. Bubone viſo orbem luſtrabant.

P. 188. l. 737. *For* Anaxagoras *long agone,*
Saw Hills as well as you i' th' Moon.

Anaxagoras *affirmabat Solem candens Ferrum eſſe, & Peloponneſo majorem: Lunam Habitacula in ſe habere, & Colles, & Valles. Fertur dixiſſe Cœlum omne ex Lapidibus eſſe compoſitum; Damnatus & in exilium pulſus eſt, quod impie Solem candentem lamiam eſſe dixiſſet.* Diogen. Laert. in Anaxag. p. 11, 13.

P. 192. l. 865. *Th' Ægyptians ſay, the Sun has twice*
Shifted his Setting, and his Riſe.

Ægyptii Decem millia Annorum & amplius recenſent; & obſervatum eſt in hoc tanto Spatio, bis mutata eſſe Loca Ortuum & Occaſuum Solis, ita ut Sol bis ortus ſit ubi nunc occidit, & bis deſcendat

deſcenderit ubi nunc oritur. Phil. Melanct. Lib. 1. Pag. 60.

Ibid. l. 871. *Some hold the Heavens, like a Top,*
Are kept by Circulation up.

Cauſa quare Cœlum non cadit, (ſecundum Empedoclem) eſt velocitas ſui motus. Comment. in L. 2. Ariſtot. de Cœlo.

Ibid. l. 877. Plato *believ'd the Sun and Moon*
Below all other Planets run.

Plato Solem & Lunam cæteris Planetis inferiores eſſe putavit. G Gunnin. *in* Coſmogr. L. 1. p. 11.

Ibid. l. 881. *The learned* Scaliger *complain'd.*

Copernicus in Libris Revolutionum, deinde Reinholdus, poſt etiam Stadius Mathematici nobiles perſpicuis Demonſtrationibus docuerunt, ſolis Apſida Terris eſſe propriorem, quam Ptolomæi ætate duodecim partibus, i. e. *uno & triginta terræ ſemidiametris.* Jo. Bod. Met. Hiſt. p. 455.

P. 193. l. 895. Cardan *believ'd great States depend,* &c.

Putat Cardanus, ab extrema Cauda, Helices ſeu Majoris Urſæ omne magnum Imperium pendere. Idem p. 325.

Ibid. l. 913. *Than th' old* Chaldean *Conjurers*
In ſo many hundred thouſand Years.

Chaldei jactant ſe quadringinta ſeptuaginta Annorum millia in periclitandis, experiundiſque Puerorum Animis poſuiſſe. Cicero.

P. 195. l. 975. *Like Mony by the* Druids *borrow'd,* &c.

Druidæ pecuniam mutuo accipiebant in poſteriore vita reddituri. Patricius Tom. 2. p. 9.

P. 196. l. 1001. *That paltry Story is untrue,*
And forg'd to cheat ſuch Gulls as you.

There was a notorious Idiot (that is here deſcrib'd by the Name and Character of *Whachum*) who counterfeited a Second Part of *Hudibras*, as untowardly as Captain *Pe*, who

who could not write himſelf, and yet made a Shift to ſtand on the Pillory, for Forging other Mens Hands, as his Fellow *Whachum* no doubt deſerv'd; in whoſe abominable Doggerel, this Story of *Hudibras* and a *French* Mountebank at *Brentford* Fair, is as properly deſcribed.

P. 197. l. 1024. *That the Vibration of this Pendulum Shall make all Taylors Yards of one Unanimous Opinion.*

The Device of the Vibration of a *Pendulum*, was intended to ſettle a certain Meaſure of Ells and Yards, &c. (that ſhould have its Foundation in Nature) all the World over: For by ſwinging a Weight at the End of a String, and calculating (by the Motion of the Sun, or any Star) how long the Vibration would laſt, in Proportion to the Length of the String, and Weight of the *Pendulum*; they thought to reduce it back again, and from any Part of Time, compute the exact Length of any String that muſt neceſſarily vibrate in ſo much ſpace of Time: So that if a Man ſhould ask in *China* for a Quarter of an Hour of *Sattin*, or *Taffata*, they would know perfectly what it meant. And all Mankind learn a new way to meaſure Things no more by the Yard, Foot, or Inch, but by the Hour, Quarter, and Minute.

P. 199. l. 1113. *Before the Secular Prince of Darkneſs.*

As the Devil is the Spiritual Prince of Darkneſs, ſo is the Conſtable the Secular, who governs in the Night with as great Authority as his Collegue, but far more imperiouſly.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS TO THE *THIRD PART.*

Page 212. Line 15. *And more untoward to be won,*
Than by Caligula *the Moon.*

Caligula was one of the Emperors of *Rome*, Son of *Germanicus* and *Agrippina*. He would needs paſs for a God, and had the Heads of the Ancient Statues of the Gods taken off, and his own placed on in their ſtead, and uſed to ſtand between the Statues of *Caſtor* and *Pollux* to be worshipped, and often bragged of lying with the *Moon*.

P. 213. l. 43. *And us'd the only* Antick Philters,
Derived from old Heroick Tilters.

Philters were Love Potions, reported to be much in Requeſt in former Ages; but our true *Knight-errant* Hero made uſe of no other, but what his noble Atchievements by his Sword produced.

Ibid.

Ibid. l. 52. *To th'* Ordeal Tryal *of the Laws.*

Ordeal Tryals were, when ſuppoſed *Criminals*, to diſcever their Innocence, went over ſeveral red hot Coulter Irons. Theſe were generally ſuch whoſe Chaſtity was ſuſpected, as the Veſtal Virgins, *&c.*

P. 214 l. 93. *So* Spaniſh Heroes *with, their Lances,*
At once wound Bulls *and* Ladies *Fancies;*
And he acquires the nobleſt Spouſe,
That widows *greateſt Herds of* Cows.

The young *Spaniards* ſignaliz'd their Valour before the *Spaniſh* Ladies at *Bull-Feaſts*, which often proved very hazardous, and ſometimes fatal to them. It is performed by attacking of a wild Bull, kept up on purpoſe, and let looſe at the Combatant; and he that kills moſt carries the Lawrel, and dwells higheſt in the Ladies Favour.

P. 215. l. 137. *To pawn his* inward Ears *to marry her.*

His *exterior Ears* were gone before, and ſo out of Danger; but by *inward Ears* is here meant his Conſcience.

P. 219 l. 252. *Loud as the* Stentrophonick *Voice.*

A *Speaking Trumpet*, by which the Voice may be heard at a very great diſtance, very uſeful at Sea.

Ibid. l. 276. *As if th'had been by Lovers plac'd*
In Raptures of Platonick Lashing.

This alludes to ſome abject Letchers, who uſed to be diſciplined with *amorous Lashes* by their *Miſtreſſes.*

P. 221. l. 323. *Bewitch* Hermetick *Men to run*
Stark-ſtaring mad with Manicon.
Believe Mechanick Virtuoſi
Can raiſe them Mountains in Potoſi.

Hermes Treſmegiſtus, an *Egyptian* Philoſopher, and ſaid to have lived *Anno Mundi* 2076, in the Reign of *Ninus* after *Moſes.* He was a wonderful Philoſopher, and proved, that there was but one *God*, the Creator of all Things; and

and was the Author of ſeveral moſt excellent and uſeful Inventions; but thoſe *Hermetick Men*, here mentioned, though the pretended Sectators of this great Man, are nothing elſe but a wild and extravagant ſort of Enthuſiaſts, who make a Hodge-podge of *Religion* and *Philoſophy*, and produce nothing but what is the Object of every conſidering Perſon's contempt.

Toloſt is a City of *Peru*, the Mountains whereof afford great Quantities of the fineſt Silver in all the *Indies*.

P. 229 l. 603. *More wretched than an* Ancient Villain.
Condemn'd to Drudgery and Tilling.

Villainage was an Antient Tenure, by which the Tenants were obliged to perform the moſt abject and ſlavish Services for their Lords.

P. 230 l. 639. *Like* Indian Widows *gone to Bed,*
In flatt'ring Curtains to the Dead.

The *Indian* Women, richly attired, are carried in a ſplendid and pompous Machine to the funeral Pile, where the Bodies of their deceaſed Husbands are to be conſumed, and there voluntarily throw themſelves into it, and expire; and ſuch as refuſe, their Virtue is ever after ſuſpected, and they live in the utmoſt Contempt.

Ibid. l. 647. *For as the* Pythagorean Soul
Runs thro' all Beaſts, *and* Fish, *and* Fowl,
And has a Smack of every one,
So Love does, and has ever done.

It was the Opinion of *Pythagoras*, and his Followers, that the Soul tranſmigrated (as they termed it) into all the diverſe Species of Animals; and ſo was differently diſpoſed and affected, according to their different Natures and Conſtitutions.

P. 232.

P. 232. l. 707. *For tho'* Chineſes *go to Bed,*
And lye-in in their Ladies ſtead;
And for the Pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more.

The *Chineſe Men* of Quality, when their Wives are brought to bed, are nurs'd and tended with as much care as Women here, and are ſupplied with the beſt ſtrengthening and nourishing Diet, in order to qualify them for future Services.

P. 233. l. 751. *Transform them into* Rams *and* Goats,
Like Sirens *with their charming Notes,*

The *Sirens*, according to the Poets, were three Sea-Monſters, half *Women*, and half *Fiſh*; their Names were *Parthenope*, *Ligea*, and *Leucoſia*. Their uſual Reſidence was about the Iſland of *Sicily*, where by the charming Melody of their Voices, they us'd to detain thoſe that heard them, and then transform'd them into ſome ſort of brute Animals.

P. 234. l. 755. *By th' Husband* Mandrake, *and the Wife.*

Naturaliſts report, that if a *Male* and *Female Mandrake* lye near each other, there will often be heard a ſort of a murmuring Noiſe.

P. 235. l. 797. *The World is but two Parts that meet,*
And cloſe at th' Equinoctial *fit*

The *Equinoctial* divides the Globe into *North* and *South*.

Ibid. l. 819. *Unleſs amongſt the* Amazons,
Or Veſtal Friars, *or Cloyſter'd* Nuns.

The *Amazons* were Women of *Sarmatia*, of Heroick and great Achievements; they ſuffered no Men to live among them; but once every Year uſed to have Converſation with Men of the Neighbouring Countries, by which if they had a Male Child, they preſently either kill'd or crippled it; but if a Female, they brought it up to the Uſe of Arms, and burnt off one Breaſt, leaving the other to ſuckle Girls.

P. 237.

P. 237. l. 865. *The Nymph of chaſte* Diana's *Train,*
The ſame with thoſe in Lewknor's Lane.

Diana's Nymphs, all of them vowed perpetual Virginity, and were much celebrated for the exact Obſervation of their Vow.

Lewknor's Lane, ſome Years ago, ſwarm'd with notoriouſly lafcivious and profligate Strumpets.

Ibid. l. 877. *The Reaſon of it is, the* Wife
Runs greater Hazards of her Life,
Is truſted with the Form *and* Matter
Of all Mankind by careful Nature,
While Man brings not hing but the Stuff
She frames the wond'rous Fabrick *of;*
Who therefore in a ſtraight may freely
Demand the Clergy *of her* Belly.

Demanding the *Clergy of her Belly*, which, for the Reaſons aforeſaid, is pleaded in Excuſe by thoſe who take the Liberty to oblige themſelves and Friends.

P. 243. l. 1086. *As* Ironſide *or* Hardiknute.

Two Famous and Valiant Princes of this Country, the one a *Saxon*, the other a *Dane*.

P. 245. l. 1131. *But thoſe that Trade in* Geomancy,
Affirm to be the Strength of Fancy,
In which the Lapland Magi *deal,*
And things incredible reveal.

The Lapland Magi. The *Laplanders* are an idolatrous People, far North; and it is very credibly reported by Authors and Perſons that have travelled in their Country, that they do perform things incredible by what is vulgarly called *Magick*.

Ibid. l. 1158. *To burning with hot Irons proceed.*

An Alluſion to cauterizing in Apoplexies, *&c.*

P. 250. l. 1321. *The* Queen of Night, *whoſe large Command*
Rules all the Sea, and half the Land.

The *Moon* influences the Tides, and predominates over all humid Bodies, and Perſons diſtemper'd in Mind are called *Lunaticks*.

P. 251. l. 1349. *And growing to thy Horſe, a* Centaur.

The *Centaurs* were a People of *Theſſaly*, and ſuppoſed to be the firſt Managers of Horſes, and the neighbouring Inhabitants never having ſeen any ſuch thing before, fabulouſly reported them *Monſters*, half Men and half Horſes.

P. 253. l. 1423. *Sir,* (quoth the Voice) *you are no* Sophy.

Sophy is at preſent the Name of the Kings of *Perſia*, not ſuperadded as *Pharoah* was to the Kings of *Ægypt*; but the Name of the Family it ſelf, and the Religion of *Huſh*, whoſe Defcendants by *Fatimas*, *Mahomet*'s Daughter, took the Name of *Sophy*.

P. 254. l. 1454. *Wear wooden* Peccadillo's *for't.*

Peccadillo's were ſtiff Pieces that went about the Neck, and round about the Shoulders to pin the Band, worn by Perſons nice in Dreſſing; but his wooden one is a *Pillory*.

P. 255. l. 1483. *Hence 'tis Poſſeſſion does leſs Evil*
Than meer Temptations of the Devil,
Which all the horrid'ſt Actions done,
Are charged in Courts of Law *upon.*

Criminals, in their Indictments, are charged with *not having the Fear of God before their Eyes, but being led by the Inſtigation of the Devil.*

P. 256. l. 1521. *When to a Legal* Utlegation,
You turn your Excommunication.

When they return the Excommunication into the Chancery, there is iſſued out a Writ againſt the Perſon.

Ibid. l. 1524. *Deſtrain on Soul and Body too.*

Excommunication, which deprives Men from being Members of the viſible Church, and formally delivers them up to the Devil.

P. 260.

P. 260. l. 1. *The Learned write, an* Inſect Breeze.

An *Inſect Breeze*; Breezes often bring along with them great Quantities of Inſects, which, ſome are of Opinion, are generated from viſcous Exhalations in the Air; but our Author makes them proceed from a *Cow*'s Dung, and afterwards become a Plague to that from whence it received its Original.

P. 261. l. 13. *For as the* Perſian Magi *once,*
Upon their Mothers got their Sons.

The *Magi* were Prieſts and Philoſophers amongſt the *Perſians*, intruſted with the Government both Civil and Eccleſiaſtick, much addicted to the Obſervation of the Stars. *Zoroaſter* is reported to be their firſt Author: They had this Cuſtom amongſt them to preſerve and continue their Families, by inceſtuous Copulation with their own Mothers. Some are of Opinion, that the three wiſe Men that came out of the *Eaſt* to worſhip our Saviour were ſome of theſe.

P. 262. l. 51. *At* Michael's Term *had many a Trial,*
Worſe than the Dragon and St. Michael, *&c.*

St. *Michael*, an Archangel, mentioned in St. *Jude*'s Epiſtle, *Verſe* 9.

P. 263. l. 78. *And laid about as hot and Brain-ſick,*
As th' Utter Barriſter of Swanſwick.

William Prynne of *Lincoln*'s-*Inn*, Eſq; born at *Swanſwick*, who ſtiled himſelf *Utter Barriſter*, a very warm Perſon, and voluminous Writer; and after the Reſtoration, Keeper of the Records in the *Tower*.

P. 265. l. 146. *As* Dutch Boors *are to a* Sooterkin.

It is reported of the *Dutch Women*, that making ſo great uſe of Stoves, and often putting them under their Petticoats, they engender a kind of ugly Monſter, which is called a *Sooterkin*.

Ibid. l. 151. *T' out-cant the* Babylonian Labourers,
At all their Dialects of Jabberers.

At the Building of the Tower of *Babel*, when God made the Confuſion of Languages.

P. 267 l. 215. *Toſs'd in a furious* Hurricane,
Did Oliver *give up his Reign,*
And was believ'd as well by Saints
As Moral Men *and* Miſcreants,
To founder in the Stygian Ferry,
Until he was relieved by Sterry.

At *Oliver*'s Death was a moſt furious Tempeſt, ſuch as had not been known in the Memory of Man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this Nation.

This *Sterry* reported ſomething ridiculouſly fabulous concerning *Oliver*, not unlike what *Proculus* did of *Romulus*.

Ibid. l. 224. *Falſe* Heaven *at the end o'th'* Hall,
Whither it was decreed by Fate,
His precious Reliques *to tranſlate.*

After the Reſtoration *Oliver*'s Body was dug up, and his Head ſet up at the farther end of *Weſtminſter-hall*, near which Place there is an Houſe of Entertainment, which is commonly known by the Name of *Heaven*.

Ibid. l. 227. *So* Romulus *was ſeen before,*
By as Orthodox a Senator:
From whoſe divine Illumination,
He ſtole the Pagan Revelation.

A *Roman* Senator, whoſe Name was *Proculus*, and much beloved by *Romulus*, made Oath before the *Senate*, that this Prince appeared to him after his Death, and predicted the future Grandeur of that *City*, promiſing to be Protector of it; and expreſly charged him, that he ſhould be adored there under the Name of *Quirinus*; and he had his Temple on *Mount Quirinale*.

Ibid. l. 231. *Next him his* Son *and* Heir apparent
Succeeded, tho' a lame Vicegerent, *&c.*

Oliver's eldeſt Son *Richard* was, by him before his Death, declared his Succeſſor; and, by Order of Privy-Council, proclaimed *Lord Protector*, and received the Compliments of *Congratulation* and *Condolance*, at the ſame time, from the *Lord Mayor* and *Court* of *Aldermen*; and Addreſſes were preſented to him from all Parts of the *Nation*, promiſing to ſtand by him with their Lives and Fortunes. He ſummoned a Parliament to meet at *Weſtminſter*, which recog-

recognized him *Lord Protector*; yet notwithſtanding, *Fleetwood*, *Desborow*, and their Partiſans, managed Affairs ſo, that he was obliged to reſign.

Ibid. l. 245. *To edifie upon the* Ruins
Of John *of* Leyden's old Out-goings.

John of *Leyden*, whoſe Name was *Buckhold*, was a *Butcher* of the ſame Place, but a crafty, eloquent and ſeditious Fellow, and one of thoſe called *Anabaptiſts*: He went and ſet up at *Munſter*, where, with *Knipperdoling*, and others of the ſame Faction, they ſpread their abominable Errors, and ran about the Streets in Enthuſiaſtical Raptures, crying, *Repent, and be baptized*, pronouncing diſmal *Woes* againſt all thoſe that would not embrace their Tenets. About the Year 1533 they broke out into an open Inſurrection, and ſeized the *Palace* and *Magazines*, and grew ſo formidable, that it was very dangerous for thoſe who were not of their Perſwaſion to dwell in *Munſter*; but at length he and his Aſſociates being ſubdued and taken, he was executed at *Munſter*, had his Flesh pull'd off by two Executioners with red-hot Pincers, for the Space of an Hour, and then run thro' with a Sword.

P. 271. l. 351. *'Mongſt theſe there was a* Politician
With more Heads than a Beaſt *in* Viſion,
And more Intrigues in every one,
Than all the Whores *of* Babylon.

This was the famous E. of *S.* who was endued with a particular Faculty of undermining and ſubverting all ſorts of Governments.

P. 272. l. 409. *And better than by* Napier's Bones,

The famous Lord *Napier* of *Scotland*, the firſt Inventer of *Logarithms*, contrived alſo a Sett of ſquare Pieces, with Numbers on them, made generally of Ivory (which perform Arithmetical and Geometrical Calculations) and are commonly called *Napier's Bones*.

P. 273. l. 421. *To match this* Saint, *there was another.*

The Great Colonel *John Lilburn*, whoſe Tryal is ſo remarkable, and well known at this time.

P. 274. l. 473. *The* Trojan Mare *in Foal with* Greeks.

After the *Grecians* had ſpent ten Years in the Siege of *Troy* without the leaſt Proſpect of Succeſs, they bethought of a Stratagem, and made a wooden Horſe capable of containing a conſiderable number of armed Men; this they filled with the choiceſt of their Army, and then pretended to raiſe the Siege; upon which the credulous *Trojans* made a Breach in the Walls of their City to bring in this fatal Plunder; but when it was brought in, the incloſed Heroes ſoon appeared, and ſurprizing the City the reſt entred in at the Breach.

P. 276. l. 520. (*I mean St.* Margaret's *Faſt*,)

That Parliament uſed to have their publick Faſt kept in St. *Margaret*'s Church, *Weſtminſter*, as is done to this preſent Time.

P. 278. l. 605. *To hang Like* Mahomet *in th' Air,*
Or St. Ignatius *at his Prayer.*

It is reported of *Mahomet*, the great Impoſtor, that having built a *Moſque*, the Roof whereof was Loadſtone, and ordering his Corps, when he was dead, to be put into an Iron Coffin, and brought into that Place, the Loadſtone ſoon attracted it near the top, where it ſtill hangs in the Air.

No leſs fabulous is what the Legend ſays of *Ignatius Loyola*, that his Zeal and Devotion tranſported him ſo, that at his Prayers he has been ſeen to be raiſed from the Ground for ſome conſiderable time together.

P. 279. l. 650. *As eaſie as* Serpents *do their Skins.*

Naturaliſts report, that *Snakes*, *Serpents*, &c. caſt their Skins every Year.

P. 280. l. 655. *As* Barnacles *turn* Solan Geeſe
In th' Iſlands of the Orcades.

It is ſaid, that in the Iſlands of the *Orcades*, in *Scotland*, there are Trees which bear thoſe *Barnacles*, which dropping off into the Water receive Life, and become thoſe Birds called *Solan Geeſe*.

Ibid

Ibid. l. 663. *So he that keeps the* Gates *of* Hell,
Proud Cerberus, *wears three Heads as well.*

The Poets feign the Dog *Cerberus*, that is the Porter of Hell, to have three Heads.

Ibid. l. 685. *The* Gibellins, *for want of* Guelphs,
Divert their Rage upon themſelves.

Two great Factions in *Italy*, diſtinguish'd by thoſe Names, which miſerably diſtracted and waſted it about the Year 1130.

P. 285. l. 841. *When three* Saint's Ears, *our Predeceſſors,*
The Cauſe's Primitive Confeſſors;
But crucified, the Nation ſtood,
In juſt ſo many Tears of Blood.

Burton, *Prynn* and *Baſtwick*, three notorious Ringleaders of the Factious, juſt at the beginning of the late horrid Rebellion.

P. 287. l. 894. *But* Fisher's Folly *Congregation.*

Fisher's Folly was where *Devonshire Square* now ſtands, and was a great Place of Conſultation in thoſe Days.

Ibid. l. 907. *Cut out more Work than can be done,*
In Plato's *Year, but finish none.*

Plato's Year, or the grand Revolution of the intire Machine of the World, was accounted 4000 Years.

P. 296. l. 1200. *T' your great* Croyſado *General.*

General Fairfax, who was ſoon laid aſide, after he had done ſome of their Drudgery for them.

P. 297. l. 1241. *To paſs for deep and learned Scholars,*
Although but paultry Ob *and* Sollers.

Two ridiculous Scriblers that were often peſtering the World with Nonſenſe.

Ibid. l. 1250. *Like Sir* Pride *or* Hewſon.

The one a *Brewer*, the other a *Shoemaker*, and both Colonels in the Rebels Army.

P. 305. l. 1505. *The* Beaſtly Rabble *that came down*
From all the Garets in the Town.

This is an accurate Deſcription of the Mobs burning Rumps upon the Admiſſion of the ſecluded Members, in Contempt of the Rump-Parliament.

Ibid. l. 1534. *Be ready liſted under* Don.

The Hangman's Name at that time was *Don.*

P. 306. l. 1550. *They've roaſted* Cook *already and* Pride-m.

Cook acted as Sollicitor-General againſt King *Charles* the Firſt at his Tryal; and afterwards received his juſt Reward for the ſame. *Pride*, a Colonel in the Parliament's Army.

Ibid. l. 1564. *Their Founder was a blown-up Soldier.*

Ignatius Loyola, the Founder of the Society of the Jeſuits, was a Gentleman of *Biſcay* in *Spain*, and bred a Soldier, was at *Pampelune* when it was beſieged by the *French* in the Year 1521, and was ſo very Lame in both Feet by the Damage he ſuſtained there, that he was forced to keep his Bed.

Ibid. l. 1585. *And from their Coptic Prieſt* Kircherus.

Athanaſius Kircher a Jeſuit, hath wrote largely on the *Ægyptian* Myſtical Learning.

Ibid. l. 1587. *For as th' Ægyptians us'd by* Bees
T' expreſs their Antick Ptolomies.

The *Ægyptians* repreſented their Kings (many of whoſe Names were *Ptolomy*,) under the Hieroglyphick of a *Bee*, diſpenſing Honey to the Good and Virtuous, and having a Sting for the Wicked and Diſſolute.

P. 311. l. 8. *Than* Hags *with all their* Imps *and Teats.*

Alluding to the vulgar Opinion that *Witches* have their *Imps*, or *Familiar* Spirits, that are imploy'd in their Diabolical Practices, and ſuck private *Teats* they have about them.

P. 312. l. 15. *As* Roſs-crucian Virtuoſo's
Can ſee with Ears, *and hear with* Noſes.

The *Roſs-crucians* were a Sect that appeared in *Germany*, in the beginning of the XVIIth Age. They are alſo call'd the *Inlightned*, *Immortal*, and *Inviſible*; they are a very

Enthuſiaſtical

Enthuſiaſtical Sort of Men, and hold many *wild and Extravagant* Opinions.

Ibid. l. 36. *From* Marshal Legion's Regiment.

He uſed to preach, as if they might expect Legions to drop down from Heaven, for the Propagation of the good Old Cauſe.

P. 316. l. 145. *More plainly than that Reverend* Writer,
That to our Churches *veil'd his* Miter.

A moſt Reverend Prelate, A. B. of *Y.* who ſided with the diſaffected Party.

P. 319. l. 261. *If th' Ancients crown'd their braveſt* Men,
That only ſav'd a Citizen.

The *Romans* highly honoured and nobly rewarded thoſe Perſons that were inſtrumental in the Preſervation of the Lives of their Citizens, either in Battel or otherwiſe.

P. 320. l. 305. *Or elſe their* Sultan Populaces,
Still ſtrangle all their routed Baſſas.

The Author compares the Arbitrary Actings of the ungovernable *Mob*, to the *Sultan* or *Grand Seignior*, who very ſeldom fails to ſacrifice any of his Chief Commanders, called *Baſſas*, if they prove unſucceſsful in Battel.

P. 322. l. 350. *As th' Ancient* Mice *attackt the* Frogs,

Homer wrote a Poem of the *War* between the *Mice* and the *Frogs*.

P. 323 l. 383. *And ſtout* Rinaldo *gain'd his* Bride,
By Courting of her Back *and* Side.

A Story in *Taſſo*, an *Italian* Poet, of a Hero that gain'd his Miſtreſs by conquering her Party.

P. 328. l. 577. *An Old dull Sot, who told the* Clock.
For many Years at Bridewell-Dock.

Prideaux a Juſtice of Peace, a very Pragmatical buſie Perſon in thoſe Times, and a Mercenary and Cruel Magiſtrate, infamous for the following Methods of getting of Mony, among many others.

P. 319.

P. 329. l. 589. *And many a trusty* Pimp *and* Crony
To Puddle-Dock, *for want of Mony.*

There was a Goal for puny Offenders.

Ibid. l. 599. *Made* Monſters Fine, *and* Puppet-plays,
For leave to Practice in their Ways.

He extorted Mony from thoſe that kept Shews.

P. 332. l. 715. *From* Stiles's *Pocket into* Nokes's,
As eaſily as Hocus Pocus.

John a Nokes, and *John a Stiles*, are two Fictious Names made uſe of in Stating Caſes of Law only.

P. 333. l. 752. *On* Bongey *for a* Water-Witch.

Bongey was a *Franciſcan*, and liv'd towards the End of the thirteenth Century, a Doctor of Divinity in *Oxford*, and a particular Acquaintance of Friar *Bacon*'s: In that ignorant Age, every Thing that ſeemed Extraordinary was reputed Magick, and ſo both *Bacon* and *Bongey* went under the Imputation of Studying the *Black Art*. *Bongey* alſo publiſhing a Treatiſe of *Natural Magick*, confirmed ſome well meaniug credulous People in this Opinion; but it was altogether Groundleſs, for *Bongey* was choſen Provincial of his Order, being a Perſon of moſt excellent *Parts* and *Piety*.

P. 340. l. 113. *Or who but* Lovers *can converſe*,
Like Angels, *by the* Eye-*diſcourſe*?
Addreſs and Complement by Viſion,
Make Love, *and* Court *by* Intuition?

Metaphyſicians are of Opinion, that Angels, and Souls departed, being divelted of all Groſs Matter, underſtand each others Sentiments by *Intuition*, and conſequently maintain a Sort of Converſation without the Organs of Speech.

Ibid. l. 121. *Or* Heav'n *it ſelf a* Sin *reſent*,
That for its own Supply was meant?

In regard Children are capable of being Inhabitants of *Heav'n*, therefore it ſhould not reſent it as a Crime, to ſupply Store of Inhabitants for it.

P. 341.

P. 341. l. 173. *You wound like* Parthians *while you fly,*
And kill with a retreating Eye.

Parthians are the Inhabitants of a Province in *Persia:* They were excellent *Horsemen*, and very exquisite at their *Bows*, and it is reported of them, that they generally slew more upon their Retreat than they did in an Engagement.

P. 342. l. 188. *Than* Philip Nye's *Thanksgiving* Beard.

One of the Assembly of *Divines*, very remarkable for the Singularity of his Beard.

P. 343. l. 237. *To what an height did* Infant Rome,
By ravishing of Women, *come.*

When *Romulus* had built *Rome*, he made it an *Asylum* or place of *Refuge* for all Malefactors and others obnoxious to the Laws, to retire to; by which Means it soon became to be very populous; but when he began to consider, that without Propagation it would soon be destitute of Inhabitants, he invented several fine Shews, and invited the young *Sabine* Women, then Neighbours, to them; and when they had them secure, they ravished them; from whence proceeded so numerous an Off-spring.

P. 344. l. 252. *'Till* Alimony *or* Death *them parts.*

Alimony is an Allowance that the Law gives the Woman for her separate Maintenance upon living from her Husband. That and Death are reckoned the only Separations in a married State.

P. 352. l. 133. *Whose Arrows Learned Poets hold,*
That never miss, are tipp'd with Gold.

The Poets feign *Cupid* to have two sort of Arrows, the one tipp'd with *Gold*, and the other with *Lead*; the *Golden* always inspire and inflame *Love* in the Persons he wounds with them; but on the contrary, the *Leaden* create the utmost Aversion and Hatred; with the first of these he shot *Apollo*, and with the other *Daphne*, according to *Ovid*.

P. 356. l. 277. *White like the mighty* Preſter John,
Whoſe Perſon none dares look upon.

Preſter John, an abſolute *Prince*, Emperor of *Abyſſinia*, or *Ethiopia*; one of them is reported to have had ſeventy Kings for his Vaſſals, and ſo ſuperb and arrogant, that none durſt look upon him without his Permiſſion.

Ibid. l. 285. *Or* Joan de Pucel's *braver Name.*

Joan of *Arc*, called alſo the *Pucelle*, or Maid of *Orleans*; She was born at the Town of *Dunfremi* on the *Meuſe*, Daughter of *James d' Arc*, and *Iſabella Romee*, was bred up a Shepherdeſs in the Country. At the Age of 18 or 20 She pretended to an expreſs Commiſſion from God to go to the Relief of *Orleans*, then beſieged by the *Engliſh*, and defended by *John Comte de Dennis*, and almoſt reduced to the laſt Extremity. She went to *Rheim* to the Coronation of *Charles* the VIIth, when he was almoſt ruined. She knew that Prince in the midſt of his Nobles, though meanly habited. The Doctors of Divinity, and Members of Parliament openly declared that there was ſomething ſupernatural in her Conduct. She ſent for a Sword which lay in the Tomb of a Knight, which was behind the great Altar of the Church of St. *Katharine de Forbois*, upon the Blade of which the *Croſs* and *Flower-de-luces* were engraven, which put the King in a very great Surprize, in regard none beſides himſelf knew of it; upon this he ſent her with the Command of ſome Troops, with which She relieved *Orleans*, and drove the *Engliſh* from it, defeated *Talbot* at the Battel of *Patai*, and recover'd *Champagne*. At laſt She was unfortunately taken Priſoner in a Sally at *Champagne* in 1430, and tried for a Witch, or Sorcereſs, condemned and burnt in *Rouen* Market-Place in *May* 1430.

P. 359. l. 378. *Paſs on our ſelves a* Salique Law.

The *Salique Law* is a Law in *France*, whereby it is enacted, that no *Female* ſhall inherit that Crown.

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FINIS.